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ART. I.—FROUDE'S CARLYLE'S LIFE IN LONDON.

Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881. By J. A. FROUDE, M.A. 2 Vols. London, 1884.

WHETHER Carlyle deserves the first or a second place among the writers of the nineteenth century is a question we do not care at present to discuss. Nor do we care to dispute the accuracy of Mr. Froude's opinion 'that when time has levelled accidental distinctions, when the perspective has altered, and the foremost figures of this century are seen in their true proportions, Carlyle will tower far above all his contemporaries and be the one person of them about whom coming generations will care most to be informed.' The one thing which seems to us to be certain in this connection, is that whether Carlyle stands high or low in the estimation of the future, it will not be owing to anything his biographer has said about him, nor to anything he has left unsaid. For great as the influence of biographers and critics may be on the temporary, or, so to say, local, reputations of authors, the reputations which they ultimately fall into and permanently possess, are, except in the case of those who have proved themselves of an exceptionally noble nature, dependent upon other causes, upon the measure of truth their writings contain, upon the clearness with which they have delivered their message, and upon the art or beauty in which it is clothed. 'No man,' says Bentley, 'was ever written out of reputation but by himself;' and it is equally certain that no man ever was, or will, or can be writ-

ten into a good, or enviable, or enduring reputation save by his own hand and mind.

Whether Carlyle will retain the reputation he now has, or will acquire a greater, or be accorded a less, are questions on which it is perhaps too soon to venture anything like a definitive or dogmatic opinion. Coming generations will have their own ways of thinking, their own sympathies and aspirations, their own ideas of the fitness of things, and their own standards of value. What these will be, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to tell. The changes which are coming over society are of so deep and radical a nature that any sure grounds of prophecy are hard to find. Yet if the present contain any promise of the future at all; if the number of Carlyle's readers in the present, the estimation in which his writings are held, and the influence he has already had, may be taken as forming anything like reliable grounds for the formation of an opinion, the probabilities would seem to be, that his reputation instead of decreasing will grow, and that, though he may fail to obtain that high position Mr. Froude predicts for him, he will be reckoned by generations to come as at least one of the wisest and most vigorous writers this century has produced.

It is with an eye to Carlyle's future reputation quite as much as, if not more than, to his reputation in the present, that Mr. Froude has evidently written his biography. That many things he has related about him will be appreciated more highly in the future than they are by many persons in the present may be doubted. Much that he has recorded will in all probability be passed over in silence; perhaps, with indifference; and it may be with contempt. For after all, if Carlyle be known or admired in the future, it will not be, we venture to affirm, as a character, but as a writer. And a hundred years hence, when forming their opinions of him in this respect, how many will care to know whether his clothes were made at Ecclefechan or in Bond Street, whether he slept five hours or seven, had a fit of indigestion or an attack of bile, or whether he and his wife had sharp tongues and occasionally used them on each other? A few there may possibly be, but by matters of this kind the general estimate of his abilities and worth

as a writer will be affected, we imagine, neither one way nor another. That by which he will be judged by posterity will be, not the trivialities Mr. Froude has so copiously recorded, but the spirit and teaching of his works; and the only question about him with which coming generations will care to trouble themselves will be, Are his writings of intrinsic excellence, have they a message for ourselves, has he delivered it in a clear, reverent, and intelligible way?'

In the opening chapter of the volumes before us, Mr. Froude stands upon his defence, and defines what he has conceived to be his duty as Carlyle's biographer. In the pages of this *Review*, his method has more than once been objected to. It is only right, therefore, that he should be heard in reply.

'Had I considered,' he says, 'my own comfort or my own interest, I should have sifted out or passed lightly over the delicate features in the story. It would have been as easy as it would have been agreeable for me to construct a picture, with every detail strictly accurate, of an almost perfect character. An account so written would have been read with immediate pleasure. Carlyle would have been admired and applauded, and the biographer, if he had not shared in the praise, would at least have escaped censure. He would have followed in the track marked out for him by a custom which is all but universal. When a popular statesman dies, or a popular soldier or clergyman, his faults are forgotten, his virtues only are remembered in his epitaph. Every one has some frailties, but the merits and not the frailties are what interest the world; and with great men of the ordinary kind whose names and influence will not survive their own generation, to leave out the shadow, and record solely what is bright and attractive, is not only permissible, but is a right and honourable instinct. The good should be frankly acknowledged with no churlish qualifications. But the pleasure which we feel, and the honour which we seek to confer, are avenged, wherever truth is concealed, in the case of the exceptional few who are to become historical and belong to the immortals. The sharpest scrutiny is the condition of enduring fame.'

And again,—

'Had I taken the course which the "natural man" would have recommended, I should have given no faithful account of Carlyle. I should have created a "delusion and a hallucination" of the precise kind which he who was the truest of men most deprecated and dreaded; and I should have done it not innocently and in ignorance, but with deliberate insincerity, after my attention had been specially directed by his own generous

openness to the points which I should have left unnoticed. I should have been unjust first to myself—for I should have failed in what I knew to be my duty as a biographer. I should have been unjust secondly to the public. Carlyle exerted for many years an almost unbounded influence on the mind of educated England. His writings are now spread over the whole English-speaking world. . . . He has come forward as a teacher of mankind. He has claimed "to speak with authority and not as the Scribes." He has denounced as empty illusion the most favourite convictions of the age. No concealment is permissible about a man who could thus take on himself the character of a prophet and speak to it in so imperious a tone.

'Lastly, I should have been unjust to Carlyle himself and to every one who believed and has believed in him. To have been reticent would have implied that there was something to hide, and, taking Carlyle all in all, there never was a man—I at least never knew of one—whose conduct in life would better bear the fiercest light which can be thrown upon it. In the grave matters of the law he walked for eighty-five years unblemished by a single moral spot. There are no "sins of youth" to be apologised for. In no instance did he ever deviate even for a moment from the strictest lines of integrity.'

With parts of this we agree; with others we cannot. But by this time enough has probably been said on the subject. We will therefore only add the remark, that while it may be perfectly true, and we believe it is, that there was nothing in Carlyle's life which needs to be concealed, it is equally true that there was no necessity for recording with such wearisome frequency Carlyle's complaints about his health and insomnia; nor was there, more especially after the publication of Mr. Carlyle's Letters and Memorials, for the persistent reference to his own or his wife's temper, or to his domestic distractions. The pages devoted to these things are out of all proportion to their importance. The reader is neither edified nor informed by them. The only thing they bring home to him is the necessity for burning his journals, and for arranging that every letter or scrap he has written in a bilious mood or after a sleepless night, shall, as soon as possible, be as effectually destroyed.

Immediately before coming to reside in London, Carlyle had resided for some six years at Craigenputtock, a bit of property owned by his wife among the moors of Dumfriesshire, one of the dreariest and most uninviting spots in the British dom-

inions. The house, a gaunt, hungry-looking structure, stands with the scanty fields attached as an island in a sea of morass. The nearest village is fifteen miles away; the nearest church seven; and the nearest cottage over one. Here Carlyle had laid in an immense store of learning; written some of the best papers afterwards published as his *Miscellaneous Essays*; almost completely got rid of his dyspepsia; and, according to Mr. Froude and others, though we must confess to grave doubts on the subject ourselves, ruined the health of his wife. When he settled in Cheyne Row, in the summer of 1834, he had in his pocket some two hundred pounds of ready money. A small band of philosophical Radicals received him with enthusiasm; but he failed to obtain any immediately remunerative employment, and for a considerable period remained without the prospect of any. The only proposal made to him was that of employment on the staff of the *Times*—a proposal brought about by John Sterling, whose father, Captain Edward Sterling, was then the guiding spirit of that journal. Carlyle, however, though he was then living 'with poverty at his door and entire penury visible in the near future,' declined it. Why he did so, does not clearly appear. Mr. Froude says, 'He could not, would not, advocate what he disbelieved; he would not march in the same regiment with those who did advocate what he disbelieved.' But as a Reviewer in the *Times* has remarked, the probability is no one wished him to advocate what he did not believe. As for marching in the same regiment with those who advocated opinions different from his own, he had contributed to *Fraser*, to the *Edinburgh* and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, and to other periodicals. Besides, he was anxious to contribute more. 'Able editors,' to use his own phrase, had returned much that he had sent them; and unquestionably there were many things advocated in their pages which he not only had not the slightest belief in, but was probably anxious to denounce. His rejection of the proposal seems to us neither a piece of marvellous courage nor an act of supreme integrity; but a piece of that wise common sense which he possessed in no ordinary measure and on certain occasions exhibited. The probability is he knew himself, his abilities and powers of

endurance, much better than his friends did, and having a clear conviction of his utter unfitness to bear the intense pressure and worry incident to an intimate connection with the daily press, he declined the proposal, in order to avoid the risk of an almost inevitable failure.

But though without any immediately remunerative employment, he was not idle. He was actively engaged upon a work which was destined in a few years to lift him almost at once into fame and comparative wealth. While at Craigenputtock his attention had already been directed to the French Revolution, and he had there formed the resolution to write a history of it. The papers on Voltaire, Diderot, and the Diamond Necklace were a sort of training for the work; and in the volumes now published we are able to follow it through all its periods of gestation, and to hear the groans and agonies amid which it was produced. On the 7th of February, 1835, he writes, 'The first book of the *French Revolution* is finished. Soul and body both very sick. Yet I have a kind of sacred defiance, *trotzend das Schicksal*.' Writing to his brother John on the 16th of the same month, he says; 'My grand immediate concern is to get the *French Revolution* done. I cannot tell what I think of the book. It is certainly better some ways than any I have hitherto written.' And two days later he writes:

'*Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude*. I repeated this morning. Yet thou canst write. Write then and complain of nothing—defy all things. The book announced yesterday. Would that I were further on with it! I ought to be done when Jack appoints to arrive, which I hope he will soon. He is one of my chief comforts. To work at the *Fête des Piques*.'

But though 'announced,' the book was not 'destined to be printed, at least as it was then written. The manuscript of it had been borrowed by John Stuart Mill, then one of Carlyle's most intimate friends, and one evening, a few weeks after the above was written, he staggered into the drawing-room in Cheyne Row, where Carlyle was sitting with his wife, 'after working all day like a nigger' at the 'Feast of Pikes,' to announce that having left the manuscript out in too careless a manner after

reading it, it had been, with the exception of three or four bits of leaves, irrecoverably destroyed. The way in which Carlyle and his wife took the news was admirable. Their treatment of Mill, who was dreadfully agitated, does them infinite credit. Both of them did all they could to comfort him. Carlyle himself spoke lightly of the loss, talked of indifferent subjects, and when Mill was gone, which was not till after a sojourn of a couple of hours, the first words he said to his wife were—'Well, Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavour to hide from him how very serious this business is to us.'

To the Cheyne Row household the 'business' was serious indeed. Carlyle's two hundred pounds of ready money were rapidly running out, and he was on the verge of penury. The pecuniary loss Mill could in a measure repair, and desired to repair it. Next morning a cheque arrived from him in Cheyne Row for two hundred pounds. Carlyle returned it, but with an intimation that he would lay aside his pride and accept half the amount, an arrangement to which Mill readily consented. How keenly Carlyle felt the loss of his manuscript may be gathered from the following entry, written in his journal the morning after its occurrence.

'He' (i.e., Mill) 'left us in a relapsed state, one of the pitiablest. My dear wife has been very kind, and has become dearer to me. The night has been full of emotion, occasionally of sharp pain (something cutting or hard grasping me round the heart) occasionally of sweet consolation. I dreamt of my father and sister Margaret alive; yet all defaced with the sleepy stagnancy, swollen hebetude of the grave, and again dying as in some strange rude country: a horrid dream, the painfulest too when you wake first. But on the whole should I not thank the Unseen? For I was not driven out of composure, hardly for moments. "Walk humbly with thy God." How I longed for some psalm or prayer that I could have uttered, that my loved ones could have joined me in! But there was none. Silence had to be my language. This morning I have determined so far that I can still write a book on the French Revolution, and will do it. Nay, our money will still suffice. It was my last throw, my *whole* staked in the monstrosity of this life—for too monstrous, incomprehensible, it has been to me. I will not *quit* the game while faculty is given to me to try playing. I have written to Fraser to buy me a *Biographie Universelle* (a kind of increasing the stake) and fresh paper: mean to huddle up the *Fête des Piques* and look farther what can be attempted.'

The 'Feast of Pikes' finished, Carlyle set himself with a sad heart to rewrite the unfortunate volume. At first it proved a work of infinite labour. More than once he was on the point of giving it up, and removing for good and all to America where Emerson was promising him a cordial reception. By and by, however, brighter days arrived. The work of composition went on rapidly; and by the 10th of August the end was in sight. When the new version was finished, Mrs. Carlyle pronounced it better than the first. Some seventeen months later, on the 12th of January, 1837, in the evening, just as light was failing, he wrote the last sentence of the whole work, and handing the MS. to Mrs. Carlyle, went out to walk. But before going he said to her:—

'I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest; but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it, you—.'

Six months, however, had still to elapse before the book could be published, and many more before it brought in any pecuniary gains. Meantime the problem how to replenish the household exchequer had to be faced. Miss Martineau hit upon the plan of inducing Carlyle to deliver a course of public lectures. The lectures, six in number, were delivered in the beginning of May, 1837, and both Carlyle and his friends had every reason to be pleased with their success. Subsequently he delivered two other courses, one of which was written out and published under the title 'Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History.' At last, in the autumn of 1837, the *French Revolution* appeared. It took the reading public by storm, and secured for its author the reputation of being one of the first literary men of the day.

'Carlyle,' says Mr. Froude, 'was at once looked up to, by some who themselves were looked up to by the world, as a man of extraordinary gifts; perhaps as the highest among them all. Dickens carried a copy of it with him wherever he went. Southey read it six times over. Thackeray reviewed it enthusiastically. Even Jeffrey generously admitted that Carlyle had succeeded upon lines on which he had himself foretold inevitable

failure. The orthodox political philosophers, Macaulay, Hallam, Brougham, though they perceived that Carlyle's views were the condemnation of their own, though they felt instinctively that he was their most dangerous enemy, yet could not any longer despise him. They with the rest were obliged to admit that there had arisen a new star, of baleful perhaps and ominous aspect, but a star of the first magnitude in English literature.'

Carlyle's own anticipations as to the success of the book, which do not seem to have been of a very sanguine nature, appear to have been greatly exceeded. After his return to London from Scotland, soon after the volumes were issued, he wrote to Scotsbrig: 'I find Sterling here, and many friends, all kinder each than the other to me. . . . They make a great talk about the book, which seems to have succeeded in a far higher degree than I looked for. Everybody is astonished at every other body's being pleased with this wonderful performance.' The usual effects of a literary success soon followed. The economic problem was solved. Publishers and editors became anxious to cultivate his acquaintance. Proposals were made to him for a new edition of *Sartor*, and for an edition of his collected writings. 'Changed times,' he somewhat bitterly observed to his mother.

'Fraser sent for me the other day to propose that he should reprint *Teufelsdrück* and my review articles collected into volumes. The wind is changed there at any rate. The last time he heard of *Teufelsdrück* he shrieked at the very notion. Seriously it is good news this, an infallible sign that the other book prospers—nay, still better, a sign that I shall either now or at some time get a little cash by these poor scattered papers. I have resolved that Fraser, for his old *scream's* sake and for my own sake, shall not have the printing of the volumes without some very respectable sum of money now, and not screams.'

Carlyle was now also sought after in society. Among the 'established "great"' the first to hold out the hand to him was Mr. Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of an evening party at whose house he wrote to his sister Margaret: 'I went for the curiosity, for the honour of the thing. I could not help thinking: "Here is the man that disposes annually the whole revenue of England; and here is another man who has hardly enough cash to buy potatoes and onions for himself. Fortune has for the time made these two tenants of one

drawing-room.” Among others whom he met at this time were Erskine of Linlathen, Darwin, Maurice, and Grote, the historian. Erskine he always regarded with the profoundest esteem and admiration. Grote he met at the Bullers and writes: ‘Radical Grote was the only novelty, for I never noticed him before—a man with strait upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth); for the rest, a tall man with dull thoughtful brows and lank dishevelled hair, greatly the look of a prosperous dissenting minister.’ What Carlyle thought of Maurice Mr. Froude has let us see before. About the beginning of 1838 Carlyle again writes:—

‘The Maurices are wearisome and happily rare. All invitations “to meet the Maurices” I, when it is any way possible, make a point of declining. One of the most entirely uninteresting men of genius that I can meet in society is poor Maurice to me; all twisted, screwed, wire-drawn, with such a restless sensitiveness, the utmost inability to let nature have fair play with him. I do not remember that a word ever came from him betokening clear recognition or healthy free sympathy with anything. One must really let him alone till the prayers one does offer for him (pure-hearted, earnest creature as he is) begin to take effect.’

In explanation of this Mr. Froude adds—

‘It was not for his *belief* that Carlyle felt misgivings about Maurice, nor for want of personal respect, but for the strange obliquity of intellect, which could think that black was white, and white because it was black, and the whiter always, the blacker the shade. Genuine belief Carlyle always loved wherever he found it.’

The charge of obliquity of intellect, we need hardly say, cuts both ways. The obliquity may be in the mind of the accuser and not in that of the accused. Maurice, we believe, was as little open to the charge as Carlyle; perhaps he was less. The assertion that he was in the habit of thinking black white, and white because it was black is not borne out by fact. His writings and recently published correspondence afford abundant proof that he was at least as clear-sighted and as full of healthy free sympathies as either Carlyle or Mr. Froude. In our opinion Maurice, though in some respects a man of less power, had a wider intellect and a clearer perception of the reality of things than Carlyle. It

may even turn out in the end that indirectly, though perhaps not directly, he has had a wider and more salutary influence.

But to return to Carlyle's literary life, for we are anxious to give our readers some account of it before dealing with other matters. Carlyle was not a great religious, nor even a great moral genius. The most that can be said of him is that he was a man with a considerable genius for letters. He had learnt Goethe's saying that man is not born for thought but for action. His own work he believed was with his pen; and though he always protested a dislike for literature, he was so completely wrapt up in it as, at least, to appear neglectful of other matters of equal importance.

On resuming work after the completion of the *French Revolution*, he took in hand the article on Scott, 'and found the task,' Mr. Froude tells us, 'at one moment disgusting.' 'A man so sternly in earnest,' Mr. Froude goes on to say, 'could never forgive Sir Walter for squandering such splendid gifts on amusing people, and for creating a universal taste for amusement of that description.' Scott needs no apologist; but it may be remarked that if he amused, he has also instructed. Besides, he has revived the 'weary,' solaced the 'forlorn,' and given happiness to countless numbers during hours in which Carlyle's works seem to be utterly barren of interest. Carlyle himself, too, was not above trying to amuse people in a similar way. Mr. Froude has somewhere told us of his abortive attempts to write a novel; and some of his first literary attempts, as we know, were his translations from the German novelists.

In 1838, Carlyle began to think seriously of a life of Oliver Cromwell. The want of books to consult on the subject suggested to him the institution of the London Library, the most important piece of work outside of his literary labours and yet so closely connected with them, with which his name is associated. For some months he turned aside from Cromwell in order to prepare an article on the working classes for the *Quarterly*. After keeping the article about a week, Lockhart, we are told, sent it back, 'seemingly not without reluctance, saying he dared not.' Mill saw the paper and was anxious to obtain it for the *London and Westminster*, then coming to an

end; but it was finally resolved in Cheyne Row to publish it in book-form with the title of 'Chartism.' Its success, as many will remember, was immense. The opinions it contained were denounced both by Liberals and Tories; and more especially by the former. Their most favourite theories were assailed, and Carlyle, upon whom they had always counted as one of themselves, was regarded as 'unorthodox.'

While still meditating *Cromwell*, Carlyle was also successively occupied with the lectures on 'Hero-Worship,' with the Preface to the English Edition of Emerson's *Essays*, and with *Past and Present*.

The last was published in the beginning of April, 1843, and created at once admiration and a storm of anger. 'In *Chartism*,' as Mr. Froude observes,

'Carlyle had said that the real aim of all modern revolutionary movements was to recover for the free working man the condition which he had lost when he ceased to be a serf. The present book was a fuller insistence upon the same truth. The world's chief glory was the having ended slavery, the having raised the toiler with his hands to the rank and dignity of a free man; and Carlyle had to say that, under the gospel of political economy and free contract, the toiler in question had lost the substance and been fooled with the shadow. . . . The rich, while this gospel was believed in, might grow richer, but the poor must remain poor always, without hope for themselves, without prospects for their children, more truly slaves, in spite of their freedom, and even in consequence of their freedom, in a country so densely peopled as England, than the Carolina Nigger.'

A copy of the book was sent to Lockhart. His reply was 'that he could accept none of Carlyle's inferences except one, that we were all wrong, and were all like to be damned; but that it was a book such as no other man could do, or dream of doing; that it had made him conscious of life, and feeling as he had never been before; and that finally he wished Carlyle would write something more about the middle ages, write some romance if he liked.'

Of the influence of his writings at this time we have the testimony of Mr. Froude.

'I, for one,' he says '(if I may so far speak of myself), was saved by Carlyle's writings from Positivism, or Romanism, or Atheism, or any other

of the creeds or no creeds which in those years were whirling us about in Oxford like leaves in an autumn storm. The controversies of the place had unsettled the faith which we had inherited. The alternatives were being thrust upon us of believing nothing, or believing everything which superstition, disguised as Church authority, had been pleased to impose ; or, as a third course, and a worse one, of acquiescing, for worldly convenience, in the established order of things, which had been made intellectually incredible. Carlyle taught me a creed which I could then accept as really true ; which I have held ever since with increasing confidence, as the interpretation of my existence and the guide of my conduct, so far as I have been able to act up to it. Then and always I looked, and have looked, to him as my master. In a long personal intimacy of over thirty years, I learnt to reverence the man as profoundly as I honoured the teacher.'

The preparations for *Cromwell* had led Carlyle to visit Rugby, where he met Dr. Arnold, Dunbar, and the whole of the Cromwell country. The writing of the work was seriously begun towards the close of 1843. While engaged in it the Ashburton episode arose. The story of it is of course repeated: but, as it seems to us, with a difference. Mr. Froude's hold on his brief for Mrs. Carlyle is scarcely so firm as formerly. The whole story is an unpleasant one. Apparently there were faults on both sides, but on which were the greater we do not care to decide. The letters Mazzini sent to Mrs. Carlyle, when consulted by her respecting the line of conduct she should pursue, contain a good deal of sound advice with an equal amount of un-English sentiment. It seems to us, however, that the less said on the subject the better.

Cromwell was finished on October 26th, 1845. Its success was to Carlyle a real enjoyment. He felt that he had done a good work, and done it effectively. 'The lively interest the people have taken in that heavy book,' he wrote to Thomas Erskine—

'The numbers that read, and in some good measure understand something of it ; all this is really surprising to me. I take it as one other symptom of the rapidly deepening seriousness public mind, which certainly has call enough to be serious at present. The conviction, too, among all persons of much moment seems to be pretty unanimous, that this is actually the history of Oliver ; that the former histories of him have been extraordinary mistakes—very fallacious histories—as of a man walking about for two centuries in a *universal masked ball* (of hypocrites

and their hypocrisies spoken and done), with a mask upon him, this man, which no cunningest artist could get off. They tried it now this way, now that : still the mask was felt to remain : the mask would not come off. At length a lucky thought strikes us. This man is in his natural face. That is the mask of this one ! Of all which I am heartily glad.'

After *Cromwell* came the famous article on the 'Nigger Question;' then the *Latter Day Pamphlets*; and next the *Life of John Sterling*, one of the finest pieces of biography in the English language, though just a little patronizing in its tone. As soon as this last was finished, Carlyle began to turn his thoughts more seriously to Frederick of Prussia. Some years before, while still busy with *Cromwell*, his attention had been attracted towards him. 'He had discovered for one thing,' Mr. Froude tells us, 'that Prussia, in those days of tottering thrones, was, or would be, the centre of European stability, and that it was Frederick who had made Prussia what she was.' He was now, in 1851, fifty-six years old. The labour involved in writing the history of Frederick would be enormous; but he resolved to try it, and with characteristic energy at once set about preparing for it. He had already varied his work by visiting Ireland, France, and Belgium, and in 1852 he resolved, much, it would seem, against his inclinations, to visit Germany, and see with his own eyes the battlefields of his hero. The letters which he wrote during this and a subsequent journey, undertaken for the same purpose, are among his best, and occasionally resemble the descriptions in *Frederick* as a rapid sketch does the finished picture. By the first of May, 1858, the printers had their last copy of the first two volumes, and in January 1864, after the second journey to Germany, he had the satisfaction of writing the last sentence of this, his last and greatest work.

"'Frederick' was finished," writes Mr. Froude, 'in January, the last of Carlyle's great works, the last and grandest of them. "The dreary task, and the sorrows and obstructions attending it," "a magazine of despairs, impossibilities, and ghastly difficulties never known but to himself, and by himself never to be forgotten," all was over, "locked away and the key turned on it." "It nearly killed me" [he says in his journal], "it, and my poor Jane's dreadful illness, now happily over. No sympathy could be found on earth for those horrid struggles of twelve years, nor happily was any needed. On Sunday evening in the end of January (1865), I walked

out, with the multiplex feeling—joy not very prominent in it, but a kind of solemn thankfulness traceable, that I had written the last sentence of that unutterable book, and, contrary to many forebodings in bad hours, had actually got done with it for ever.”

The year that witnessed Carlyle's greatest literary achievement witnessed also the greatest event in his public life, his election to the Rectorship of the University of Edinburgh. That this signal and spontaneous recognition of his genius was merited there can be no doubt. Previous to it Carlyle's notion of the way in which he and his writings were regarded in Scotland, seems to have been for the most part erroneous. Mr. Froude, too, seems to be no better informed. ‘Carlyle's reputation,’ he says, ‘was English, German, American—Scotch also—but Scotch only in a certain degree. There had always in Scotland been an opposition party; and if the prophet had some honour in his own country, it was less than in other places. At least some feeling of this kind existed in Cheyne Row, though it may have been partly fancy, and due to earlier associations.’ The feeling, we believe, was mostly fancy. There was certainly an opposition party in Scotland, just as there was in England, and probably in America; but the feelings with which he was regarded by the reading public generally were those of admiration and pride. In fact it may be safely said that Carlyle nowhere had more enthusiastic and, in proportion to the population, more numerous readers than he then had in his native land. His election to the Rectorship by a large body of students, gathered from every class, and some of them from the remotest parts of the country, is itself sufficient to show how wide his fame was, and how highly his works were esteemed in his native land. In fact, along with Burns and Scott, he formed a modern triumvirate of whom the great majority of his countrymen had learned to be proud.

With the sudden and lamentable death of his wife, who lived but a few days after his installation as Lord Rector, Carlyle's creative literary activity may be said to have ceased. During the remainder of his life he occupied himself chiefly with writing out his *Reminiscences*, and with the melancholy task of preparing his wife's *Letters and Memorials*. The latter

he undertook as a sort of atonement for the wrongs he believed his wife had suffered at his hands.

That Carlyle was a man of great power and remarkable literary genius we believe; but when Mr. Froude goes on to claim for him a sort of supreme and all round greatness we are compelled to differ from him. In some of the elements belonging to the first order of greatness he was conspicuously deficient. He was not one of those great spiritual characters whom to know is to admire, and love, and be inspired. Nor was he one whom men will care altogether to imitate. Goethe, whom he seems to have regarded as his intellectual and spiritual father, was not without his faults, yet there are few we imagine who will ever think of putting the two on the same level. As a personal force Goethe was unquestionably superior. In the matter of pride they were probably equal, but in the matter of self-control and cheerfulness the Sage of Chelsea affords a strange contrast to the Sage of Weimar. No doubt dyspepsia had a good deal to do with the contrast; but when a man of a really great and transcendent character has a 'thorn in the flesh' he either conquers it or endures in silence, as many an ordinary mortal has done. Carlyle's deficiency in this—the elementary, but by no means easily acquired virtue of self-mastery or self-control—forms in fact one of the most glaring defects in his character, and together with his peevishness and irritability must for ever prevent him from being set up as an ideal, or regarded as an example for universal imitation.

His integrity was in the conventional sense unquestionable, but neither exceptionally beautiful nor exceptionally great. The class from which he was derived could furnish, we imagine, many more with an integrity of the same kind, quite as bright and untarnished. Mr. Froude seems to us to make too much of it. If we believed all we have heard in connection with it, we should be obliged to infer that some of Carlyle's darkest vaticinations were about to be fulfilled, that the moral fibre of the nation is undergoing a rapid process of disintegration, and that every class is on the high road to moral bankruptcy and ruin. Carlyle's integrity was for the most part outward and formal—blameless deeds,

and not speaking or writing, to use Mr. Froude's phrase, anything he did not believe. A really genuine and noble integrity includes not only this but what is more, conduct which, besides being blameless, is wholesome, and along with it wholesome feeling. Tried by this standard Carlyle, we are afraid, would come out no better than a great many who have no claims to be great. His treatment of Mill on the occasion of the burnt manuscript was really noble; but his overbearingness, his dogmatism and impatience were wholesome to no one. Nor were the feelings which led him to speak so disparagingly of almost every one of his contemporaries and fellow labourers in the fields of literature and truth. The same may be said of the feelings which prompted the entries in his journal, in which he compares himself with others, and always to his own advantage. Men may snarl inwardly at their want of success, and feel that they are better than those by whom they are being outstripped; but they do not as a rule set such things down on paper. A certain suspicion of self, together with a wholesome fear of fostering their self-conceit, usually prevents them. The fact is, Carlyle had too little of that 'sweet reasonableness' which, while it wins upon others, makes him who has it beneficent and great. He was too morbidly self-conscious; his finger was too often on his spiritual as well as on his physical pulse; he was too frequently pondering the question, 'Am I comfortable,' and had too little of that great kindly spirit of self-devotion, which in its anxiety to fulfil its duties becomes utterly oblivious of self, to be entitled to be regarded as a great moral figure.

At times his conduct seems strangely inconsistent. For shams and cant he was supposed to have no sympathy. He was generally regarded as their most inveterate and impassioned hater. Yet, strange to say, he preferred Mr. Disraeli to Mr. Gladstone, though he believed him to have 'no serious beliefs,' and was thoroughly persuaded that 'to him the world was a mere stage and he a mere actor playing a part upon it,' and that his sole aim was to make a figure in conducting the destinies of the empire,' or 'at least to amuse himself scientifically, like Mephis-

topheles.' It is only right to add that, in his opinion, Mr. Gladstone was 'equally incapable of high and sincere purpose,' but with this difference, that while his rival was under no delusion respecting himself, 'he supposed himself to have what he had not.' In short, he looked on Mr. Gladstone 'as the representative of the multitudinous cants of the age—religious, moral, political, literary; differing in this point from other leading men, that the cant seemed actually true to him; that he believed it all and was prepared to act upon it.' Bishop Thirlwall, again, he regarded as performing his ecclesiastical functions as an actor; yet he esteemed and admired him as a friend. And again, his horse Fritz took to stumbling and became useless. After his second fall Carlyle writes a beautiful monologue, protesting that 'after all the 20,000 faithful miles he has carried me, and the wild puddles and lonely dark times we have had together,' he cannot bear to think of 'selling the poor creature.' But a few lines further on, Mr. Froude, with an almost cruel irony, adds, 'Fritz was sold for nine pounds.' One is almost disposed to wonder whether, notwithstanding all his jeremiads against shams and cant and affectations, Carlyle was not 'over-spread with secret affectations, secret to himself,' in the same way as he tells us he found Irving was.

The noblest trait in Carlyle's character was unquestionably his passionate devotion to duty. It was this, along with his genius for letters, that made him what he became. Literature, if we may believe all he has written, he hated. Yet he stood by it manfully, and did what he believed he ought to do. Yet duty as a privilege he does not seem to have thought of. What he did was always done, at least in literature, and according to his own account, with much groaning and complaining. He rarely, if ever, confesses to any pleasure or joy in it.

But perhaps the most beautiful feature in his character was his singularly deep and tender affection for his mother. He loved his wife, but he loved his mother more. He always sent her the first news, and made her the sharer of any success he obtained. She understood him better than anyone else, and he was always happiest when with her. Mr. Froude has given us more than one pleasant (or shall we say curious?) picture

of the two, mother and son, driving or walking together, and smoking their pipes.

Carlyle's charity was great. His hand was always open to the necessitous, and to those who could make out to him a good or plausible case. In several instances, like most others who are liberal in their alms-giving, he was deceived; and in this connection Mr. Froude has some interesting stories to relate. The fact that during the later part of his life Carlyle gave away one half of his income—which was then pretty considerable—is a proof that beneath his roughness and dogmatism and impatience there was a kindly and generous nature. As the end drew near, Mr. Froude tells us, the kindness became more apparent and the impatience less.

His attitude towards the creed of Christianity was somewhat doubtful. He used to tell his mother, who had seen or heard enough to make her somewhat anxious on this point, that they both meant 'fundamentally the same.' Perhaps they did. But we suspect that the only fundamental point on which they really agreed, was, that the world is governed by a Righteous Providence. Whether they were agreed upon any of the other points touched upon in the Confession of Faith may be doubted. Carlyle's creed, we imagine, was more negative than positive, and may be more easily found in the Sermon on the Mount, than in the epistles of St. Paul. That he had strong religious tendencies and was more or less imbued with the spirit of Christianity, there can be no doubt. The spirit, if not the doctrines, which he had imbibed in his earliest years from his mother's lips, clung to him all through life. On the other hand, his letter on Prayer does not give one a high opinion of his acquaintance with the religious life; nor does his retention of the old Scottish idea that the main, perhaps the only real purpose of attending public worship, is to hear a sermon.

His opinions of his literary contemporaries recorded in the two volumes before us are in the same strain as those with which the public is already familiar. With the exception of Mr. Ruskin, on whom he seems to have expected his own mantle would fall, Professor Owen, Arthur Clough, Tennyson, Dar-

win, and a few others, he seems to have had little or no good to say of any of them. The entry in his journal about Miss Martineau at the very time she was doing all that lay in her power to make his first series of lectures a success financially, is provoking, if not ungenerous. By most of his literary contemporaries he was written and spoken of in a different spirit, and by one of them at least, though he knew that Carlyle was all the while regarding him as a 'sham.' Most of them, too, intellect apart, were as good men as himself. Some of them were capable of greater sacrifices. But it is doubtful whether the reputation of any one of them has been injured by his utterances, or will be.

Of the political leaders he knew, Carlyle seems to have esteemed only the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. To the latter he presented a copy of *Cromwell*, and sent along with it a somewhat characteristic letter. Of the Duke he gives us the following exquisite portrait—

'By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man ; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish, slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth, however, and all muscle or bone. His legs, I think, must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before ; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice too, as I again heard, is "aquilline" clear, perfectly equable—uncracked, that is—and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room, and I saw him no more. Except Dr. Chalmers, I have not for many years seen so beautiful an old man.'

Though we have found fault with Mr. Froude's biography of his master and friend, we are very far from denying that it has many and excellent features. To say that it is interesting, is to state only a part of the truth. Despite Carlyle's groans and endless repetitions of his complaints, its interest is intense.

Mr. Froude's narrative is written in clear, crisp sentences. His explanations and comments, though not always satisfactory, are always admirably put. Here and there, too, one meets with pieces of skilful criticism and descriptions of singular beauty. Nor does Mr. Froude hesitate now and then to pinch his hero. 'A fine critic once said to me,' he remarks, 'that Carlyle's "Frederick Wilhelm" was as peculiar and original as Sterne's "Walter Shandy";' certainly as distinct a personality as exists in English fiction. It was no less an exact copy of the original Frederick Wilhelm—his real self, discerned and reproduced by the insight of a nature which had much in common with him. Those bursts of passion, with wild words flying about, and sometimes worse than words, and the agonised revulsion, with the "Oh, my Feeekin! Oh, my Feeekin! whom have I in the world but thee?" must have sadly reminded Mrs. Carlyle of occasional episodes in Cheyne Row.' Here and there also we come across a capital story; as, for instance, the following about Thirlwall's appointment to the bishopric of St. David's—'Charles Buller, who had known Thirlwall at Cambridge, told me that he among others had recommended him to Melbourne. "Yes," Melbourne said, "but hang it" (the real word was stronger), "he is not orthodox in that preface to Schleiermacher." Buller answered his friend was sufficiently orthodox for the purpose. They adjourned to Melbourne's library, and spent the morning over the "Fathers," searching for precedents for Thirlwall's opinions.' In short, if we can not say that Mr. Froude's biography is absolutely the best in the English language, we can at least say that it is amongst the best, and that in some respects it is unrivalled.

ART. II.—CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR ROBERT MORAY
WITH ALEXANDER BRUCE, SECOND EARL OF
KINCARDIN, 1657-1660. *

TO all who have had occasion to study closely the reign of Charles II., it is but stating a truism to say that a history of that reign remains to be written. The years which witnessed the development in English minds, and the application under new circumstances, of the lessons of the Revolution and of the Commonwealth; which witnessed, too, the settlement in a final form for more than two centuries of the all pervading dispute—what was to be the Church of England, and what was to be dissent; which applied a test of the principle of hereditary right far more searching than any that had yet occurred; which were passed amid constant collision between the three estates of the realm, and at one time were in imminent likelihood of witnessing civil war; have, up till now, been left, with the single exception of Ranke, in the hands of romancers and partizans.

It will, however, astonish many who may be willing to admit this, to be told that it is equally true, nay, still more true, that the history of the Court of Charles II. is also awaiting fair and full account. The world in general is satisfied to believe that to the description of Macaulay, condensed into a few pages of unequalled epigram and invective, nothing remains to be added. Before Macaulay there lay open and unused the records of Pepys, whose bourgeois pruriency seized upon every scandalous story with the avidity of a carrion bird upon garbage, and of Hamilton, whose unprincipled hero played upon the surface of life. The temptation was too great for the brilliant manager of antitheses: he could not pause in his narrative to enquire whether the unrelieved picture that he drew could by any means be true; to look about for the records of families that might tell him other

* To Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh the writer of this paper owes the instruction and delight that he has received from the study of the Correspondence upon which it is based.

things. We are not now going to endeavour to rehabilitate Charles II. and his court; to maintain that Rochester was a saint, or that Castlemaine was a woman of sweet and noble life. The time, brilliant as it was, was bad, as bad probably as has ever been in England, though in comparison with others it has suffered from its frankness; as bad may be as in the days of the Regency. At any rate, of one thing there can be no doubt, that the worst has been told; and, we believe, there is as little doubt that almost inconceivable exaggeration has been, honestly enough, employed. The vulgar idea of Charles himself needs extensive modification; the character of some of his most trusted *intimes* is not generally known at all. Charles was a Bohemian like Prince Hal, who did not, like Prince Hal, throw off his Bohemianism for higher duties. But there never lived a King who could more appreciate, or who more openly declared his admiration for, scholarship, honesty, and loftiness of character. He led the devil's dance of drunkenness, prostitution, and dishonour; but he never concealed his contempt for his followers; Sedley was good enough to be drunk with, and Buckingham made a rare fool. With the whole tribe of harlots and dicers we are familiar; and we are apt to think that none were in the court but the *habitués* of the gin palace and the house of ill-fame. It is but right, if we are going to study this question closely, to lay equal emphasis upon the Ormonds and the Annesleys, the Evelyns and the Marvels. As closer study would disclose, Charles, in fact, lived a double life. To each side, and equally, the proverb *noscitur a sociis* applies. By degrees there are springing into the light family records, and long-forgotten letters, which show that there were pure and high-minded men and women, who lived, not discontentedly, and without protest, in the very focus of this wonderful society; men and women of whom it is absolutely certain that, had participation in such evils been a condition of residence, they would have shunned all association with the Court. And it is in illustration of these remarks that we wish now to notice, very briefly, a remarkable series of letters from one of Charles' intimate friends, one associated with him in politics and in daily converse, in the closet and in the

laboratory, by whose faithful help he governed Scotland not altogether ill, for whom he had an esteem and affection so deep, that, private gentleman though he was, filling no high office, altogether dissociated from his own baser pleasures, he gave to him that of his own motion, which he gave not to his boon companions, a burial in Westminster Abbey.

To the beautiful and remarkable character of Robert Moray, justice has yet to be done. Few men of so strong and decided a personality have left behind them so little trace upon the public documents of their time; except in a few Privy Council letters, his signature does not appear at all. He had served with distinction under Mazarin, in France, and under Charles I., in England, but it is not until we get beneath the State papers, and investigate the private correspondence of the years succeeding the Restoration, that we begin to realize the part which he played on the stage of State affairs. From the 'Lauderdale Papers,'* we become aware, that from 1660 to 1670 his influence affected the whole course of Scottish government; that he guided, controlled, and supported Lauderdale against all the cabals that were formed to oust him; that with Lauderdale and the King he formed the irresponsible triumvirate that governed Scotland, and that his voice was always raised for moderate and statesmanlike measures. His letters to Lauderdale during these years, when in the latter's absence he acted as his deputy, enable us to form the most vivid picture of the miseries to which Scotland was subjected, and which he did more than any man of influence to relieve. They display him chivalrous in feeling to opponents as to friends, frank in speech, unerring and independent in judgment, faithful in friendship, rich in humour, brilliant in conversation. From the Sheldon MSS. we find him regarded by Sharp, Alexander Burnet, and the other apostles of repression, as an enemy to be dreaded. Whenever he is spoken of by others at all, it is in language of respect and affection. To Evelyn he was a 'deare and excellent friend;' Sheldon was absolutely won by his charm of manner; Pepys speaks of him as 'a most excellent

* Camden Soc., Vols. I. II.

man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of music and everything else I could discourse of, very finely ; Charles neatly expresses his independence of character by saying that he was 'head of his own church.' We shall find out presently how it was that with a character so powerful, and with opportunities in the friendship of Lauderdale and the King so open, he never assumed a prominent position. It will be seen that he never cared to fill prominent positions in politics ; that he did his best to keep clear of them altogether. His books, his chemical furnaces and retorts, his music, his medical and mechanical investigations, and his friends, were more to him than 'such stuff' as he impatiently calls politics ; he was happier, more satisfied through all his nature, to be President of the Royal Society, than to be Deputy-Secretary for Scotland, extraordinary Lord of Session, Privy Councillor, and the like. It was these tastes that made him, as we shall see, buoyant in misfortune and exile, equable in the full enjoyment of the royal intimacy, dignified and forbearing under insult and ingratitude.

We have now to do with Robert Moray, however, not in the heyday of the Restoration, but at an early period, when circumstances gave full opportunity for the exercise, not of his mastery of statecraft, but of his rarer and nobler qualities. In the year 1657, there were living on the continent, scattered among the towns of Holland, Flanders, and Germany, scores of persons for whom, under the jealous and penetrating scrutiny of Cromwell, England, Scotland, and France, afforded no safe abiding place, but who found, in the wandering court of Charles II., a focus of affection and hope. It is with a small group of four, bound together by beautiful ties of family and friendship, that we have now to deal. Of Lord and Lady Balcarres, the latter better known as Lady Anna Mackenzie, exquisite alike in person and in mind, her husband one of the purest souled of Charles' adherents, a touching picture needing no addition has been drawn by the late Earl of Crawford and Lindsay in a little work, privately printed, but, from its value, deserving to be widely known. From many of the historical reflections in this book, par-

ticularly the estimates of the characters of Lauderdale and Rothes, we must altogether dissent; but its description of the cultivated aristocracy of Scotland at that period is as charming as it is sympathetic. They had settled first at the Hague, and were now at Bremen, where not long afterwards Lord Balcarres died, worn out with his labours for liberty, first against Charles, and then against Cromwell. At Bremen too was living Alexander Bruce, afterwards Second Earl of Kincardin, whose character obtained so warm an eulogy from Burnet; at the time of which we are writing he was dangerously ill with ague. The fourth of the band of friends, Robert Moray himself, was at Maestricht. Between these four there appears to have existed absolute confidence and affection. Unfortunately, of their correspondence, which was unceasing, only the letters of Moray to Kincardin have, so far as is known, been preserved. These, however, are ample to fill us with astonishment at the picture which they present, so different from that commonly assumed to be the true one, of the pursuits, the language, and the temper, of the gentleman of that day. They lay open the secret recesses and the purest springs of a beautiful and gentle mind. How long the union between himself and Bruce had lasted, as we find it here, we do not know; apparently not long, for he alludes, in one place, to a time not far distant, when Bruce was afraid of him. But at the time when the correspondence opens, the friendship was less like that of men of the world, who had seen courts and camps, and had spent the last many years in civil tumult, and in personal risk, than of two sweet women, who had battled together in retirement and humility against the troubles of life, and who, each knowing the most delicate workings of the other's heart, now found rest and comfort in sending to one another the warm outpourings of a yearning love.

The correspondence opens on July 12th, 1657, with a letter in which Moray says that by God's favour he goes next day to Maestricht. There is no doubt that the letter is from Moray to Bruce, though it is signed 'Robin Gray,' with the masons' mark attached, and is addressed to Mr. John Mercer,

Edinburgh. On September 14, Bruce being now on his way from Rotterdam to join Lord and Lady Balcarres at the Hague, he writes again; the first sentence illustrates the tone in which the whole correspondence is couched.

'Measur my joy when I have told you your journey is in my prayers, and I thank God with all my soul for every step of it. I do continue my voves, and am confident God will furnish me more work every day for praise, and increase my joy till you see to what a transport it will be raised when I get you in my arms. Let me alone with your apologies. I have no room for finding of faults; were there a thousand I would think as little of them as Mephibosheth did of his estate on the day of his gratulations.'

On October 8, and for many months afterwards, Bruce is at Bremen, 'gelegeert in de Witte Swan.' With scarcely an interval long letters pass between the two friends every week, from now until the end of 1658, Bruce 'courting' Moray 'with language fitter for a mistress,' and Moray 'finding it in my heart to set every word' he gets from his friend 'in diamonds.' On November 16 Moray writes, 'You complain of missing to hear from me that post before you wrote last. I writ as soon as I hear from you, but keep not a certain day because you bid me not. In October I wrot the 2, 8, 16, 22, 29, and this month, 6, 8, 16. So this interval is the only hole you can find, but hereafter I will writ constantly once a week.'*

Throughout this long series of letters, that which strikes one perhaps most forcibly is the almost entire absence of all allusion to politics. 'Philosophical commentaries upon State matters,' he says, 'are empty things.' 'But there's enough of such stuff,' he impatiently exclaims in one of his letters after the Restoration, and immediately falls to talking about water wheels for his friend's coal mines, a new pendulum arrangement for clocks at sea, and the chances that the stone supplied by his friend's quarries may be used for the building of St. Paul's. The hopes and intrigues and jealousies which agitated the immediate Court of Charles II. and the greater number of political exiles have absolutely no expression, although we

* He kept a careful register of all the letters that he wrote.

know from Burnet that Bruce aided the royal family with large supplies of money. Only twice in the whole course of the correspondence, when everybody else was occupied with schemes for a return to England, does he even hint at the possibility of a change. When the political situation is mentioned at all, it is in the tone of calm and discriminating judgment. The blind and savage hatred of Cromwell, so familiar in the writings of the Cavalier party, finds no place. In the three passages where his name occurs, the view taken of his power is sage and sober. 'The Spaniards,' he says, 'talk of retaking Mardyck;' but Cromwell, having thrown into it 'four hundred of his mastiv dogs,' he is 'lyck to keep it in despyte of all Spain and Flanders, which if he do but one year the Spaniards had never such a thorn in their foot.' Incidentally we get a notice of the Protector's influence in Europe. 'I wish Middleton were in a better condition, and think Turner will have better luck than Robin Montgomerie if he thrive in the Danes' service; for Robin had ample recommendations from the King, and had hopeful answers at first, but in end was told that the King, being in strict league with Cromwell, could not admit anybody into his service so obnoxious to him as he heard he was.'*

Bruce was at this time by way of being a republican, a creed with which Moray had as little sympathy as with the Roger Wildrake form of loyalty. Throughout the whole correspondence, however, there occur but two notices from which one would gather that there was between the two that controversy which in this age was usually the final test of friendship. 'To speak now one sentence of the politic strain,' says Moray on January 10, 1658, 'it will not be easy to persuade me that Scotland and England can stand united, but under Royall government;' and again, 'By Monarchy you understand tyranny, and I Royall government.'

From a passage in his letter of April 13, 1658, we draw a vivid impression of the armed state of Europe at this time.

* December 4, 1657.

'I am now at your journey. Were the sogirs all in the fields I should be glad you made a tour by Munster and up the Rhyne as far as Cullen to come hither; but I suspect there is no pleasure to travel through those places where there are so many sogirs quartered. You know better than I how it is in the stift of Bremen. The Bishop of Munster keeps up all his forces still, and all the territories of Cleve and what belongs to the Duke of Weeburg are pestered with levies too. Conde's people and others of the Spanish troopes are between this and the Rhine in the Spanish bounds. So that I cannot advise you to go by Munster unless you find it to be very safe.'

We are able to gain a fair though sketchy picture of Moray's quarters and way of life. Of Maestricht itself he says but little; 'the air is good, and meates lyke those at home, company to choose upon, good Physitians and Spa and Achen within a short daye's journey;' he himself was lodged near kirk and market, with a choice of good preachers in English and French; if only Bruce will come and stay with him he shall be 'accommodated with all the care I and one of the best hostesses that ever I had can afford you.' He had two rooms, with a kitchen and cellar; one of the former he had converted into a laboratory, and there he spent his days of exile in perfect content. 'You never saw such a shop as my laboratory,' he breaks out suddenly, 'so there's a brow name for you, that means matters.' He constantly speaks of his chemical labours in the language of an enthusiast. 'It is somewhat considerable,' he declares, 'that I afford you such volumes in the midst of my chemicall operations. I have had 7 stills going these 2 days with one fire, most upon juniper berries, some with water, some with sack, and some dry.' In his next letter he says, 'I beleieve you will guess I am at leisure, that takes the paines thus to tell you sleeveless stories; and so I am. For it will be to-morrow afternoon ere I fall to work again with my glasses, and then he may say he rose off his right side that morning that gets two lines from me when one might serve as long as my fire is on the oven.' 'Here I stopt,' he says, breaking off in the middle of a story, 'to blow the coales in the stove under my feet, though I be sitting at the cheek of a furnace will gar your eyn reel when you see it.'

We have said that no repinings at his solitary condition escape Moray. We know indeed only one passage from which we could infer that he was not merely in a state of philosophic content, but absolutely without desire of change. He was an adept in music, and he describes his 'three fiddles hanging by his side on the wall; there they have been hanging for these last six months, for,' he adds touchingly, 'to tell you truly I am not much for cultivating of musick till God send me dayes of joy and mirth, if at least he hath markt out any such for us. Nor do I mean to take them to myself till he give them to others and me both. I think I may say I have as much of that science as may serve to recreate myself, yet I let it quite alone.'

In a passage of a letter of February 23, 1658, he describes the hermit-like life that he voluntarily leads. He is answering a laughing accusation of his friend that he is in love:—

'If you think no more of a mistress, nor take no more pains to look after one than I do, I know not why one may not think that you may lead apes amongst your fellow virgins when you dy. You never met with such a cold wooer as I: since ever I came to this place I never visited neither male nor female but 2 or 3 cousines, and that never 3 times. The truth is I never go out of doors but to the church, except I have some glasses to make, and then I go to the glass house. Nor do I receive visits from anybody once in two months, except it be the commander, so that I am here a very hermit.'

That this seclusion was voluntary is clear from other passages. His character, and his reputation both in England and in the French service, made him a person of high consideration wherever he might happen to be; his wide and varied accomplishments, his perfect temper, his knowledge of life, his acquaintance with other European languages and his easy and fascinating style of narration, must have made him, as there is plenty of evidence that they did, a welcome guest with the commandant, the Rhynggrave, and any other distinguished person who happened to be staying in the town.

The easy and flowing style of his letters is the same, though still more marked, as that which is so noticeable in those to Lauderdale from Scotland after the Restoration. He often in-

dulges in a joke at his own expense upon his 'dribbling' style, ascribing it to the fault of his pen, which he says writes of itself. His pen, by the bye, figures often in these letters. Bruce has been describing to him the thrift he is using in his household at Bremen, and Moray answers him, on January 21, 1658, thus: 'As to your menagery, you put me in mind of one that you little think of. This pen that writes now to you is the only pen that I have writ all my letters with ever since March last: how like you thrift? and I think it will last me yet 5 or 6 months more.' Some months later we hear of the pen again: 'I do not think but this very everlasting pen, *now 13 months old*, hath some secret faculty of hatching long letters, for it hath written more of them, I assure you, than all the rest put together, that ever I handled before: till I met with it, or, if you will be content to share with it, till it wrote your name, I seldom turned the leaf, and rarely two. But now I think I have come fair off, if 3 or 4 serve my turn when I write to you.'

Moray naturally fell into some of the slipshod habits of men who compose and write without effort. Of the little slovenlinesses which embarrass any one who reads his letters now, he was, however, perfectly conscious. He describes himself as writing 'fast and scurvily;' he is compelled always to look over what he has written, for he says, 'I have a trick sometimes of leaving out necessary words, the want of which either makes nonsense or contrary sense. I am no great friend to 'Not,' for there is no word I forget oftener; and most commonly when I have two words after one another that end both with the same letter, I slip the last, and a hundreth other such casualties.' As to the length of his letters, which certainly is surprising, he more than once feels compelled almost to apologise to his friend.

'The length of my letters,' he says, 'hath nothing of designe but to make you think your day whereon you get them a little shorter than the others; it is not studied, but voluntary; if a new hare be started by me, it is but by chance. Indeed I do but seldom let Jock up a land dy in my hand as long as there is anything to be said thus upon what occurs. I usually beate it thinne enough. But if any other rational creature besides yourself saw the length of my letters they would wonder you did not forbid it.'

And once again he refers to his 'everlasting pen' to explain his prolixity. 'My learned pen hath learned by long practice to write alone whether it hath subject given it or not; for, if you look narrowly to all flowes from it, you will find now and then cause to think that it might have writ as good sense on the wing that bred it as in the hand that guides it.'

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Moray's writings is the extremely modern turn of thought and expression. This will have been seen already in the short extracts that we have quoted, but will be noticed still further as we proceed. In a less degree this is no doubt to be observed of well nigh all the leading men of the Restoration. A letter of Charles II., of Arlington, of Shaftesbury, is couched in well nigh the same terms and conceived in nearly the same spirit, as the letters of cultivated men of the present day. There is as much difference between their method of expression and that of Pym, or Eliot, or even Strafford, as there is between a sermon preached to-day and a page of Bunyan. In Moray this is, however, far more striking than in any other writer of the time with whom we are acquainted: he looks at everything, religion, government, science, scholarship, literature, the arts, knowledge in all its phases, from a standpoint which we best describe when we say that it might have been assumed to-day.

We can see Moray as he describes himself, 'with the table between me and the fire, so that my legs tost at it,' now and again jumping from his seat to attend to his stills, putting a straw the while in his letters to mark the place. He was sitting thus by the cheek of a furnace, 'will gar your eyn reel when you see it,' as he wrote with his 'dribbling pen' to Bruce on Oct. 29, 1657, a letter from which we will quote one or two characteristic sentences.

'I should have chid you sore for concealing your ague if you had not told me that you did not know it yourself; hereafter never conceal what befalls you upon no consideration. I am not easily startled, and though I do not forget you at no time in my devotions, yet some special addresses are to be made to heaven on particular occasions. . . . Be not afraid to load my spirit. He sustained it that hath born for us as much as would have crusht heaven and earth to pieces; and a singular piece of friendship lyes in compassion. You must not use me so severely as to suffer me to be

free when there lyes any weight on you. I assure you my shoulder is ready to help to bear your burdens. This you had reason to know before, but now you must no more pretend ignorance. . . . I must not conceal that I am much affected with your indisposition, but pity me not, seeing it helps to feather my prayers.'

He then goes to the medical aspect of ague, advises vomiting, and, in particular, antimony powder of 'a renowned alchemist named Glaubern.' One would be apt to exclaim in this and many other letters, 'methinks the gentleman doth protest too much,' were it not that we find at the end of fifteen years that the language is as tender and affectionate as now.

Ten days later, on Nov. 8, he writes again to urge the use of this powder of Glaubern's, the description of which recalls puffing advertisements of medicines at the present day, and all necessary details of which, he says, will be found in the inventor's book, the '*Miraculum Mundi*;' printed at Amsterdam. And he closes his letter with a devotional passage of great beauty—

'Summon up all the grace and strength of spirit God hath given you to endure his pleasure patiently, and remember how formerly you have found your crosses and afflictions cause of joy in the issue; and I will be confident you shall have one day as much cause to bless him for your sickness as you had lately for your prison. . . . Put them therefore to use, chiefly your faith, hope, and patience, knowing whatsoever your kind, wise, good and powerful father sends to you or does with you, is the very best that can befall you, how dark soever his ways be to your grief or his touches to your relish. Our grace also, he meanes certainly to have you employ with singular industrie; that of seeking his face by prayer. . . . So long as the Lord layes with one hand sickness upon you, may he with the other turn your bed for you.'

And next week he adds, 'it is a sad lyfe that needes dayly physick . . . but it will one day produce that effect I spoke of before that it make you say it was good to have been so.'

For many weeks Bruce lay at Bremen prostrated with ague. During all that weary time Moray wrote to him at least once a week, sometimes oftener, long letters replete with admirable sense, wise prevision, amusing anecdote, delicate and graceful humour, extensive and profound knowledge on all literary and scientific subjects, and deep and sincere piety. With a single exception there is not one line in the whole of his correspondence

that has a taint of grossness, and there the grossness is not his; we shall refer to it presently. We proceed now with our extracts.

‘You do exceeding well to give me so exact an account of the passages of your disease; pray, fail not to do so still as long as it lasts. . . . I bless my God with all my soul for the blessings he gives you under his rod, that are much more worth than health of body, patience, submission, and humble and thoughtful observation and remembrance of mercies; fallings and chastisements are symptoms of spiritual health, and amongst the chief of those earnest promises we get of the good things that are laid up for us; and the security of eternal blessedness brings us about again into the wish of assurance of all the momentary things that are good for us, and that what befalls us is ever for our good.’

Bruce, apparently was in need of such reminders. He had evidently written in repining mood at some check in his cure, when at the end of an excessively long letter on Feb. 24th, 1658, Moray says—

‘I do not think your unexpected arrestment where you are is a greater or more sensible disappointment to you than the other you met with at home. Many such things have befallen me in my lyfe which have given me so internal an acquaintance with God’s goodness in such dealings that I have much cause to thank him for stooping so farre as to give me so many and so many frequent sensible experiments for confirming my faith and his trueth; and having seen the same way taken with you, and you rightly sensible of it, I owe it to him and you both to do all I need to confirm you in the expectation of his kindness and a quyet delivering up of your sense and reasoning to him till you see what he doeth with you.’

‘God will bring them together,’ he adds, ‘if it be his pleasure; and if he do not, we must think he knowes better what is good for us than we ourselves, hath kindness to do all he knowes, and power to do all he will.’

The same strain of intense devotion and trust in the will of God appears in the letter from Colombe, on May 20, 1660, when the Restoration was sure:—

‘What a wonderful work hath the Lord God brought about in a little time. How farre are things now from what they were but a few weekes ago! and what great cause have we to pay our vowes to that God that hath granted our desires! While we joy in the salvation of our God for the bringing back the captivity of our king and cuntry, having our mouths full of his praises, let us not leave off to mix our thanksgivings with new

vowes that he may finish gloriously what he hath in mercy so farre carried on, and not draw back his hand till he hath settled his Jerusalem so as it may be matter of praise to the whole earth.'

We do not apologise for quoting these few passages out of those which occur in almost ever letter, to illustrate the sober and fervent religious principle which underlay the whole of a beautiful and unusual life. They are necessary to enforce the statement with which this paper began, that in daily intimacy with Charles were living men of whom it is clear that in such intimacy they could not have lived, had the atmosphere been always such as Macaulay has described for us from Pepys and Hamilton. We close them with one of the rare instances where Moray permits himself to talk in any way seriously of his own strivings and self-discipline:—

'You may be very persuaded,' he writes on April 2, 1658, 'I weigh anything I learn of God's dispensations concerning you with as much passion as you can beleave my heart be capable of in a friend's concernments: but do not let the estimate of the height of my passions grow to a settled pitch till you have read the descriptions of them in my heart. Only to temper your estimate a litle till then, I shall tell you it hath been my study now 31 years to understand and regulate my passions; the whole story of my progress in this, and God's dealings with me in it, would be as open to you as you would have it, and as all the other secret corners of my soul will be when you have a mind to them.'

Interspersed with these graver passages are continually to be found letters which are to serve to amuse and cheer his friend. 'Do you think,' he says, 'that I would have taken half the paines upon you if you had been well and in a Christian country? You must know I meant my letters should serve instead not only of physick but recreation. The following paragraph is the beginning of one such:—

'You little think how long your armes are, and how exquisite my physick skill is grown. I feel your pulse here as well as if I were sitting at your elbow, and know as well what temper you are in when you write, as if I had seen you; there's a skill for you, that is cousin Germans to another, an epistolar acquaintance of mine. Kircherus is master at the telling of one's genius, by seeing only their handwriting, as a gipsy can do by looking at their loof. I can see your cheeks beginning to get a little palish crimson again, your eyes their wonted vivacity, your legs their vigor, and everything fairly advanced towards the recovery of its liege

powsty by the late frisks and gambols I find in your letter. Nay, by a new science you do not yet know a name, for, I find by your beginning to crow it is not far from day, that the thaw is begun at Bremen; so much frolickness is there in your last of 20-30 Mar., that I would almost think it were May instead of April.'

Bruce, who was no doctor, had apparently been questioning some of Moray's medical theories regarding his disease, for he goes on:—

'I hold you a grote you was sitting in a two-armed chair when you wrote last, for I think you talk as if you were passing master at Montpellier's in that of Rabelais. . . . When I do but breathe the least imaginable touch of modestie then up you fly upon your pearch, but as soon as I offer to look up after you, then down you come again with a witness. Pray what think you will become of you if I should charge a philosophical mortie piece or two against you, do you think your brass fortifications of supercilious undervolvings would hold them out? Poor man! were your walls not onely cannon proof but your lodging on a rock as high as the Bass, I could make you run under the ground to hide you, and even that might leave you some fear of a mowdywart. . . . Take you to some other craft. But before I tell ten, I find you come down again to my hand: as soon as you perceave I fall to my gravity, then down go all your sailes, and now when I have you under lee I'll talk a little to you within your speare, and fling all philosophy into the howes.'

Bruce evidently replied in the same mock tone of defiant censure, for Moray shortly addresses him thus:—

'Now you play the valiant fellow indeed! You dare? I, you are a brave darer; when you are covered with steel to the teeth, then you dare prate and say for all my threatening you are not affrayed to make faults when the tawse is the worst that can come to you. . . . You do neither know the nature of your indulgence nor my designs and considerations. It serves only to keep your skin whole and sound; that is to preserve you from that vindictive choler that would perhaps have carbonaded it like a collip on such an occasion as this. Then it was given as the two grains are to light gold, and last of all my designe is not to marr you but to mend you: this I think I can do and leave you skin whole: else I would have left myself the liberty of spounging your doublet upon occasion. But for instructions, remonstrances, and reproofs, I had more care of you than to barr myself from them. Your ease was scarce a considerable part of the reasons I gave for my short letters for the future. I told you the reason why I wrote long ones formerly, chiefly your solitude and sickness; and now that these are removed (blest be the Lord God for it!) I am left to the same liberty I had when I began first to write long

letters. So that if you find that to cut you short now be to deprive you of your dayly food in a considerable measure, you must remember it is not due to you, but voluntarily ; and if you would have your dyet continued it is not your valour but your submission is lykeliest to prevail. . . . When I find you clasped about my knees, and looking pitifull up into my face and saying, "Pray ! use me as you did before," then you are in the right way of getting that which you must be weaned from a little that you may better know the worth by feeling the want of it. Do you think I have no better use for my time than to give you 3 or 4 houres of it twice a week : if you think it worth the employing upon you, I must help you to correct your opinion of yourself : know then it was not for my worth of you at all. I leave the motives in the mist because I will not now do you the pleasure to clear you.'

We have dwelt upon the contrast presented by the unostentatious and deep-seated piety of Moray to the prevailing carelessness or ribald neglect of such things in the Court in which so many years of his life were spent. Not less remarkable is the entire absence of the restless spirit of scheming, which was as markedly one of its prevailing characteristics. How utterly unlike is the tone of the following passages to that which prevailed among the whole army of political jobbers, who outbid and overreached one another at Whitehall. On March 12, 1660, he writes :—

'You will have heard of the invitation of the D. of Y. hath from the King of Spain to be generall of the Forces in Spain by sea and land under the title of *Principe de la Mar Ocean*. I know not yet if it be accepted of, but it is ten to one I be called upon if it be, but it is 100 to one I shall not go, for I will struggle against it so as to make the king forbid it if need be, for, besides the design you know I have lying dormant, you may remember I have no stomach to public employments, and that I had rather be confined to your conversation than be anything France or Spain can afford. . . . What becomes of me I cannot yet tell.'

Two months later he again expresses his aversion from all public employments. And four years later again, March 17, 1664, we come upon a most striking passage :—

'What way my staff will fall I do not know. I am held out by a thread, yet it seemes to bind me. And I do not see how to get loose, nor where, nor indeed do I look to be left to choyce what to make of myself though I know not what I serve, or here. Proposition, project, nor design, I have none at all more than when I first saw the light. I do not weary nor long, and these are perhaps some little masteries. But if I were at mine own disposall, or had in my option what to choose, know I do not at this

moment what I would prefer to what it seemes you set so great value upon. But we must let ourselves be governed by the hand that can do it best, placidly and entirely.'

We have mentioned the wide range of Moray's knowledge. The mere enumeration of the subjects which he discusses at length, and on which he shows deep and intimate knowledge, is a serious task. Here are a few of them: medicine in all its branches; whale fishery and its risks and probable profits; European languages, of which he knows several, and which he urges his friend to acquire intimately; chemistry, through all the courses of instruction in which he had passed; horticulture, with dissertation on the varieties of soil and their effects both upon flowers and fruit; coal mining and stone quarrying; patent fuel, and the relative advantages of different kinds of stone; overshot and undershot water-wheels and tide-mills. The portion of Bruce's under-sea coal mines at Culross necessitated great pumping works: Moray knows exactly what kind of wood the pipes should be made of for various uses; where the trees most serviceable for the purpose are to be had; where the short trees grow best, and where the long trees; what the prices are of each; what bore will be the best; under what circumstances they will 'fur,' and so forth. One instance of his exact power of observation and of memory, which, he asserts 'is the worst that ever water wet,' may be quoted as typical of scores of similar passages:

'Let them say what they will at London of Sir Hugh Middleton's pipes; I saw the pond at Islington dry 20 years ago, and all the pipes thereabout taken up, whereof many were faulty then, and all furred with that green wormy moss I told you of long ago: and I was then in company of some ingeniers that did pretend to great skill in Aqueducts who were then on a new project of bringing a new river to London in the old Roman way in a channel of brick and plaister of Furress; for all this I will not say the timber was rotten, only the ends of many pipes were so worne or rotten or worme-eaten that the joynts were new made again.'

Just the same care and thoroughness is shown when he comes to talk of the best way of applying the method used by the Flemish brewers to the salt pans used in Bruce's mines, and how to save fuel in the process, or of Anatomy—he was in the

Anatomy School, he says, as long as in the Chemical—or of ‘the surest way of transporting carpes.’ This, he tells Bruce,

‘will be before they spawn, but whether they have spawned or not they must be carried in the largest hogshead or Butts you can get, and not above 10 or 12 in a vessell; and in the vessell must be some of the earth of the place whence they come, and be fed with dough bread made with oxen blood. But they are a kind of fish that take not in eny water; they will live where they will not breed, this I know: and the water they like best is spring-running, or at least moveable by frequent openings of sluices, and then the ground must be a gravelly ground: here is all my skill.’

Isaak Walton himself could not have discoursed more learnedly.

When these matters are disposed of, we find him, drawn out by a slight question from Bruce, taking up, with just the same eagerness and completeness, the whole science of heraldry. In this gentle science he takes extreme delight, and wanders through all its mazes with the confidence of perfect familiarity. His description of the mason’s work and its significance is worth a full quotation.

‘This character or Hieroglyphick [of which he gives a rough sketch] which I call a starre, is famous among the Egyptians and Grecians. For the Egyptian part of it I remit you to Kirchenes’ bookes that I mentioned in my last. The Greeks accounted it the symbol of health and tranquillity of body and mind as being composed of capitel letters that make up the word *θυμία*, and I have applied five other letters to it that are the initials of 5 words that make up the summe of Christian religion as well as strict Philosophy . . . and make up the sweet word *ἀγαπά* which you know signifies “Love thou,” or “he loves,” which is the reciprocall law of God and man, and that same word is one of the 5 signified by the 5 letters; the rest are *Γνωθι*, *πιστευέι*, *Ἀνεχῶ*, *Ἀπεχῶ*; there’s enough at once.’

Heraldry done with, and all the details of the lapidary’s art having been incidentally discussed, we come shortly upon mathematical instruments and surveying, pacing instruments, and all sorts of mechanical devices. ‘Yesterday I made an instrument,’ he tells us, ‘to measure pulses, as exactly as you can measure the parts of an inch. It will tell the acceleration and retardation to a second of time, if one please. Chalk up that!’ In the same letter he adds, ‘Your talk of Hopton’s scales made me be at the paines to try mine, which are not so fine as I could cause make, yet the 1024

part of a grain will turn them, and I have laid up all the subdivision of that number, still halving, till you see them. A new invention in locks, and the adaptation of the clocks made by Zulichen of Hamburg, for use at sea, occupy him a little later.

It would be difficult without quotations so numerous that they would be tedious, to give any idea of the wide and intimate knowledge which Moray displays with pure literature. One fact he notices which will be of interest to students of the history of book collecting. After advising Bruce, who was about to visit Heidelberg, to take that opportunity of furnishing his library, he adds, 'I mean only new books. For, out of doubt, for old ones of all kinds whatsoever, there is no place in Christendom better furnisht than Duke Lane in London, if at least it be as I have seen it, and it was in Cardinal Richelieu's time, who pickt up from thence the rarest pieces he could find anywhere.'

Moray, however, is perhaps more at home on the subject of medicine than on any other. His friend's disease affords him continued employment for his knowledge. He insists on knowing every symptom; he positively revels in the minutest questions of vomiting and purging, sweatings and cold fits, cramps and coughs. He sends all over Germany to obtain for Bruce the Glaubern's powder, and the newly introduced Jesuits' 'bark.' He presses his friend, Dr. Massenet, who stays a while with him, into the service; and we have an amusing picture of Massenet preparing a special powder, and trying its effects upon himself before it is sent to Bruce. Occasionally we get some absurd cure related, evidently to amuse his friend in his tedious illness; for instance—

'I have a friend at Augsburg who was lately taken with a terrible headache, which amazed his Physitians; who having administered all their best skill prompted, finding nature tended to sweating, gave him diaphoreticks, which cured him, though in a way they looked not for. They made him sneeze 24 hours or thereby without abate, and made him vent a deluge of stuff at the nose that had almost choaked him, but immediately after he was cured.'

In another place he says—

'Fishing all waters I have lighted on another remedy for the ague, whether Quartan or other. Mullerus hath it, and Dr. Massenet tells me

when he was a little one they made him try it for a tertian. It is to put a great spider into a box made of walnut shells, and hang it about the neck so as it may be about the slot of the breast. They say it is no witchcraft, only the spider attracts the malignity of the disease by sympathy. The doctor's fever left him the next fit after he put it on save one : he mist the third also and so thought himself well and quite cured. He had the curiosity to see what it was had cured him, and finding it to be a spider which is one of the things he hates most he flang it quickly in the fire ; but immediately after took his ague in a stronger fit than any he had had. . . . It may have had that operation on him it would not have on another that hath less antipathy with that creature.'

What strikes one especially in all Moray's medical essays—for a large number of his letters can be thus best described—is the strong common sense they display, the way in which, casting aside all the musty traditions of the faculty, whom he does not hesitate to name, as for the most part, mountebanks and charlatans, he connects cause with effect. Thus, regarding blood-letting, which of course Bruce had been compelled to undergo, he writes thus—

'I cannot easily be induced to think that blood-letting conduces to the cure of your disease—though it may give ease in a fitt or two perhaps—for it takes away nothing but so much of the digested matter of the disease as was lodged in that quantity of blood that was drawn (whereof I guess you may reckon there is in your body 100 ounces, for I have known one let above 60 in a few hours), but it leaves the cause or root entire. I do not think I ever flew so high upon doctor's wings as now. Do you think that he that takes away the tenth part of the stream that comes from a springing fountain takes away the tenth part of the water of the fountain? Just so is it with the diminution of your ague by the evacuation of the tenth part of your blood : for say that the tenth part of the matter that causeth the disease be taken away with the blood, what does that, I pray, to the fountain from whence that matter comes, which is neither in the veins, arteries, nor liver. According as the spring whence that matter flows is more or less copious, the taking away a part of that which is already mixed with the blood may possibly alleviate somewhat a fitt or so, but as soon as the dam is gathered again the paroxysms return to their old byar.'

'Are you of opinion,' he asks him finally, 'that the blood-letting is a good way to facilitate or strengthen a weak body?' There is a touch of Moray's peculiarly graceful humour in his description of Bruce's doctor. 'Indeed, if it be an instrument of no

eminent skill that the Great Physician employs we will owe him the greater acknowledgments for your recovery.'

There is one letter which, from its nature, it is quite impossible to quote, but which deserves mention from the light it throws upon a character which is still subject of dispute, that of James the First. Moray, by way of providing entertainment for his friend, though he warns him to prepare for a trial to his stomach, tells him at length a story that King James was especially fond of, introducing it by saying that 'King James loved best of any discourse to talk of dirt and —— and such like stuff.' There is plenty of evidence in the British Museum that the royal mind and tongue were foul beyond description; but no one who has not read this story can form the faintest idea of the dung-hill filth, the witless beastliness, in which the British Solomon delighted to wallow, as a dog will roll in ordure. The dirtiest riotings of Rabelais are outdone by conceptions at which one involuntarily sickens, and the whole thing would be barely credible were it not that it came to Moray direct from the person, Sir Francis Stewart, who so successfully catered to the King's tastes, and who knew those tastes to be so robust that he loved such stories best while sitting at his dinner. We can fancy how the great brute jowl with which we are familiar in James's portraits, and which for one generation took so strangely the place of the exquisite lines of his mother's chin, would distend in bestial appreciation; the story and the portrait, indeed, do but explain one another.

Here we reluctantly close this cursory examination of a correspondence which has had for us a peculiar interest, but in which we cannot, perhaps, hope that many persons will take a pleasure as great. We have placed these extracts before our readers because we feel that they display, partially indeed, but better than it could be displayed in any other way, one side, and that the side least often known in public men, of a character in which every fresh piece of information compels us to take a keener interest. Want of space has forbidden us to discuss the letters which continued to pass between him and Bruce after the Restoration; but, under different circumstances, they depict the same character unaltered. We do not wish to describe Robert

Moray as a man of heroic rank ; he reminds us rather sometimes of the advice in the 'Betrothed;' he sat still while kings were arming, he spake not when the people listened, and he kept his finger from the red gold. In the midst of social depravity he led a life such as is led now by men of pure and lofty mind, and such as he led while in exile ; where, all around him, men schemed and lied for place, he went on his way 'placidly and securely;' where bribery and flattery and supremacy in evil living were the usual passports to success, this Scottish gentleman kept himself, so far as can be told, unspotted from the world. He touched pitch and was not defiled. It is not until due consideration is given to the fact that in the society of men such as Andrew Marvel, John Evelyn, and Robert Moray, Charles II., took delight, that we can feel how false, because onesided, is history which speaks of him only as drinking and drabbing with Rochester and Sedley and Buckingham.

ART. III.—BEHIND THE SCENES IN CLERICAL LIFE.

IF there be one Apostolic aspiration which, more than another, the successors of the Apostle, have in all ages had good cause fervently to echo, it must surely be that they may be delivered from unreasonable men—understanding the term in the ordinary sense in which we use it. Nor in truth need this aspiration be at all confined to the clergy. Its limits are very comprehensive. It is a most appropriate prayer for all who are any ways afflicted with the possession of power, influence, authority, or any sort of official responsibility. On the occurrence of any event a little out of the common run of every day life, from a railway accident, or a destructive fire, up to the sudden outburst of some unexpected war, the chronic incapacity of the average Briton either to place himself at any one else's point of view, or to see when he is making himself ridiculous, is pretty sure to result in his giving good cause to every heavily taxed official to pray for deliverance from unreasonable men.

On no class, however, is this plague of unreasonableness let loose with the devastating fury with which it is loosed upon the clergy. Many circumstances render them specially apt to be overwhelmed in this foaming torrent. Nor, in their case is this the whole of the peril to which their position exposes them. Snares and pitfalls from which the path of the layman is wholly, or in great measure free, lurk around the path of his clerical brother; and snares and pitfalls are frequently, in the long run, more perilous than dangers intrinsically more grave and important. A man, even though he may be walking a little carelessly, is very unlikely to plunge unawares into a blazing fire, or a raging flood; but he is extremely likely to put his foot into a rabbit hole, or through a snare; and he who may chance to have been, when walking fast, thus heavily brought to the ground, will ever after regard rabbits, or a few yards of copper wire, as freighted with far more weighty possibilities than result immediately from their respective importance in the scale of creation.

That the special vexations and perils of clerical life lurk to a greater or less extent around the paths of clergymen of all denominations we have not the slightest doubt; that the unreasonableness of men makes the path of English nonconforming ministers oftentimes a very thorny one we are very certain; but wishing to speak only of that of which we have had personal knowledge, we purpose to treat at present solely of the, generally, silent sufferings of the clergy of the Church of England, for whom accidental circumstances prepare the vexations of unreasonableness, at least, to an aggravated extent. The enforced position of the English clergy with respect to baptisms, marriages, funerals, especially in connections with church registers, places a fearful weapon in the hands of the self-opinionated and unreasonable Briton. We have known an indignant father whose daughter had eloped and had her marriage, by licence, that very morning duly celebrated and registered, spend a long time in arguing on the subject with the vicar of the parish, contending that if he chose he could 'do something' to undo the marriage. Our own conviction is that the man wished vaguely to suggest that he was prepared 'to come down handsomely' if the vicar would tamper with the registers, though he dared not openly suggest such a

course. At anyrate he worried the unfortunate clergyman most mercilessly before he could be induced to understand, or believe, that the powers of the vicar of the parish did not extend the length of undoing a regularly celebrated and registered marriage.

Bishops, beneficed clergy, and curates, have each and all the special joint in their armour where the arrow of the enemy may penetrate, and be the cause, if not of a deadly wound, at least of much annoyance and irritation. Deans and chapters have no doubt also their thorny places in life; that unpleasant friction occasionally mars the harmony of relations between bishop and dean is very well known; but the profanity seems too great of carrying such impertinent scrutiny into the solemn precincts of the Cathedral Close! Cathedral dignitaries are, at least, brought into less frequent contact with the world that lieth in wickedness, so we may hope their reverent feet walk more safely and peacefully in the paths of religious calm, and unimperilled virtue.

Bishops are, in some respects, the greatest of all clerical sufferers from the unreasonableness of men. To that law of the physical world, that wild animals do not prey on their own species, there is unfortunately no corresponding law in the moral sphere. If there be one occupation clearer than another to the heart of the crotchety, obstinate, or pugnacious cleric, it is worrying his bishop. A beneficed clergyman may suffer much at the hands of a curate, but he can generally manage, in some way to get rid of him, or as a last resource induce the bishop to withdraw his licence; but the bishop cannot thus summarily get rid of the impracticable rector or vicar who almost daily worries him about some trifle far better settled by himself, or some grievance lying entirely outside the bishop's province. If these crotchet mongers would always *write*, it would be of less consequence, the brunt of the conflict would then fall upon the chaplains; but they will have interviews, very often; and however certain he may be of what is before him, the bishop can hardly refuse an interview formally requested by a beneficed clergyman in his diocese. If, at last, the bishop is forced to be somewhat short and stern, his tormentor, not unfrequently, will fall back on insolence. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London, was much worried by one of these crotchet mongers, seeking some

impossible thing. His letters had been always answered by the chaplains; but it chanced, one day, that one arrived when the bishop happened to be in the chaplain's room, and he thereupon sat down and answered it himself. The episcopal handwriting was not remarkably legible. By the next post arrived a most insolent letter, saying that when a clergyman wrote to his diocesan he was at least entitled to expect a reply from himself, not an answer from some official whose very handwriting betrayed that he was not even an educated man. It is hardly credible that the recipient of the letter was really so entirely unacquainted with the bishop's hand, or that he should fail to perceive that in the letter in question the handwriting was the same throughout, so that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the ignorance was feigned, in order to seize the opportunity for writing an insolent letter to the bishop.

Nor are the laity behindhand in occasional eagerness for the sport of worrying the bishop. The aggrieved parishioner is occasionally a terrible thorn in the episcopal side. We have known one such write a formal complaint of the vicar of the parish in which he lived, because the bell was frequently tolled on the death of a parishioner. A letter had of course to be written to the vicar first, to know if the complainant was really a parishioner, and his letter then to be acknowledged, with the information that as his grievance was a legal right of any parishioner who chose to pay the fee, there was no help for him in bishops. But far worse than these frivolous complainants are those who come with some accusation against their vicar, either in regard of his personal conduct or professional action, which, if proved, is justifiable. Such cases are always very anxious ones for the bishop, and he may feel compelled to take some steps in the matter, even though, if he have been long on the bench, he will have a very shrewd suspicion what will happen. When at last he feels himself in a position to proceed, and proposes to the complainant to come forward with his accusation, the immediate reply is, 'Oh dear no! I cannot possibly allow my name to be mentioned.' If the bishop then takes the trouble to explain that it is impossible for him to proceed upon an anonymous accusation, the probable answer is, 'Well, I am sure I am very sorry. I

should have thought you might have done something.' The something the bishop would like to do is, doubtless, to kick the speaker if he only dared. His time and anxious considerations are all thrown away, and he is left with uneasy suspicions regarding one of his clergy, which he has no means of either proving or disproving. What between turbulent clergy and impracticable laymen, the bishop of an extensive diocese is pretty sure to have frequent cause to pray for deliverance from, or special patience in dealing with, unreasonable men.

Nevertheless, the bishop is to a certain extent hedged in. His chaplains are in some measure a sort of body guard. It is round the beneficed clergy and their curates that the floods of unreasonableness rage and foam most fiercely; and few, we suspect, save those intimately connected with the clergy, have any idea of the amount of the worry, annoyance, even insult, to which they are exposed. Prudence, or a consciousness that the irritation caused by these small stabs and stings seems out of all proportion to their intrinsic consequence, holds the majority of the clergy silent on these subjects. But if traced carefully back to their starting points it would be frequently found that quarrels, scandals, disturbances, which do untold mischief in a parish, have their origin in some of these seemingly trifling annoyances. The clergy are often gradually irritated by them into imprudent action, and a parishioner who has once embarked in a quarrel with his vicar will generally carry it to lengths of malice and meanness difficult to believe without personal experience of the same.

The aggrieved parishioner figures largely in parochial annals as a sort of perpetual moral blister. The extent to which people who, in the ordinary business of life, appear fairly sane, can persuade themselves that they have a grievance if every detail of church management, ritual, music, ventilation, heating, is not regulated solely by their personal preferences, is almost beyond belief. Very probably their grievance is one entirely within the domain of the churchwardens, where the vicar has no jurisdiction. But to him they fly with their sorrows. They will listen coldly and stolidly, while he perhaps devotes time he can ill spare to the task of

explaining that he has no jurisdiction in the matter in dispute, and then take their leave with the remark, 'Well, I am sorry you do not feel inclined to help me.' Then, if they be not rather above the average in good sense and good feeling, the next thing the vicar will probably hear—if his parish be a town one—is that they have withdrawn all their subscriptions to schools or parochial charities, and gone off to other churches. The first action of an aggrieved parishioner who is enraged with the vicar, is almost certain to be the withdrawal of all aid to the charities of the parish. The vengeance, therefore, falls not on the offending vicar, but on those who benefit by the charities; so 'this dog smarts for what that dog has done'—or *has not* done—as the case may be.

If the parish be a country one, the aggrieved parishioner generally goes over to the dissenters—unless he be a man who has risen in the social scale by amassing money; such have a tendency to gravitate toward the Church, as 'more genteel.' We well remember a case of the sort in a rural parish. A very substantial farmer, whose land was his own, had been for years a staunch friend and most useful ally to the vicar. He held two pews in the church, one in right of the house he occupied, one belonging not to the *land*, but to a ruinous old house standing thereon, which he did not need. He pulled down the old house, and thereby lost all claim to the seat, which lapsed to the churchwardens for the time being, to apportion as they saw best. Because the man was not allowed, in defiance of all right, to keep this seat, which he did not use, he joined the dissenters, and never from that day forward set foot in the church, or took the slightest notice of the vicar.

When the aggrieved parishioner gets the length of wishing positively to insult his vicar, he usually falls back upon the anonymous letter, which may contain merely a little impertinent abuse, but is sometimes filled with the grossest insults, to either the vicar himself, or some member of his family. These are often very bitter experiences to the clergy. It is not every man who can treat these dastardly assaults with the contempt they merit. More than one excellent and estimable man, of highly sensitive nervous organization, has been driven from his parish by persis-

tent annoyance of this sort; nor does the mischief end with characters of this stamp. We have heard an English clergyman of far robuster moral fibre, admit his dread of an anonymous letter because he found it so impossible to prevent suspicions of certain persons from constantly intruding themselves. This very clergyman, however, hit upon a very successful method of ridding himself of the nuisance. He ordered one anonymous letter he received to be hung up at the church door one morning, and announced from the pulpit that he should continue the practice. It was many years before he received another.

A not uncommon, and perhaps little suspected cause of clerical worry and annoyance, sometimes even of peril, lies in the vagaries of people who are mentally unsound. Religious mania is a very frequent form of such unsoundness, and this often leads to the clergy being objects of attentions far more marked than agreeable. Extravagant devotion to, or equally extravagant detestation of some special clergyman, is very common. The former once, in our own experience, gave rise to what, considering all the accidental circumstances and surroundings, was probably the most ludicrous scene ever witnessed in a church. In a city boasting the possession of one of the finest cathedrals in England, there lived a spinster lady of somewhat weak intellect, one whose state, however, did not render any further supervision necessary than the constant attendance of a trustworthy companion. The rector of the parish in which she lived was the object of her most ardent devotion. To her great despair he resigned his living and went abroad. Some few years later, on returning to England, he happened to be in the neighbourhood, and having been intimately acquainted with many of the chapter, he went, one afternoon, to the cathedral, in order to see some of them. The service was just over, and he was standing in the nave, to which there were always many visitors in the afternoon, waiting to greet his old friends when they should have disrobed. Just at the moment when choristers and clergy were coming in procession down the nave, this poor little woman entered at the west door. She instantly espied her former rector, and before her companion could interfere, rushed towards him. She was extremely small; he a very tall man. Fearing that in her excitement her greeting

would be rather more noisy than was seemly under the circumstances, he bent down, as she drew near, to speak to her in a whisper. Rash man! In a moment she clasped him round the neck with both arms, and bestowed upon him a painfully audible apostolic salutation. The magnificent cathedral nave echoed to strange sounds that afternoon. Not even the portentous solemnity of a cathedral verger, in the very presence of the canons in residence, was proof against the trial; and the white-robed procession disappeared from the sacred precincts with most indecorous rapidity. The victim of this astounding reception, a man possessed of remarkable power over the muscles of his face, was the only person in the cathedral who preserved an unmoved gravity of deportment.

A very common form of religious craze is a desire to argue out privately with a clergyman some question he has touched upon in preaching. We once heard a clergyman preach on the text—‘All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,’ and he chanced to make some remarks upon the occasional value of apparently very unimportant portions of the Scriptures. For some time afterwards he was sorely besieged by a hearer who wished to insist on having proved to him the importance of verse 9, chap. iii., Song of Solomon. ‘King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.’ Fortunately, the clergyman in question had only been officiating for a friend. Had he been vicar of the parish, liable to be buttonholed as he walked about the streets, his fate would have been pitiable.

Worst of all, and often absolutely dangerous to the clergy, is the craze of a mission, either to insist upon, or prevent the promulgation of some particular doctrine. We remember, some years since, seeing the vicar of a large London parish officiating for several Sundays under protection of the police. One of these crazy enthusiasts had taken it into his head that he was to prevent some part of the service being performed, and had chosen that particular church as the field of his operations. His threats against the vicar were sufficiently vehement to cause it to be deemed advisable, pending measures for some restraint being placed upon the man, that a policeman in plain clothes should be

on duty in the chancel during the services. The possibility that the church might become, at any moment, the scene of a sudden struggle between a stalwart policeman and an excited lunatic, could not be held one likely to aid a calm devotional spirit on the part of either the vicar or those of the congregation who were aware of the circumstances.

Apart from aggrieved parishioners and lunatics, the most harrassing worries which beset the life of a clergyman, especially if his parochial work be heavy, spring from that engrained selfishness of human nature which prevents ordinary people from having the faintest perception of other peoples' rights or needs, when any fancy of their own stands in the way. These are the people who will beg and implore the vicar to agree to some hour being fixed for a wedding, or funeral, which barely leaves time for the ceremony without seriously interfering with services, or other important engagements, and most faithfully *promise* to be punctual to a moment. Then, having gained a reluctant consent, they will coolly appear full half an hour, or even more, later than the appointed time, and reply to any remonstrance with insolence. Scenes of disgraceful confusion, especially painful to the officiating clergy, are sometimes the result, in churches, of this unpunctuality; and we have known, especially in the country, clergymen really suffer severely, physically, from having to read prayers or preach in a state of over-heated breathlessness, in consequence of a funeral being perhaps an hour behind the appointed time. These are the people, also, who will wait till about the middle of a cold stormy night before they send an urgent request to the vicar to come and baptise an infant which has been dangerously ill for some days; and who invariably choose those times when ecclesiastical work is the heaviest to request those small personal services and obligations which parishioners are always ready to claim from their clergy.

These are some of the principal ways by which the souls of the clergy are perpetually vexed by the unreasonableness of men. But far more serious are the snares and pit-falls which lurk, not invariably, but very frequently, in their paths. Popularity is necessarily the most insidious of all these snares. The question is not here of men who win their way to universal estimation by

the manifestation of transcendent ability, but of that shallow popularity which is the meed of mere eloquence and oratorical ability. The objects of such popularity, unless they be men of markedly honest and manly character, can hardly fail to suffer morally from the atmosphere of sickly, senseless adulation in which they live. That they are very apt to grow dogmatical, arrogant, overbearing, those who have the misfortune to be their curates, or other subordinates, can very readily affirm. When a man has long been used to see everyone he comes across, metaphorically cast himself at his feet and crave to be trampled upon, he is very apt to arrive at regarding it as a most unwarrantable assumption if anyone declines the honour.

In truth, it is from popularity that the chief perils of the clergy spring. They are, as a class, popular in England. In days gone by the bright particular star of a country town was generally the dashing young officer; he would be ill-advised, in these days, if he set himself in rivalry with the active good-looking curate. In the scarlet-coated, gold-laced young lieutenant the fascination is solely that of this wicked world; in the more soberly clad curate there is a delicious mingling of mystic spiritual delights with merely earthly enchantments. A stolen kiss may be delightful, though wicked—no taint of wickedness can linger about the delight of hanging entranced upon gems of truth and beauty falling in melodious tones from lips of indisputable saintliness.

The part of our subject which we now approach is, we must allow, extremely difficult to treat. It has a very ludicrous side, and unfortunately that ludicrous side is just the one which is most apparent. Tragedy, though never in such cases very far distant from comedy, is not in sight; and if she should step suddenly to the front, the utmost efforts are made to veil her from mortal eyes. The character of the unprotected male has been of late years nearly as conspicuous a mark for satire and caricature as was, formerly, that of the unprotected female. But through all the mirth and merriment thereby provoked, runs a dirge-like echo of bitter wailings. Short of irretrievably blighted careers, such as we may well hope are only the result of some measure of deliberate culpability, many a

man's good name has been terribly damaged, and untold trouble and anxiety entailed upon him, by his figuring, either accidentally or through some want of caution, in the character of the unprotected male. To how many people does it ever occur to reflect that this—to a layman—occasionally possible situation, becomes to a clergyman, his normal condition, from the moment when, in all the confident inexperience of some three-and-twenty years of age, he dons his clerical garb, and goes joyously forth, armed with weapons he has never tried, to meet perils whose very existence he does not suspect?

It is not very long since we heard an English vicar, in recalling some reminiscences of his curate days, query, in a tone of plaintive speculation, whether laymen had an idea what it was, to a young curate, to conduct the service on Sunday with a young ladies' school sitting in the chancel? and to illustrate how effectually a young English clergyman, from his first taking holy orders, is fitted into the position of an unprotected male, with many special points of danger and difficulty, we cannot do better than sketch results which frequently follow the arrival in some populous parish of a good looking agreeable curate. A remarkable outbreak of ardour for good works among the younger female parishioners is generally one of the first symptoms of breakers ahead, but the neophyte will probably see only the seething foam, and little dreaming of the sharp points of perilous rock so close to the surface will be filled with vain-glorious exultation, which he honestly mistakes for pious gratitude that his earnestness and eloquence have thus availed to stir the depths of the moral ocean around him. When Sunday school teachers become a drug in the market, and the vicar is sorely perplexed by clamorous demands for parochial work from aspirants whom he considers much too young for the posts they seek, while credulous or designing mothers overwhelm the delighted curate with tearful gratitude for the wonderful effect his sermons have produced upon some darling but wrong headed child, and assure him that his coming into the parish will prove a blessing they will all long have cause to remember, he is something more than human if he does not begin to regard with a sense of scornful superiority those older brethren

who assure him that it is hard uphill work to move the human mass around them to any purpose.

If he go no further than this, his perils may remain confined to the injurious consequences, to any man, of complacent self-contemplation, but the chances are that he will encourage such manifestations. A 'new departure' will soon follow if he thus rashly tempt his fate. Anonymous gifts of slippers, chair backs, flowers, will begin to arrive at his rooms, and some local stationer will smirkingly tell him his photograph can be sold most advantageously for the benefit of the school or choir funds, and for double price if he will append his autograph. Such demonstrations may startle a curate for the moment, but he will probably argue that it is of no consequence. The number of photographs sold makes the matter unimportant, and the money will be very useful. As for the slippers. Not being a centipede, he will, after amply supplying his own wants, be able to make handsome donations to his sisters' or cousins' stalls at fancy fairs, where also will be welcome the other specimens of female handiwork. Thus, for a time, he may prosper. Then the danger signal will be thrust into his very face. The anonymous benefactions will take a more suggestive form. Locks of hair will begin to replace fancy work, accompanied by enigmatical notes, broadly hinting at impending further enlightenment. To judge by the bulk of some such tokens, which we have handled, we should say that profitable business arrangements might at any time be entered into between a popular curate and some neighbouring hairdresser. The next 'stage of development' will probably be that the curate will find himself frequently met, 'so fortunately,' by youthful parochial workers, in secluded places, just when they have chanced to discover some case of urgent need, or alarming illness, requiring his immediate attention; and have, over and above, some social perplexity or spiritual trouble which they are glad to 'take the opportunity' of unfolding for his sympathy and advice. Cautious far sighted prudence is more generally the oft-times dearly bought result of long years experience than a spontaneous growth, reaching maturity by the time a man has fairly done growing; but when a curate's experience has reached this phase of circumstances he will, unless he be either reckless or grossly

imprudent, be pretty well convinced that only two courses are open for him to choose from; either to take ignominious flight from the parish, or to assume curt abruptness of manner, and submit to hearing himself pronounced a positive bear.

This is no exaggerated fancy sketch. Not for a moment is it to be supposed we have described the invariable experience of a clerical neophyte—were it so, it might perhaps, be less perilous for a man would at least be aware of the dangers before him. But we have described only what does often happen where a curate is enthusiastic and good looking. It is not very long since we saw noticed in the *Times* the death of a clergyman whom we well remember, as a curate, going through just such an experience, and whose autograph we once offered to sell for half a sovereign to an enthusiastic adorer, with the mildly benevolent intention of hinting that she was making herself somewhat ridiculous—the offer was eagerly welcomed.

Nor is this the end of the perils of the young English clergyman. These violent demonstrations are by no means confined to sweet seventeen. We have personally known a not very worldly-wise curate seek in terror the advice of his vicar's wife regarding a widow of middle age, whose overflowing gratitude for some small service he had been able to render her had gradually assumed so fervid a hue as at last to open his eyes to a panic-stricken sense of danger. Even a more aggravated case was one of a clergyman, a married man with a family, whose professional prospects at the time we knew him were in imminent danger of being wholly wrecked by the persecutions of a widow with a grown up family. She and her husband had been residents in a parish in a provincial town where he had been curate, and had been very kind and hospitable. When her husband died the curate was, therefore, very anxious to be of service to her in any way he could, and out of this intimacy grew this unlucky partiality on her part. That he was very imprudent there was no doubt, doggedly taking up the position that to alter his conduct in consequence of scandal getting about would be to justify that scandal. Dearly he paid for his folly. He was obliged to leave his curacy, and then, wherever he settled, she shortly appeared and settled herself near him. When we knew him he had just been, for the third time,

forced to throw up a curacy immediately after he had settled himself in a suitable house, for the same reason; the scandal having become so grave that the bishop of the diocese, though personally extremely kind, admitted that he could not feel justified in granting a licence under the circumstances. Such snares as these may well entangle the feet of a young and inexperienced man, even though not exceptionally rash, before the least suspicion of danger dawns upon him.

Far more, however, than in the case of the popular curate, do snares and pitfalls surround the path of a popular vicar. The curate can, generally, if it come to the worst, shelter himself behind the vicar, or seek another curacy; his peril chiefly lies in the chance that in his youthful inexperience he will involve himself in some awkward entanglement before he awakens to a sense of danger. But we doubt if any bishop would consent to act rampart for a harrassed vicar, and livings are not so easily shifted as curacies. From the vicar can be claimed, moreover, a deadly privilege, which can be claimed from no other man on earth—the right to private interviews. This terrible fact constitutes the great gulf fixed between the position of the clergy and the laity. Even a medical attendant may find plausible reasons for securing the presence of some friend, or confidential servant. Not so the vicar, when required to treat some spiritual malady which obstinately refuses to be healed.

There is a ludicrous phase of even this branch of clerical perils, and we have known an experienced vicar promptly cauterise a wounded spirit by dint of cold sternness of demeanour, and unpalatable prescriptions. But there is a phase of these dangers which is too tragic for laughter, and calculated to be the cause of untold anxiety to the victim. Since religion has become fashionable, and æstheticism has found its way into the regions of the spiritual, the cultivation of a violently emotional religion has become a very favourite occupation with large numbers of ill-educated undisciplined women, born and reared in that enervating unhealthy atmosphere of luxurious idleness, which destroys the moral fibre, and stimulates a morbid desire for excitement. To what results this state of things may lead has been, within the last few years, painfully exemplified in America. We have

as yet happily escaped any grave scandal of the sort; but a good many English clergymen could tell that the escape has not sometimes been a broad one. The hardest part of the case for the clergy is that they are not at all unlikely to be thrust into the thick of the danger by the unsuspecting of their own sex. For all that the bare hint of a spiritual director causes the true Briton to bristle all over, a straightforward sensible man, afflicted with that appalling domestic calamity, the possession of an excitable hysterical wife or daughter, and perceiving that the preaching of some earnest eloquent man has certainly a marked influence for good, is far from unlikely to seek to establish more immediate relations. He has perfect confidence in all concerned, and justly so, as far as intention goes. Then in good truth the clergyman implicated has need to walk warily, and his position may at any moment become one of the most intense anxiety. We were once told by the wife of a very popular vicar that at a large dinner party at the house of a parishioner, the young wife of one of the vicar's curates was seized with some strange sort of fit. She was carried into a neighbouring bed-room, and laid on the bed, her husband and the vicar's wife remaining with her. When she began to revive a little, and various remedies were suggested, she would have none of them. Only one thing could do her any good—the vicar must come and kiss her. It cannot be supposed that her husband was specially gratified by this remarkable proposition, but as nothing else would satisfy the patient the remedy had to be tried. As, in this case, the only witnesses were the vicar's wife, and the patient's husband, no great harm was done. But it is needless to remark on the grand possibilities for a magnificent scandal involved in the case. We cite it merely as an instance of the sort of perils which thickly bestrew the clerical path, when it crosses that of some weak-minded hysterical woman craving for excitement.

The cruel perplexity for a clergyman in such cases is the necessity laid upon him to hold his peace. His experienced eye may detect that a wronged, ill-treated, or unhappy wife is gradually merging what was, at first, a mere desire for purely friendly sympathy and counsel in, perhaps, a half-unrecognised longing for a more intrinsically personal sentiment; or that some young

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The cruel perplexity for a clergyman in such cases is the necessity laid upon him to hold his peace. His experienced eye may detect that a wronged, ill-treated, or unhappy wife is gradually merging what was, at first, a mere desire for purely friendly sympathy and counsel in, perhaps, a half-unrecognised longing for a more intrinsically personal sentiment; or that some young

girl whose mysterious malady is puzzling all her friends, and at whose bedside he is expected to pay periodical pastoral visits, is in reality the victim of an ardent affection for himself. But what can he do? Every sentiment of honourable manly feelings forbids him to breathe a hint to any soul upon the subject. Yet without some explanation he can hardly discontinue ministrations which are deadly to the recipient, and fraught with danger to himself. Moreover, when all is said, clergymen are but men, and have within them as strongly-developed instincts for self-preservation as laymen. If they have had long experience of life they will be very well aware that absolutely to thwart and baffle these ardent devotees is to run no slight danger of causing their malady to break all bounds, in a manner exceedingly likely to entail most ruinous consequences on the objects of their fervent adoration.

The truth of all that we have averred may probably appear to many readers almost incredible—or at least that there must be much exaggeration. But in the case of every instance we have cited we have repeated no gossiping tales, we have merely stated what has come under our own personal observation, or been narrated by actors in the scenes. It cannot be reasonably held that such experience is absolutely exceptional, so that while far from affirming that such worries and perils beset the path of *every* man who takes holy orders, we are clearly justified in holding that they do exist for a very large number. In truth, we would not hesitate to risk a good deal on the assertion that were the lips of all clergymen suddenly unsealed, some very much more startling revelations than we have ventured upon would be the result.

If it be granted that the perils we have last touched upon do exist, one thought naturally suggests itself as a sequence. There seems to be, though perhaps in a less degree than was the case a year or two since, a longing among some of the English clergy after those methods of the so-called Salvation Army, which appear designedly to aim at kindling religious enthusiasm by means of arousing mere excitement of the senses. Before they commit themselves to so perilous a path, they will do well to weigh carefully the experience of some of those among their professional

brethren who have been specially gifted with the power of influencing all with whom they come in contact, and to study thoughtfully the records of the past. Among those records is traced, only too clearly, and in very black colours, a warning as to the special form in which violent excitement of the senses, even by means of encouragement of intense emotional religion, is pretty sure, sooner or later, to unfold itself. Are they not, in adopting such measures, running the risk of finding out, when too late to undo their work, that they have lent a helping hand to unchain a force which will soon laugh at their efforts to control it, and which may, in the end, prove no less destructive to themselves than to those on whose behalf they have invoked its aid? The swine may trample pearls under foot, and turn upon those who have roused to activity the evil nature that is in them, by well meant efforts to kindle their admiration for all of which the pearl has ever been held the emblem.

ART. IV.—ECHOES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN earlier numbers of the *Scottish Review* * the general condition of Scotland, both physical and intellectual, at the opening of the eighteenth century, has been vividly depicted. It is a strange and startling picture, and it seems even stranger when we reflect that many who have passed away in a good old age within the last five and twenty years, gained their knowledge of these stirring times from those who had actually lived through some of the most momentous parts of the last century. It has been our task lately to look through a very considerable mass of old letters and other documents, and we are thus enabled to add to the more important papers already published in this *Review*, a few lighter touches, in the form of some occasional glimpses of transient social conditions affecting chiefly the upper classes in Scotland during the eighteenth

* September 1883, and April 1884.

century. Some of the revelations contained in these old letters are somewhat comic, but not all. There must of necessity be much that is sad to read in any of what we may call *Society Annals* in Scotland, at least during the first half of the century.

The events which must have possessed paramount importance for the upper classes in Scotland, during that period, were of course the two ill-fated risings on behalf of the unfortunate Stuart dynasty, in 1715 and 1745. The fortunes of many a noble Scottish family went down in those disastrous attempts to reinstate a worthless line of Kings. Apart from Highland families, the houses of Perth, Mar, Nithsdale, Carnwath, Kenmure, and others disappeared for a time, or for ever; and many a gallant Scottish gentleman besides died on the battlefield, or paid by dreary years of exile for his devotion to a worthless race; each and all who thus fought for a doomed cause entailing, beyond personal risk and loss, a heavy burden of, in many instances, life-long anxiety and embarrassment on those near and dear to them.

Among all those who joyfully risked their all on behalf of the exiled Stuarts, there were none, probably, more worthy of a better fate than William, sixth Viscount Kenmure, and his dauntless heroic wife, Mary Dalziel, only sister of the Earl of Carnwath. Lord Kenmure, to whom the command of the troops in the South of Scotland was committed in the rising of 1715, is described as 'a man of sound sense, modest demeanour, unbending resolution, and sterling worth, but,'—sad saving clause—'altogether unacquainted with military affairs.' There is a tradition regarding his departure from Kenmure Castle which, if true, must have been a sad memory for his courageous wife. The story goes * that when Lord Kenmure was starting to take command of his troops, his favourite horse, usually exceedingly docile, refused to allow him to mount. Being twice baffled in his attempt, his heroic lady thus addressed him. 'Go on my Lord, go on. You are in a good cause. A faint heart never won a fair lady.' Kenmure, though rather disheartened by this unfavourable omen, renewed his efforts,

* *History of Galloway*, Vol. ii., p. 364.

and being at last successful in gaining his seat, proceeded on his journey—his journey to Tower Hill, where, on the 24th of February, 1746, he perished, in company with the Earl of Derwentwater. Lady Kenmure survived the husband she had thus heroically encouraged in his perilous enterprise, for over sixty years, dying on the 16th of August, 1776. After her husband's death she returned to Scotland, with the aid of friends bought back his estates, and set herself with unflinching determination to the task of clearing them from debt during the minority of her eldest son. In this task she succeeded, but it must have been a weary struggle. Many letters of hers to her man of business lie before us, written in a clear and beautiful hand, but all telling the same story of difficulties, embarrassments, and ceaseless struggling to make good her purpose. One of these letters we give. It is a fair type of them all.

Kenmure, Jan. 9, 1734.

Sir,

I have yours informing me of the ballance due to Mr. Jolly, which does very far exceed my reckoning, but no doubt it is all you write, and my mistake must proceed from the arrears which it was impossible for me to calculate. Demands come so thick upon me that I cannot for my heart tell you when I shall be able to clear the balance, but for his present relief shall do my best to pay him the odd money, being £398 13s. 4d. a week or two hence, so till then beg you'll make him easy. As to Risco, I allwise told you that I am intirely to be directed by you in that affair, and I'm persuaded your motive must be good for allowing him to push it a little; likewise I know you'll prudently take it up before you see me too far defeat by him, for that you know would give incouragement to other enemys. At long run I'll ingage he'll thankfully accept of £300, if not less money, but sooner or later I do fear we must knock under. Please write me if you have any view of ending with John Gordon of Kirkconnel, and Mr. Wm. Camp; the price of these lands which the last got would do me service at this juncture, when to be free with you I scarce know what hand to turn me to; but in all circumstances you are ever to believe me to be,—S^r

Your very much obliged humble se^r

MARY KENMURE.

Far from useless were Lady Kenmure's heroic struggles with her embarrassments, for not only did she accomplish her object with respect to her son's property, but by a deed dated

May 21, 1729, Lord Carnwath acknowledges a loan from 'Mary, Viscountess of Kenmure, my sister,' of the sum of £405 17s. 6d., but her life must have been a heavily burdened one.

Lord Carnwath himself very narrowly escaped Tower Hill, and paid for his adherence to the ill-fated Stuarts by total loss of his property. Here is one out of a number of letters from him, to Mr. William Veitch, writer to the Signet, who managed his affairs, and was the purchaser of his estate of Eliock in Dumfriesshire, disclosing a sad state of pecuniary embarrassment:—

London, Sept. 10th, 1723.

Dear William,

I have now had both yours with respect to the sale of my estates, and your discreet management of that affair pleases me much, and I am very thankful that you have done that favour for me. I design to leave this place as next Saturday, and take journey for Scotland upon my own horses, so that I shall soon be at Edinburgh, to support what you have done as well as I can. I hope God and a good providence will assist me to extricate my poor family out of my great difficulties; but such is the situation of my affairs here just now, as that I can neither command money nor credit to help any transaction forward, so that I am obliged to draw a bill upon you, 3 weeks after date (which is this day) which I was unavoidably forced to take here, for defraying charges, &c., at Bath, and to carry me down to Scotland. But this I dare venture to say, that now 3 months will make a turn in Col. Urquhart's affairs, which will make you and me both easy as to all this. I am to be with Mr. Walpole the morrow morning, where I hope to be able to receive some satisfaction upon this subject, so shall say no more till we meet.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affect. hum^{ble} Servant,

CARNWATH.

The story of the final downfall of the house of Perth belongs to the rising of 1745, when the Duke of Perth, after commanding the Pretender's forces at Prestonpans, died on his way to France. But among the papers of William Veitch of Eliock, there are numerous letters from the Duke, the Duchess, and Lord John Drummond, showing clearly how severely, even before that date, the family had suffered for their adherence to the Stuart cause. The following brief note is very suggestive.

Drummond Castle,
12th June, 1744.

Sir,

A friend of mine in Edinburgh will deliver to you this letter, with the twenty-five pounds sterling Mr. Stewart borrowed from you in my name, in July last, and eleven months annual rent. Ye will give the bearer Mr. Stewart's receipt for the money, which I will return him when I account with him. I was much obliged to you for the lon (sic) of the money, who am,

Sir,

Your Servant,

JEAN PERTH.

A dismal picture,—the Duchess of Perth borrowing £25,—and not able to repay it under eleven months. It was not alone, however, the adherents of the Pretender who suffered in those risings, so disastrous to Scotland in every way. James Veitch, Advocate, better known as Lord Eliock, would seem to have been professionally engaged in the case graphically set forth in the following letter, which very clearly shows that heavy loss was not the guerdon of the vanquished party only.

Perth, January 31, 1750.

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and your concern in my affair with Mr. Dundas. The event of all affairs at law is very dubious, and I should choose to make up matters with him rather as come to a farther hearing. But as I am convinced I have justice on my side, and the instance you give Mr. Miller is not at all parallel to mine, I shall give you the full History of it as concisely as possible, and the same that was given Sir Everard Falconer long ago, at Mr. Dundas's desire, who then owned the justice of the Claim, though he pretended he could not pay without his orders.

When this country was under the oppression of the Rebels, they laid heavy Contributions on all the Gentlemen as they pleased, and £100 was laid on my Father, for his attachment to the Government, of which he was obliged to pay part to prevent Military Execution; and in order to protract the time as long as possible, and in daily expectation of Relief, he promised to pay them Meal. But no relief appearing, and Military Execution being already begun on several, and particularly threatened to him, he sent in 39 Bolls on the 24th of December, 1745, which was lodged in their Girdel at Perth, and was among the first that was put into that Girdel, what was contributed afterwards being put above it, and not taken out again (the Rebels getting their meal then from Balhousie Girdel), till the Monday or Tuesday of their Retreat, when John Anderson, Merchant here, to keep

them from destroying it or carrying it off with them, as he says, advanced them £30 upon it, and removed it out of their Girmel, into three different Girmels, kept by persons entrusted by him with it ; from whom, on the Friday or Saturday after the Duke came to town, it was seized by Mr. Robert Gardiner, Dundas's Clerk, by a pretended order from the Duke, or General Hawley, and by him given in Charge to two persons, who sold it for him, and have accounted to him for the price. From this short Narrative you'll see the Difference between the two cases, tho' indeed, to me, the Case of the County of Fyfe, in 1715, seems to have been a very great hardship, as it was the same with a Ship taken by the Enemy, and retaken by our Fleet, which has always been adjudged to the Owners, Salvage money excepted. In the early ages of the World, when the Kings of Sodom and Gomorrha were robbed by Chedorlaomer, and his Confederates, they seem to have been very sensible that in Justice and Reason the Booty Retaken by Abram and his men ought to be restored to them, otherwise they never would have proposed to make him a present of what was already his own. And if our Effects, rescued from the Enemy, are not to be restored to us, as in common Cases Goods stolen return to the Owners, I think it a very hard Case, and not accommodated to the wise Ends of Government, which are both to protect, and procure Restitution, if not Reparation, of all damages. But all this seems to be foreign to the present purpose, as you see this Meal was not taken in the Custody of the Rebels, but deserted by them in their Retreat, and for several Days in the possession of John Anderson, and such people as he entrusted with it, who are all friends to the Government, and from whom Robert Gardiner seized it. So that when he seized it it was not in Rebell's hands, but deserted by them, and ought to have returned to the Proprietors, as it would have done had he not interfered. And tho' Mr. Dundas's accounts be passed, and this very Meal made an Article of Credit to the Government, by his Accounts, I see no reason why he should not still be answerable for it, as it will appear by the Memorial transmitted to Sir Everard Falconer, at his Desire, that I was not repaid, whatever may be said with respect to the other Gentlemen who have deserted me in this Case.

I hope you'll excuse this long Letter, on account of Ancient Friendship, and join in the Cause when it comes before the House, as I have writ Mr. Craigie by this post to see to procure an Act, before Answer, for examining four of the most material Witnesses, who are to be in Edinburgh next week, at the Instance of Mr. Dundas, and Hixon's Creditors, about his plunder in 1746 ; from whose Examination the strength of the plea will appear.—I am,

Deare Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

ADAM DRUMMOND.

These losses and pecuniary embarrassments, together with

the total ruin of many of her noblest families, a ruin involving trouble and disaster to many besides the actual sufferers themselves, must have seriously retarded social progress in Scotland during the greater part of the century.

In the second of the two previous papers on Scotland in the eighteenth century, a terrible picture is drawn of the state and administration of the law. The alleged fact that money was all-powerful receives some confirmation from the following letter to William Veitch.

Terregles,

21st January, 1734.

Sir,

Wm. Corrie, in Clunie, my tenant, had a making of malt in his barn floor, which was seized, no doubt upon Information; and being prosecuted before the Justices, was sent prisoner to Kirkcudbright, where he now remains in prison, and it is informed he is to be sent to Edinburgh, in order to transportation. Tho' the manadgers of the Revenue are made believe he is rich, yet it is quite otherwise, for he won't have as many effects as will pay me, which are all made over to the factor. John Corrie, Wm's friend, was sued before the Exchequer, and being Innocent is likely to get costs, which he offered to discharge, upon his friend Wm being released. But this is refused. James Smith, who writes to Mr. Erskine, will give you further Information in the matter, and I desire you will doe him what service you can in getting him released, haveing a small familie. I have wrote my Lord of Linton, who is now with you, by this post.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithfull humble Servant,

MAXWELL.

The quiet assumption in this letter that the man would be differently dealt with were it known that he was poor, not rich, is extremely significant; and about ten years later, Lord Carnwath writes on behalf of two sufferers for the same misdemeanour, to James Veitch, Advocate, and openly begs him to endeavour to get the authorities *influenced* on behalf of the offenders, as, 'they being very poor men, it will goe very hard with them if they are obliged to pay as the Law directs.'

To turn, however, to somewhat lighter topics. Some of these old letters give us strange glimpses of what was at least possible in the higher walks of society at the period, in Scotland. Here is a strange specimen of an apology for some

indiscretion, addressed, 'To The Honble. My Lady Preston Hall.'

Edinburgh, 29th September, 1725.

Madam,

I had the Honr. of yours last Night, when I came home. The pounce at Preston is only answerable for my impertinences to your La' & Grizzy. No provocation could ha' brought it that Lenth in a state of Sobriety.

But when one of my own make will be officiously an Interposer, and give me such Names as I never received before from anyone, I shall and will be excused to call that Gentln. to account for his Impertinences, otherwise I do'n't think my self worthy ever to see your La' or My Dear Grizzy more.

Your La' most obedient Servt.,

CHA. CRAISINGELT.

Sunday.

Madam,—This I had ordered Nanse to send Express to Preston Hall when she could get up in the morning. But out of her frugality she did not send it, Robert having told her he was to be in town on Monday. Any exception I could take from Grizzy's behaviour, or yours, I am ashamed of, and hereby I solemnly forgive it, as I wish to be forgiven for any resentment I foolishly made in my Liquor.

What happened upon that, I thought I acted a prudent part not to give any more trouble to your family, And therefore resolved to walk it in to town.

A very significant episode! To a woman of rank and position a man considers it sufficient apology for some impropriety committed at her house, to explain that he was drunk at the time. But the old yellow letter, as it lies before us, suggests far more than the actual words thereof, in print. The first part of the letter is such an unsteady scrawl, as compared with the firm close writing of the postscript, that one cannot but think the wary housekeeper had her own reasons for not sending it off, at least until her master had time to see in the morning what he had written, probably late at night.

The coarseness of tone pervading this apologetic conciliatory letter, may well raise a momentary wonder to what lengths a man might have gone, in those days, had he intended to be somewhat the reverse. Later in the century we come upon another letter, a merely friendly one, which if not meriting to be termed positively coarse in tone, at least strikes us as bearing

the impress of what, in these days, we should call exceedingly bad taste. The letter is from Sir Hugh Dalrymple, to Mrs. Peter Cockburn, and begins in a manner rather startling to nineteenth century ears.

Chelsea, 27th June, 1748.

My dear Cockburn,

You see every one, even Willy Hamilton, are getting wives. Now if I should not do the same I should be an oddity among my acquaintances. But if you knew how heart sick I have been for a year or two past of dancing and fiddling about in town and country, after what we call your fine women, you would think it no surprise to see the galley slave run away from his oar. You must know that in town here I was on the footing of a man of gallantry, or what you call a fine gentlemen, and found the duty so confoundedly hard that I was even glad to retire in the matrimonial way, for a quiet life. Not that I am married yet, but soon to be, to a woman I like, and who pretends to like me. Indeed, so she may, for she fairly brought me into the scrape, so that if it turns out ill I may thank God I had very little hand in it. However, I run no great risk, for my friend, in the first place, does not love women's company, is very sweet tempered and sensible. As for her looks, she is not a beauty, but is generally allowed to be a pretty woman, her face having more smartness than loveliness in it. Her father and mother are two as good people as in the world, very sensible, generous and rich, so that the best part of her fortune is in expectations from them, after their death. I shall receive at marriage but seven thousand. I write you these particulars because I know all women are curious, and I am at present accustoming myself to indulge their infirmities as much as may be, looking on it to be my easier way to submit, than to struggle with them. Alas, I am to be married. I know my father was, and many of my poor acquaintances are so, still this is no hint to you Madam. As yet tho', I feel no difference in myself; only when I first wake in the morning I am queerish, a little confounded, and somewhat longer of gathering my senses than ordinary. But, as I was saying, I am not yet married, I have only resolved to be so. I was told, Cockburn, you took it very ill you was not consulted in this affair. How could you? I was not much consulted myself, and that you do not like an English woman. I assure you she is a very good lass. Besides, I reasoned with myself thus: If I marry in Scotland, I continue in the hands of trustees, duns, and beggary. If I marry in England, I dismiss my trustees, get a little ready money, and discharge my duns. I think I have judged well.

So God save the King, and farewell,

S. S. yours,

H. D.

P. S.—I long to hear from you. Tell me what Willy Hamilton and his wife are doing. My services to Peter.

The raptures of enthusiastic lovers are prone to meet with little sympathy, but surely the most exaggerated eulogistic flights would be preferable to the half-contemptuous marriage *à la mode* tone of this epistle, with its sneering insinuation that the wooing had been chiefly on the lady's side. If she were what he described her, she deserved a better fate than to become the wife of a man whom it is hard to picture other than a cold, carelessly indifferent husband, at the best.

That wooing might be a good deal more than half upon the lady's side; that some of those demure staid young women of high degree, with whose unfailing propriety and decorum of conduct their more independent sisters of the present day are apt to be pelted, could occasionally conduct themselves in an extremely pronounced manner, is rendered abundantly evident by a very curious correspondence with which we will close this paper; and which we commend to the careful attention of those who believe that feminine refinement went out with thin gowns, silk stockings, and satin slippers, and that manners generally known as 'fast,' came in with thick boots, woollen stockings, and warm clothing.

James Veitch of Eliock took his seat on the bench by the title of Lord Eliock, on the 6th of March, 1760. The curious episode in his career, revealed to us by his incautious preservation of some private letters, took place, therefore, within a few weeks of his attaining the dignity of Judge. It is rendered the more curious by the fact that as Lord Eliock was in the habit of boasting that he was a 'Priseus Scotus,' he must have been, at the very least, in his 54th year at the time of the occurrences set forth in the following letters. Therefore let all middle aged bachelors, if, like Lord Eliock, they are of singularly handsome commanding presence, take heart of grace, and not forget their votive offerings at the shrine of Eros. The main threads of the following letters to Lord Eliock, from his sister, are easy to follow, although the lady admits—small wonder—that she is a good deal 'jumbled' by the affair.

Edinburgh, 16th February, 1760.

Dear Jamie,

I am about to write you the oddest story, with a good deal

of reluctance, but I thought myself obliged to do it, so take it as follows :—

No doubt you remember Lady Harriott Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's sister. You'll also perhaps remember that I told you of an old courtship between her and Mr. Gordon of Whitely, which is long ago over ; and him railing against her to every body, particularly her own relations, writing the ill treatment he had received from her to her mother and brother, and notwithstanding of which they are in the same degree of intimacy with him, and he is as frequently with them all as ever, except her. She rails at him in her turn, and runs out of a room as he comes in. Friday night, before you set out this winter for London, she arrived from Glasgow, where she had been keeping her Christmas. She called at our house on the Saturday night, where Miss Craik was. I got none of her history that night, Miss Craik and she tried who should sit the other out, but Miss Craik got the better, and Mrs. Baillie and Lady H. went away. I tell you all this previous to the main story that you may understand it the better.

There is a man of the name of Gordon, his title Hahead or Hallhead,* who has an estate near Haddo House. This man, though no papist, was born in Scotland, but has got his education somewhere in France, and has been there, and sometimes in Italy, since he was a boy ; that is to say he has been 16 years abroad, and is now 26 or 28 years old. He came from Nice last harvest, took London and Edinburgh on his way to the North, where his estate is ; from thence he returned to Edinburgh, about the time Lady Harriott arrived from Glasgow as above—at least she did not see him till some time after. He soon, I understand, became her suitor for marriage. She so far accepted of his proposal as to tell her brother she would marry him, and desired him to write to Wallyford,† to acquaint her mother of it. Her brother argued with her against it, setting forth his bad state of health, it being thought he was dying in a consumption, and wasted to a skeleton. But all was to no purpose. Lady A. came to town in the greatest rage against it, just this day see'night, for it has been on the carpet only a fortnight. Her mother said it would be a most ridiculous marriage, the man's want of health ; his having a strict entail on his estate, which would not admit of anything for younger children ; his having been so long abroad made him unknown to everybody ; that she was well informed that he was in debt ; that could he have raised £200 he would not have sought her or anybody, but gone directly again to Nice, to Gen. Paterson, who is his relation ; and in short abused her for thinking of it. All this conversation passed before Lady Hallkerton, who told me Lady

* It was Gordon of Halhead. Among old papers of Lord Elieok's father, William Veitch, is one bearing this docket,—' Inventar of writes produced for John Black in the proces at his Instance ag^t Gordon of Halhead, 1742.'

† It will be remembered by many readers that Wallyford House was burned down last autumn.

Harriott's answers. In the first place she told my Lady that he was a gentleman, as good as themselves, that he had £500 a year, and that if he could not give her £200 a year of fortune, she would be content with the interest of her own money, which is £2000 which bears interest, and £500 my Lord is obliged to give her for wedding-clothes. That if he could not give a provision to younger children they would not be quality, and so could work for their bread. And if he was in a strait for a little ready money she had £200 in her pocket which she had just got from Lord Aberdeen, for bygone interest, and he should have that. As it is to be imagined, my Lady Aberdeen was exceedingly angry with her. She left Lady Hallkerton's, went immediately on the Sunday to Wallyford, and next day to Prestonhall, and has not seen her daughter, nor desired to see her, since. In the meantime Lord Aberdeen arrives in town. She told him the same she had told her mother. He went off for London, but took her the length of Wallyford, and left her there; but her mother being from home she got a horse in the neighbourhood and came back the next morning, which was yesterday. In the meantime she wanted to employ Lawyers to look into his charters and entail. My Lord Aberdeen desired her, if she was for that, to employ his doer, Frazer, the writer, so she took him and Mr. Millar the solicitor; Mr. Gordon took Mr. Ferguson of Tillfour, and one Scot, a writer; so the papers are lying before these gentlemen just now. During the time these transactions are going on, her brother told her he had often heard she had had a courtship with Mr. Veitch; that had she employed him to transact a marriage with him, he would have been more ready, and besides he knew she would have had the consent of all her friends. She told him she never had a courtship with Mr. Veitch; that she liked Mr. Veitch much better than the man was seeking her, and were he on the place and would take her yet she would marry him and not Gordon. All the first part of this letter, to the last eight lines, was told me by Lady Hallkerton and Mrs. Baillie, the last eight lines by Mrs. Baillie; only she added, as of herself, that she wished you was on the place; it would be in your power to put a stop to the marriage with Gordon. I told her that she had many times given me such hints about Lady Harriott in former times, but that I thought it very improper to take notice of it; that Lady Harriott deserved a better match, and a younger man; that for my own part, I wished Lady Harriott very well, and if my brother and her had been pleased I would have been pleased also. Mrs. Baillie then expatiated on her good qualities; how well Lady Harriott loved you; that she was sure, were you here, she would instantly marry you without conditions, and let you make them yourself afterwards. I told her I had never spoke in particular with my brother, with regard to Lady Harriott, and could not tell what you thought of her; but I thought you and she was not well enough acquainted to go so rashly into a marriage, and that your circumstances had not been what would have been felt suitable for the lady. This and every objection I could make, such as her coquetting and hanging

on every fellow she met with ; and I condescended on Whiteley ; one Robert Boggle, a nephew of Lord Woodhalls, now at London, who wanted to have gone with you ; and another boy, one Gordon, I had seen with her at Mrs. Baillie's. Mrs. Baillie made light of it, and said it was through the innocence of her heart, and for sport, that she diverted herself with these sort of folks. This conversation only happened on Thursday, when Lady Harriott went to Wallyford with Lord Aberdeen, so I minded it no more, and went yesterday to dine with Miss Preston. While I was at dinner Lady Harriott arrives from Wallyford, and instantly despatches a servant to inquire for me, who was not to be found. I came home at 6 at night, when Mrs. Baillie was in the house almost as soon as myself, and fell immediately on the story, all of which I answered as before. But how was I surprised, in about half an hour after, to see Lady Harriott come in, as it seems it had been concocted between them. She had not mentioned her story to me, and I had seen her but once during this time of her courtship ; but now she fell to it directly, insomuch that I am quite ashamed of her. She repeated all Mrs. Baillie had said before, and asked if I thought you would accept of her ? She would allow me to write you the story, and would put delays to the other till Wed-see'night, which was the return of this post, and if you should refuse her, she would then go on with the other. Did you ever hear such a story ? and how I am put to it to be civil, and not tell her my mind. However, I did the best I could, and told her if such a thing had ever been suggested before, and I had talked to you of it, I would then have told her what had passed ; but as I had never had any conversation on that head with you, I could not tell what you would answer, but that I would write, to be sure. In the meantime, when this was going on, she got a message from her brother, who lodges on the other side of the street. She took Jack along with her, and returned in less than half an hour. She then took a freak, and said little till after supper, when she frequently put Mrs. Baillie in mind to go home, as it was late, for she was to take a chair. Mrs. Baillie went at last, and then she made a clean breast. She told me that her brother was just come from a meeting of Mr. Millar and Frazer on her part, and Mr. Ferguson of Tillfour and Scott on his part ; that they had given him their opinions in writing of what settlements Gordon's affairs would permit of ; but that he was not satisfied that it was sufficient for her ; but that her and him would go to-day to Prestonhall, and talk to the old Duchess and Lady Aberdeen of it. That he had somehow privately let Mr. Millar, the Solicitor, know her regard to Mr. Veitch ; that Mr. Millar said if that could be brought about it would make him vastly happy. He was so pleased at the thought he would write to Mr. Veitch himself, for that no body was more fit to recommend Lady Harriott than himself. To this Mr. Gordon said she had one to write for her which would do better, meaning me. Well, I promise to write, and she goes away. This morning again she comes and tells me her brother advises I should write two copies of the

same letter to you, for fear of miscarriage, and desired that you should be punctual to write with the return of the post, and then, as she told me, says he, 'Hennry, if that does not take place, I shall immediately make out the other for you.' So away she goes to Prestonhall, and I suppose their papers along with them. However, after she left me, and before she put her foot in the chaise, she saw the man Gordon, upon which she wrote me a note, telling me to put off writing to you till Tuesday's post. I thought I never got such a relief, because I'm determined to be off with them; will keep myself out of their sight, and if there is to be any writing to you, let them do it as they please. This and the foregoing sheet was what I was to have wrote though they had continued to desire me. As it is I had no occasion to have mentioned this affair at all, but I have no certainty for their conduct, nor do I understand such base ways of doing. They are either mad, or think other people very foolish. I'm so jumbled with these people's proceedings that I'm not capable of saying anything, or giving you my opinion about this affair. But this genuine account will perhaps be of use, and prepare you for a defence in case you are attacked from another quarter, and I'll write on Tuesday when I hope to be more composed. In the mean time am

Your affec. Sister,

MARY VEITCH.

Next in order comes a letter to Miss Veitch, from Lady Harriott Gordon herself, which would be extremely enigmatical, but for the letter to Lord Eliock already quoted.

Monday, Feb. 18.

My dear Madam,

The many obligations I have received ever since I had the happiness of being of the number of your acquaintances makes me regret when I think of now being deprived, in a short time, of that usual pleasure I had in being alow'd at all times to have the pleasure of being addmitted whenever I did myself the pleasure of calling, and am sorry to say I did not imbrass? it so often as my inclination would have led me, from awkwardness [awkwardness] being sensible of my own weakness, and not having the least prospect of its ever having my desir'd efect, and am now Still more at a loss than ever for words to express my gratitude, and true sentiments for the late and unspeakable favor you was so kind as make me understand you would have had the condisention to have mentioned to one whom I must own I have had an unmoved warm side to for some time past, and shall for ever regard and esteem, tho' alas I have now no more in my power, nor never had to my knowledge, or none else should have had my hand, I must confess, but it was too delicate an affair for me to let be known, as I knew one of so good sense would have rather shun'd then made up after, and the prospect of being for ever debar'd from the pleasure

of waiting of you, and of being in the horrid situation of refused, was a thing I could never once lett myself think of ; but in spite of this I still hope you will alow me to wait of you err ? I leave the town, and when I return, if ever, will you be so kind as do me the favor of a visit ; at whatever place or time I assure you it will be doing me an unspeakable favor, and ever am,

My dear Madam,

Your Most Obedient and Obliged Humble Servant,

HARRIOTT GORDON.

These expressions of gratitude and affection do not seem to have made much impression on the lady to whom they were addressed. She shortly after writes again to her brother.

Edinburgh, 1st March, 1760.

Dear Jamie,

I wrot you by last post that I had received yours of the 23. Though I had known your sentiments sooner it would not have prevented my writing as I did this day fortnight, for from all their proceedings, which was minutly as I informed you, and a great deal more, the dread of their applying to you by some other hand was not till now out of my head ; had there been any more attacks I think I could now have been bold, but I think I may now with some reason assure you that neither you nor I will have any further trouble. I have reason to think her journey to the country on the 16, in the evening, was to consult with her friends what was to be done, for on the morning of that day she came to me, to our own house, and told me it was her Brother's oppinion I should write you two letters with that post, both exactly the same, in case of miscarriage of one, the other might go safe, and that I should insist on an positive answer with the return of the post. Then she went to the gentleman, and sent me the note which I enclosed on the 19. On the Monday I got the letter I enclosed at same time, and as I grasped at that for a giving up of the project, and wrote my answer to her letter as she might understand it so, at the same time told her I would be glad to see her before she left the country, and would take every oppertunity to own the obligations she had conferred on me, yet notwithstanding she termed this letter of mine cold ; she sent her friend on the Tuesday night, as she had done on the Saturday, to importune me to write, as of myself, without her knowing of it ; this method I suspected her elder friends had suggested to her, but which I positively refused. My letters before that time of the night were taken care of, and despatched to Mr. M. Be it as it will, the man complained to her friend, Mrs. B., that he could not understand their meaning, that when they had seen Lord Aberdeen a few days before, had now put him off for a fortnight, till letters should be wrot and answers received from him. I write all this to clear up what I have said formerly, as I fear it would be very confused, for I hope for the future there will be no need ever to mention this affair,

as I am informed to-morrow is the day fixed for the marriage. The Lady went to Wallyford on Thursday, is to be in town on Friday, to dine with L^d W., and is to set out for London Wednesday following. This marriage is the subject of conversation to the whole town ; some people who knew the man abroad speak well of him, and he is by no means so ill looking as he was represented to me, he was pointed out to me on the street.

You see I have nothing to do now but sit still and be civil when she calls to see me, which I suppose she will do, for she is allways rambling ; she has been little off the streets this fortnight by past. I suppose she will follow this practice elsewhere, and that she will be met with in all the odd corners in and about London, but that's none of my business now, and everything about her and this affair shall ever remain a secret for me ; and tho' I may, I think, send freely to the post office, yet as Mr. Millar is to send some things to you to-night, will give him this to enclose. I forgot to tell you that two days before she went to the country, this week, she called, with an intention to make a long visit and have some conversation, as I was told afterward ; but the Miss Prestons and some others were with me, and she sat near half an hour, and went off, so have not seen her since. She left orders with Mrs. B. to make me acquainted with the man, but I excused myself.

I am,

D^r Jamie,

Your affect. Sister,

MARY VEITCH.

A strange episode, verily ! Nothing in the whole correspondence strikes us as more remarkable than what our neighbours would term the 'brutal frankness' manifested by the lady's friends. There is but the flimsiest pretence of recommending Lady Harriott on her own account ; hardly an attempt to veil the real nature of the attempt—an effort to induce a distinguished lawyer, who was just about to take his seat upon the bench, to receive as his wife a lady whose manners and customs were clearly not of the most domestic order, solely to prevent a marriage they deemed undesirable, and which she was resolved to carry out unless Lord Eliock could be induced to offer himself as substitute ; and the *Deus ex machinâ*, whose aid is invoked, is Lord Eliock's own sister ! That he escaped the toils is proved by the fact that he died unmarried in the year 1793. But there is much more one would fain know. What did he reply to his sister ? and what is the meaning of her evident anxiety about sending to the post office ? Did the

luckless Gordon of Halhead ever know the true meaning of that inexplicable delay, in order to receive communications from Lord Aberdeen? We may ask such questions, but we ask in vain. No answer comes across the hundred and twenty-five years which have nearly passed since these letters were written. If the story has a sequel, it must be sought among other records than those which the stately old judge and his shrewd, sensible sister have left behind them.

Fragmentary as are these glimpses of the life of the upper classes in Scotland in the eighteenth century, they are very graphic; and when we contrast therewith the conditions of social life in Scotland in the present day—and indeed for many a year back from the present day—and reflect on what is a fact, that until late in the autumn of last year there was at least one person living who had a distinct, though childish, remembrance of Lord Eliock, we must surely admit that the contrast represents a rate of progress in political and social conditions, in education, and in refinement of manners, which has never been surpassed in any country.

ART. V.—A LETTER FROM JAMES SHARP TO THE
EARL OF MIDDLETON, PROVING HIS TREACHERY
IN 1661.

IT is always a satisfaction when the events upon which the estimate of a historical character is to be based, are finally and unquestionably removed from the field of hope or dispute. For two centuries a large number of persons have been convinced, upon grounds little short of demonstration, that James Sharp was an active participator, if he were not a prime mover, in the re-establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland. For a great number of years, on the other hand, many writers, whose views have partaken too much of the wish that is father to the thought, have spent no slight pains in pointing out that the grounds *were* a little short

of demonstration, and have refused, therefore, to concur in the verdict.

In a recent number of this *Review** we placed before our readers a number of passages, drawn from original materials which had up to that time not received attention, at least with reference to this topic, from which we proved conclusively two points—first, that Sharp's conduct, from 1663 onwards, was that of a man destitute of honest principle; the second, that this was his reputation among the statesmen who made his knavery and mendacity serviceable; and we pointed out that, although with the facts at that time before us it was impossible to give a verdict of unimpeachable certainty against Sharp on the transactions of 1660 and 1661, yet what we then produced vastly strengthened all previous suspicions.

We have regarded the question purely as a matter of history, and without the slightest bias for or against Sharp, either political or ecclesiastical. And we are therefore glad to be able now to bring into the light of day a document which settles the controversy, and which came to our notice subsequent only to the publication of the former article. It has always formed a difficulty in dealing with the question, that there was no letter extant, so far as we were aware, from Sharp to Middleton, although he was official chaplain to the Commissioner. In his correspondence with Drummond,† which constituted the chief material from which the writer of the article in the *North British Review*, quoted in our paper, drew his conclusions, Sharp ostentatiously declares that his connection with Middleton is confined by himself to the most formal duties, and that he sedulously shuns any further intercourse. The discovery of any written communication with Middleton would, it was felt, probably be the last word in the case.

The document which we now print, and which was first brought to our notice by Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh,

* July, 1884.

† This correspondence will be found entire in the Lauderdale Papers, Vol. I., Camden Society.

was published more than sixty years ago in the second volume of the *Archæologia Scotica*, pp. 103–109, without note or comment, but with a reference to the fact that the original was preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries. It was of course necessary that the original should be seen, and with the permission and kind assistance of the curator this was done. Sharp writes as follows:—

‘May it please your Grace,

‘The expectation of an express to be sent day by day this week, occasioned my omission of giving your Gr. my account, which yet I must send by the post. Before I received that from your Gra. of May 18, I had another opportunity of speaking with my L. Chancellor of England* to the full of all I would desire. His Lo^p. was pleased to tell me under what character my Lord Rothess was represented, and that he believed the representor now was of another opinion both of his Lo^p. and of me. He told me, relating the circumstances, *how my letter, dated in January, was made use of*, and how much I was obliged to your Gr. testimonies of me upon several occasions. Having enquired particularly of the management of affairs in Parliament, he expressed a great satisfaction, especially with your Gr. conduct, saying he had always a high esteem of your (Gr.) excellent parts and temper; and now you had given ample experiments thereof. The King is very sensible of your deservings, and your country is exceedingly beholden to you; yea, he asked me of the way of your family, and did it to my thinking with such concernment as if you had been one of his nearest relations. As to the matters of our church he told me the King had acquainted him with what I had spoke; and by what he did ask of me and communicate to me of the King’s purpose in reference to this church and our church, I found that which your Gr. *was pleased often to tell me* was not without ground; and I perceive clearly were not my L. Chancellor now fully satisfied y^t your Gr. may accomplish your purpose for the settlement of our church, he would not be induced to give way for removing of the English garrisons, for which there is [new wale?]

‘He spoke to me of the method to be used for bringing about our church settlement, and bid me give my opinion of a present expedient; which, when I had offered, he was pleased to approve, so did the Bishops of London and Worcester: and after consultation with our Lords, it was agreed that *Lauderdaill and I should draw a proclamation from the King*, to be sent to your Gr., with which I trust you will be satisfied; and with submission to your Gr. opinion I should think the time for our settling will be more seasonable and proper after that your Gr. hath come hither, and so ordered the way of it, as y^t *the perfecting of the work may be upon your*

* Clarendon.

hand from whom it had its beginning, and under whose countenance and protection it must thrive and take rooting. Your Gr. knowest the work is of great consequence, and will not want its difficulties ; which can only be overcome by your prudence and resolution. Many things are previous to the ordering and signing of it ; and till they be mouldit, *the proclamation will suffice to the disposing of minds to acquiescence to the King's pleasure, which your Gr. will be able to put into execution with fewer inconveniences then if the King should presently declare.* There is upon my heart a fixed perswasion of the necessity of your Grace's being here before any further procedure as to our church settlement, and that upon many accounts ; which was my chief consideration in moving the King and my L. Chancellor for issuing such a proclamation which will be sent immediatly down after my L. Chancellor has seen the draught of it. I spoke of two other particulars effectually conducing to our settlement, which the King will take care of ; but I cannot in this way acquaint your Gr. with them till I wait upon you. My Lords here have givin by this poast an account of their proceedings this week, especially of this day, with the King as to the passing of this proclamation,—the adjournment of the parliament till March next,—the calling your Grace hither to wait upon his Ma—the ordering of the Militia—the appointing a commission for presentation to Kirks—the writing to your Gr. for passing an act for all ministers presented to take the oath of allegiance,—the continuing the act of indemnity till the next session of parliament ; for all which the King has given positive order to his secretary. This parliament is fully adapted to the King's purposes, both as to church and state. They make a bustling about the removing of the garri-sons from us ; but the King will have them removed, and hath a present employment for them, without troubling them to march throw England, as I suppose your Gr. will know by his pacquet. My Lord Chancellor* and the President act their parts in pursuance of ther trust nobly and successfully ; and from what appeareth to me, I may make this inferenee, that the great and wise God, by whose great providence the government of the world is disposed for his great ends, hath in a special manner ownd your Gr. by putting it into your heart to send up those noble lords at this time, without whose coming I perceive your publick proceedings had been intangled ; *but now I trust all opposing designs are dashed, and a foundation laid for a superstructure, whiⁿ will render your name precious to the succeeding generations.* They are fain of nothing, and catch at a shadow, who are high in expectation of a change of governors or government, upon supposition of my Lord Cassils being in favour here, and that he is to continue in places, for nether of which there is any ground ; and such reports in Edinburgh are as true as the report I met with the first week I came to London, that the E. of Cassils was most favourably entertained by

* Of Scotland—Glencairn.

the King at his first coming to Court, when my L. Chancellor and Rothess could not have access five days after their coming. There are some Scotts emissaries in the city here, who spread lyes on purpose of proceedings with you ; and it seems it is a part of their employment from this to wreat lyes to Edinburgh. The King and his Chancellor are resolved to keep up the reputatⁿ of your parliament, which they say cannot be done if Cassils be admitted to places of trust ; a demonstration wherof the King hath givin by a command to draw a patent for my Lord of Atholl. I am sure it is not the King's fault if men of bad principles be trusted ; and if your Gr. will pardon my Lords for their being prevailed with to admit of the E. of Tweddale for the command of the foot in East Lothian, I think they will give a good account of all the rest. Col. Rutherford is now at Dunkirk, where he is governor by the King's appointment. The parliament are upon settling the militia upon the King and his successors ; and in their act for the security of his person they order that those who speak or print to the prejudice of the government in state or church, shall incur a premunire. I am sorrie if Mr' Douglass, after such professions made to your Gr., shall disappoint your expectations. The good Lord prosper your Grace, bliss my Ladye, and your noble family. I am,

Your Gr. most humble faythfull
Chaplain and Servant
JA. SHARP.

London, May 21, 1661.'

Addressed for 'His Grace the Earle of Midleton, His Ma. High Commissioner to the Parliament of Scotland.'

It will take but a very few words to sum up the facts that are proved by this invaluable letter, which enables us henceforward to dispense with further examination of the point which up till now has been obscured by the faintest shadow of doubt.

(1.) We find Sharp, on May 21, 1661, having come to London a fortnight earlier, mentioning frequent conversations which he had held with Middleton on Church affairs before he left Scotland. This may be instructively compared with his letter to Drummond on March 21, when he says, 'I declare to you I have not acted directly or indirectly for a change amongst us, *nor have I touched upon Church Government in sermons and conferences at our court or elsewhere.*' The italics, both here and in the letter, are our own. It is of course open to those who still would wish to believe in Sharp's integrity, to assume that all the conversations referred to

passed between March 21 and the beginning of May. Whether it would be worth their while to do so must be left to them.

(2.) On April 15 Sharp writes to Drummond in a tone of injured innocence, indignant at the 'clandestine whispers,' and with patience and hope committing himself, his credit, and his conscience, into the hands of his faithful Creator, who will bring his integrity to light. Within three weeks we find him in active consultation with Clarendon and Sheldon, and rejoicing that any former suspicions of his being ill affected to their policy are now triumphantly removed. As to 'my letter, dated in January,' and the use that was made of it, we have no clue.

(3.) In the letter before us Sharp reminds Middleton that the 'perfecting of the work' (the context shows that he means the establishment of Episcopacy) ought to be 'upon your hand, from whom it had its beginning.' And yet as late as March 19 he is in almost daily confidential converse with Douglas, an unbending Presbyterian, to whom, he says, 'there is nothing of publique matters I can learne which I doe not impart;' he attends Middleton in conjunction with Douglas to insist that the Presbyterian system should continue on trial in its integrity for two or three years; and declares that, 'For all my Court at the Abbey, I am not made privy to their motions.' Two other sentences from this same letter of March 19 we will quote. 'Pardon me to differ from you in my resolution not to meddle any more in these thorny and bespattering entanglements. . . . I must think *de mutando solo* and breathing in an aire where I may be without the reach of the noyse and presoure of the confusions coming, which I had rather hear of than be witness to.' The whole of the two letters to Drummond of March 19 and 21 will be found in the first volume of the Lauderdale Papers, and should be read as a full and sufficient commentary upon this to Middleton.

We must not, however, be diverted by these continually recurring proofs that Sharp had been lying, a point which now becomes insignificant, from the more important facts which this letter establishes, viz., that in the early part of May, 1661 (if not, indeed, in January),

Sharp was in confidential communication with Clarendon and the English Bishops; that the subject of discussion was the immediate establishment of Episcopacy; that in this he earnestly and eagerly co-operated; that he had had frequent conferences on the subject with Middleton, and that he was aware that Middleton had all along intended it; that he drew up, and was directly responsible for, the quibbling proclamation of June 10,* the sole purpose of which was the 'disposing of men's minds to acquiesce in the King's pleasure:' and that he considered that the superstructure for which Middleton had raised the foundation would render his name precious to the succeeding generations.

At length, then, out of his own mouth, Sharp stands condemned, without extenuating circumstances, and with no hopes of reprieve; with his own hand he has incautiously borne witness to the truth, to the 'crackt credit and prostituted conscience,' the reputation of which he had but two months back repelled with indignation. Those who at the present day are in sympathy with the ecclesiastical views of which they fancy him to have been an exponent, have up till now been within their right in struggling to show that their client was after all a man, not indeed good, but through fanatic prejudice misunderstood, and in pointing to Lely's portrait as sufficient refutation of the 'popular Presbyterian view:' they may now, if they will, fall back upon the plea that if he did evil, he did it that good might come. Only in honesty they will add that he continued to do evil for the next twenty years.

In the town of St. Andrews there are many interesting and remarkable sights. But by far the most remarkable to the student of history is the coarse carving which in one of the principal temples of Scotch Presbyterianism commemorates the virtues and the martyrdom of James Sharp. That just outside the town, among the fir trees which now drearily clothe the bleak moor where he met his death, there should be a monument perpetuating the memory of the slain man, is but fitting; and it is equally fitting that the Anglican clergyman

* Wodrow, Vol. I., p. 152.

to whom that monument is due should, in the inscription which he wrote upon it, have contrived in delicate Latin phrase * to direct the reader's sympathy from the oppressed to the oppressor. And were it a historic truth that is commemorated in the rude sculpture we have mentioned, we could understand it, as we can understand that a perfectly loyal adherent of the present dynasty may point proudly to the portrait of an ancestor who marched to Derby in 1745. Or were it a historic falsehood which flattered their pride, it would be intelligible enough, as it is intelligible enough that Frenchmen should revere the name of Napoleon. But that men of self-respect, who meet to worship with the rites of the Presbyterian Church, can consent to retain among them in its place of pride this standing insult to their faith; that they should contentedly come and go Sunday after Sunday with that before their eyes which, while it is a historic falsehood, must also, if they be not outrageously ignorant of their own history, recall to them no memories but those of treachery and outrage; is the most grotesque perversion of the spirit of that charity which beareth all things, that has come to our knowledge. The retention of that monument, it has indeed been suggested, is a sign of a keen sense of humour. If so, it is humour as delicate as that which would enrol the name of Judas Iscariot in a calendar of Christian Saints, and would place a statue of Herod the Great at the entrance of every children's hospital.

The glozing tribute of an alien church may well continue to mark the spot where James Sharp gave up his worthless life. In the memory of sects, as of nations, it is ever fitting that there should somewhere be a place for those who have wrought them evil; but it is unfitting, and it is ignoble, that that place should be a place of honour.

* *Adstante filiâ et deprecante.*

ART. VI.—ARCHBISHOP HAMILTON'S CATECHISM.

The Catechism of John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, 1552. Edited, with Introduction and Glossary, by THOMAS GRAVES LAW, Librarian of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. With a Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, D.C.L., First Lord of Her Majesty's Treasury. Oxford. 1884.

IT is not often that a black letter book of divinity has much interest attaching to it. As a rule, all such deserve the oblivion to which they are generally consigned. Whatever life or attraction they once had has long since died out of them. They are useful neither as books of devotion, nor to the student of human life or human thought. Republications of the works of the old divines are nowadays pretty generally complete failures. By the reading public they are carefully eschewed. The tendency in the present is to leave the old forms of theology, in order to create others more adapted to the existing modes of thought. South, Taylor, and Tillotson are still regarded as great literary models, but few read them. Even the Greek and Latin Fathers have been relegated to a kind of stately seclusion, and are rarely consulted except by commentators and preachers. Now and then, however, one of these old books of divinity turns out to have been buried unjustly, or, at least, to have gathered a life and interest in its grave which it had not before. For like good wine, some books improve by keeping, and though neglected or unknown, they acquire amid the dust and cobwebs of time a value and interest their authors little expected, and often quite different from what they hoped or intended for them. Such has been the case with the work to which we intend to devote the present paper. Its fate has been somewhat hard. Notwithstanding that it bore upon its title page the name of the Primate of Scotland, and was drawn up and published under the direction and with the authority of a Council of the Scottish Church, it seems to have been received but coldly even by those to whom it was pre-

sented. It is doubtful whether after its publication it is ever again referred to in the annals of the old Church. It seems, indeed, to have passed out of sight as soon as it was printed, and to have lain for nearly three centuries and a half unknown, except to a few students of ecclesiastical history. Its day of recompense, however, has at length come. Three years ago it was brought out of its obscurity, reprinted in facsimile, and issued as a kind of literary curiosity, with a preface by Dr. Mitchell, who at the moment we write is the Moderator-designate of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Mr. Law has now carefully edited it; the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have printed it in good legible roman type; and the Prime Minister has written a preface for it. Of all these new and varied honours the book, as we hope to show if our space will permit, is not unworthy. It has an interest not only for the theologian and historian, but also for the antiquarian and the student of language.

John Hamilton, the Archbishop whose name appears on the title page and colophon of the Catechism, and at whose expense it was printed, was a natural son of the first Earl of Arran. He was born in 1512, entered the Monastery of Kilwinning while yet a child, and obtained the rich Abbacy of Paisley when only thirteen years of age. In 1540 he went to Paris to complete his education, carrying with him the reputation of being 'chaster then any maydn.' When he returned in 1543 the Reformers entertained great hopes of assistance from both him and his companion, David Panter. Knox says, 'The brut of the learnyng of these two, and thare honest lyiff, and of thare fervencye and uprychtnes in religioun, was such, that great esperance thare was, that thare presence should haif bene comfortable to the Kirk of God. For it was constandye affirmed of some, that without delay, the one and the other wald occupy the pulpete, and trewly preach Jesus Christ.' Owing to his relationship to the second Earl of Arran, who acted as Governor of the Kingdom, and over whom he obtained great influence, Hamilton was rapidly promoted from one dignity to another, until in the year 1547 he succeeded Cardinal Beaton as Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate of Scotland and Legatus natus of the Holy See.

At no time did he fulfil the expectations of the Reformers.

On the contrary, he was one of their stoutest and most inveterate opponents. All the influence of his high position as Primate and his undoubted abilities, he energetically employed to overthrow their work, and to establish on a surer basis the Roman Church. The publication of the Catechism was of a piece with his endeavours to promote ecclesiastical discipline and to maintain the unity of the Church by enforcing the penal laws against heretics. Whether the idea of it was suggested to him during his residence abroad, where works of a similar nature were pretty numerous, or by such copies of these works as he met with in Scotland, is uncertain. It would appear, however, according to his own account, that it was an idea he had cherished for some time, and that he carried it into effect as soon as he could command a favourable opportunity. In the Preface to the Catechism he says:—‘Efter that the divine providence of God had promovit us to the office of ane Archbischoep and general primacie of this kirk of Scotland, we thoct oft tymes, that na thing culd be to God mair plesand, to the christin pepil mair expedient, and to our office mair convenient and consonant, than with all diligence to provide, that the christin pepil (of quhome we have spiritual cure under God) mycht be instruckit in the faith and law of God, with ane uniforme and concordant doctrine of Christis religioun, aggregaibil in all pointis to the catholyk veritie of halie kirk.’

That Hamilton did not draw up the Catechism may almost be taken as certain. It bears his name, was printed at his expense, and was distributed by him; yet it is scarcely likely that he would burden himself with the task of composing it. Who its actual author or authors were is not known. The Council which approved and directed its publication gives no hint of who they were. It merely speaks of the Catechism as a ‘*librum quemdam vulgari et Scotico idyomate conscriptum.*’ Tradition has associated with its authorship the name of John Wynram, but on what grounds is unknown. There is no documentary evidence to prove that he was its author, and there is none to prove that he was not. The probability is, that it had more than one author. Judging by internal evidence, we should say that it had at least two. The first eighty-one folios betray a different hand from that which

appears in the rest. The style is simple throughout; but that of the exposition of the Creed and Sacraments and Lord's Prayer, is the simpler. Its sentences have fewer members, are shorter and more antithetical; the relative pronouns are much less frequently used; and altogether the style is more vigorous and terse, and much better adapted for public reading. The following passage might, so far as style is concerned, have been written any time within the last twenty years:—

'In Baptyme we ar regenerate to ane new lyfe. In Confirmatioun we are maid stout and stark. In Baptyme we ar markit to the spiritual weire. In Confirmatioun we ressave our spiritual harnes, armour and wepins whair with we mone fecht in our battel. In Confirmatioun we ar send to battel. In Baptyme we ar waschin fra all our synnis. Bayth ar excellent sacramentis, for in bayth is gevin the halye spreit, trewly nocht twa spreitis, bot ane haly spreit, be syndry effectis and giftis of grace. In Baptyme the halye spreit be his grace makis us the sounis of God be faith. In Confirmatioun the haly spreit armis us with spiritual strenth, to the confessioun of our faith, to grant our faith, to teich it, to preich and schaw it quhen neid is, and nocht to stop for schame or feire of ony temporal payne that may be put to us be all the tyrannis of the world.*

Dr. Mitchell's suggestion that the incorporation into the Catechism of certain passages from Henry VIII.'s *Necessary Doctrine* is due to the influence of the two Englishmen Richard Smyth and Richard Martial is plausible; but that is all. The same may be said of his other suggestion, that, 'perhaps it is by a natural slip of theirs that in one instance (fol. 174),† we have the words "in Inglis" for "our common Scottish speech."' Of course both these suggestions may be right, but it is quite as possible that they are wrong. As for the first, it seems to assume too much. Smyth and Martial would not be the only two in Scotland, or assisting in the compilation of the Catechism, who were acquainted with Henry VIII.'s book, or who had a favour for it. The probability is, that those who drew up the Catechism would have before them all the works of the same kind then procurable, and be thoroughly well acquainted with them. As to the second of these suggestions, it may be said that the position which the

* P. 194.

† The proper reference is fol. 175, b.; in Mr. Law's edition, p. 249.

words 'in Inglis' occupy is much too prominent to admit of the idea of inadvertency. Besides, though the phrase 'our Scottis speche' occurs in the Catechism some two or three times, it will be very difficult to prove that this mode of designating the language of the Lowlands had at the time become either established or common. As a matter of fact, it was only slowly coming into use. In the short Act passed against 'Prenters' in the Scottish Parliament of February, 1551, the language of the Lowlands is twice designated the 'English tounge.' It continued to be so designated by Knox and other writers. Conjecture is not history and often spreads erroneous impressions. The only safe conclusion to come to respecting the actual authors or revisers of the Catechism is that nothing certain is known about them. They may have been members of the Council that approved it, or they may not, though the probability is they were. Wynram, Martial and Smyth may have had a hand in the book, but whether they had is not certainly known.

The Catechism was issued to the clergy, not to the people. It was designed as much for the instruction of the former as for that of the latter. The most precise regulations were laid down by the Council respecting both its distribution and its use. When printed—and the edition was to be a large one—all the copies were to be sent to Hamilton, the Archbishop. By him a copy was to be sent to each of the rectors, vicars and curates under his own immediate jurisdiction. He was also to supply each of the Ordinaries with a sufficient number for the vicars and curates in their several dioceses. The rest he was to keep in close custody, and to distribute from time to time as they were required. The inferior clergy were warned against allowing their copies out of their own hands and against showing them to others. Laymen were to see the volume only at the discretion of the bishops, who were allowed to give copies to such of them as were grave and discreet and desired to read it for the sake of instruction rather than from curiosity. Respecting its use, we cannot do better than cite the words of Mr. Law in his careful and scholarly introduction:—

'The Catechism,' he says, 'was to be read aloud from the pulpit by the rector or his curate, vested in surplice and stole, every Sunday and holy-

day for the space of half-an-hour before High Mass, that is, as the preface to the book itself explains, "Quhen thair cummis na precheour to thame to schaw thame the word of God." All the chapters and sections of the book, including the preface and introduction, were to be read through consecutively, without any break or omission. The reader must speak audibly, intelligibly, and reverently. He must articulate his words distinctly, and attend to the punctuation, adding, changing, or suppressing nothing. Moreover, lest by any stammering or stumbling he should excite the ridicule of his congregation, he must rehearse his future lection by frequent and daily repetition, and learn to impress the minds of his hearers by the animation of his voice and gesture, and by fervour of spirit. No one, however, was to raise controversy concerning what was read. Whoever presumed to do so should be delated to the Inquisitors. Nor should it be lawful for the rector or curate in such a case, unless he were provided in writing with special faculties *ad hoc*, to make answer or enter into dispute with any one raising questions, but he should at once refer to the Ordinary for the solution of the doubt, and this under pain of deprivation.*

One would like to know to what extent these regulations were observed; in what mood the people listened as the vicar or curate read out to them the various sections of the Catechism; whether any controversies arose; and on what subjects; but unfortunately on none of these points have we the slightest information. The petition of the Roman Catholic Remonstrants to the Council of 1559, praying that 'thar be an godlie and fruitfull declaration set forth in Inglis tounge to be first shewin to the pepill at all times quhen the sacrament of the blissit body and blud of Jesus Christ is exhibit and destribut, and sicklyke, when baptism and marriage are solemnizit, in face of halie kirk,' would seem to indicate that even then the Catechism had either been completely forgotten or fallen into universal disuse.

The Catechism itself professes to be 'ane common and catholick instructioun of the christin people in materis of our catholick faith and religioun, quhilk na gud christin man or woman suld misknaw,' and to contain 'brevely and trewly the somme of our christin doctrine, agreand in all pointis to the wordis of halye scripture, trew expositioun of the auld and catholyk doctouris, and in materis of contraversie, agreand to the decisious and determinatiouns of general counsallis, lauchfully gaderit in the halye spreit for the corroboratioun of our faith.' In the Preface

Hamilton declares that his own design in promoting the compilation of the Catechism was 'to teche the christin pepil committed to our cure the begynning or rudimentis of our christin doctrine, contenit schortly, trewly and plainly in this present buke, that thai being sufficiently instruckit in the samyn, may mair esely cum to the understanding of hiear doctrine, contenit in the evangels and epistils usit to be proponit and declarit to thame be precheouris of the word of God.' All this is fully borne out by every page of the volume. Nevertheless, respecting its real character and design there is a considerable diversity of opinion. This may well be; for besides its avowed design, and while answering perfectly to it, a book may have a design which is not avowed.

By most Protestant writers the Catechism is regarded as a prudential, if not artful, attempt to minimise the difference between the Reformers and the Church of Rome. According to Bishop Keith 'the author shows both his wisdom and moderation in handsomely eviting to enter upon the controverted topics.' 'In a word,' he continues, 'no divine at this day need be ashamed of such a work.' Dr. M'Crie, while admitting that 'the opinions peculiar to Popery are stated and defended,' is of opinion that 'there is an evident design of turning away the attention of the people from these controversies, by reminding them of their duty "to belief as the haly catholyk kirk beliefis."' Dr. Mitchell is satisfied that the influence of the German school of divines who were attempting to arrange a compromise between the Protestants and the Church of Rome had reached Scotland, and believes that he can trace it in the Catechism. Dr. Hill Burton, when speaking of the Catechism says—'It is a fine piece of composition, full of a spirit of charity and gentleness. It so carefully avoids whatever might irritate those who have a remnant of the old faith by which they might still be drawn back, that Protestants not gifted with a powerful instinct for the discovery of heterodoxies might read much of it without finding cause of offence.' He contrasts it favourably with the Tridentine Catechism, and adds, 'throughout its whole tone and tendency one would pronounce the Scots Catechism as

the much more skilfully adjusted of the two, both for baffling and appeasing the common enemy.* Mr. Law observes:—

‘The desire to turn men’s minds away from disputes, and to make them content to “put away that vaine curiositie, and beleif as the haly catholye kirk of God beleifis” is evident, and, under the circumstances, only what we should expect; but the reserve, the omissions, the peculiarities of language, which distinguish this Catechism, cannot adequately be explained as mere controversial artifices to cover difficulties or disarm opposition. On the contrary, the origin of the book, its historical antecedents, as well as the provisions made for keeping it in the hands of trusted Catholics only, go rather to show that it was a *bona fide* attempt to give elementary instruction to the faithful, without any special regard to their opponents.’ †

Lastly, the minimising theory seems to be favoured by Mr. Gladstone, who notes that from beginning to end the book does not so much as make mention of the Pope, or of the Church of Rome, and remarks that it favours the belief that the ruling element in Scottish, as in English society, took, at the period of the Reformation, to *une sorte de catholicisme sans pape*.

That the work is written with great moderation, and bears traces of the minimising tendency, cannot be doubted. Prudent men writing at the period in the interests of the Roman Church, could scarcely fail to write with moderation, and to be influenced by the desire to make the difference between the Roman and the Reformed faith appear as slight as possible. But does this minimising tendency represent the whole aim and purpose of the book? We believe it does not. It seems to us that its purpose or design may be stated as follows:—1st. To instruct the clergy. 2nd. To instruct the people. 3rd. To show the people that the teaching of the Church was not to be identified with the immorality practised by the majority of their clergy. 4th. To impress upon them the doctrine that the efficacy of the sacraments is in no wise affected by the character of those who administer them; and 5th. To so instruct the laity that they might the ‘mair esely cum to the understanding of the hiear doctrine, contenit in the evangels and epistils usit to be proponit and declarit to thame be precheouris of the word of God,’ of which ‘precheouris’ Hamilton expresses the hope in his preface that ‘a sufficient nowmer,

* *Hist.*, Vol. III., pp. 333-4.

† P. xxx.

catholyk and abil,' will within a few years be provided. We cannot here enter upon an examination of the numerous passages on which this opinion of its fivefold design is founded; but some of the facts and arguments on which we rely will come out in the sequel.

Protestant writers seem to us to have scarcely apprehended the real character of the book. Dr. M'Crie* has criticised it with judgment. Mr. Law has written many admirable things about it, and given by far the best account of it we have seen. But there are points on which we are compelled to differ both from him and Dr. Mitchell.

The spirit of moderation and gentleness by which the Catechism is pervaded is unmistakeable: but its opposition to the adherents of the Reformed Faith is decided. They are never mentioned by name, but the references to them are numerous, and by those to whom the book was read the allusions to them could scarcely be missed. When writing the preface, the author of it seems to have had those who favoured the Reformation constantly before his mind, and more especially when writing the passages in which he exhorts to unity and concord, and dissuades from the contrary.

'Quhat,' he says, 'can be mair convenient, ye mair necessarie: than that we al baith prelatie and subieckie. superiours and inferiours, alwaies agre and concord togeddir in the unite of ane catholik doctrine, concerning al pointis belangand to our christin religion?' And again—'Quhat trew christin hart will nocht be discontent, lament and sorrow, to se sa mony sectis of doctrine, sa gret diversitie of opiniouns, sa mekil contentioun, and sa detestabil heresis as we se daily amangis christin people? . . . It is undoubtand ane synfull and ane damnable thing to varie and discord in materis of our faith.'

In the body of the Catechism we have several passages in which those who had separated from the Roman Church seem to us to be clearly referred to. For instance—

'Quhasaevir bydis nocht in the unite of this catholik kirk, he hes nocht of the communion of sanctis, that is he is nocht part takar . . . of the meritis of Christ and his sanctis and gud deidis of the christin pepil, because he departis wilfully fra the mistyk body of Christ, and is be cummin ane rottin dede member.' (P. 172).

* *Life of Knox*, Vol. I. p. 405.

Again—'Quhasaevir doutis or erris in the faith or stify haldis ony fals opinioun condemnit be the kirk for herisie, thai lufe nocht God with al thair hart.' (P. 43).

And again—'Quha brekis this first command? . . . Secund, al herityckis, quhilk stify haldis false opinions aganis the trew faith of haly kirk, groundit upon the haly scripture and determinatiouns of the kirk and counsellis of the same.' (P. 45).

The chapters on the Sacrament of the Altar also bear clear witness of the controversies then afoot in respect to the doctrine of transubstantiation. In chapter ix. it is said—'Put away out of thi heid al fantaseis of natural reasone, stand sicker in the faith of halye kirk, cleif fast to the word of God quhilk is declarit to yow largely afore, &c.* In fact, when we keep in mind the controversies of the time it is almost impossible to open the Catechism without meeting something to suggest them. And it is pretty certain that it was with these controversies in their minds that the people would listen to it, and that what they heard would be interpreted in reference to them. There can be little doubt, too, that it was in this way that the Catechism was intended to be interpreted.

In its teachings respecting ecclesiastical polity and theology, so far as it goes, the Catechism is thoroughly Roman. Its minimising tendency is to be found in its spirit, and, if we may so say, in its omissions rather than in any positive declarations it makes respecting either the doctrines of theology or church government. The Pope, as Mr. Gladstone has noted, is not mentioned from beginning to end. The fact is remarkable. But it is sufficient to observe that silence is not denial, and to point, in the first place, to the statement of the Catechism 'as for uthir ordouris and digniteis of the kirk (than those of bishop and priest) we think thame nocht necessarie to be exposit to yow,' and, in the second, to Hamilton's expectation to be able, in a few years, to send preachers who would teach the people 'hiear doctrine.' Mr. Gladstone has also noted that the Catechism makes no mention of the Church of Rome. The words, 'the Church of Rome,' do not certainly occur, but the words, 'halie kirk,' 'ane halye catholyk kirk' and 'the halye catholyk kirk'

* P. 212.

occur again and again. And to what do these refer but to that which Protestants call the Church of Rome, and its own adherents the Catholic Church? On the title-page of the Catechism there is the following significant citation from St. Augustine, 'the flowre of al catholyk doctouris'—'Contra rationem, nemo sobrius, contra scripturam, nemo christianus, contra ecclesiam, nemo pacificus senserit.*' What church is here meant no one needs to be told. A Council composed of prelates and doctors of the Roman Communion could only mean, when speaking of 'the halye catholik kirk,' that which is now called among Protestants the Church of Rome; and those to whom the Catechism was addressed would never dream of supposing that any other church was meant.

Dr. Mitchell has laid great stress on the fact, that in several passages he has been able to trace a close likeness between the language of the Catechism and that of the Cologne *Enchiridion*, Henry VIII's *Necessary Doctrine*, and other works of a similar tendency. In our opinion the question whether the compilers of the Catechism used or adapted the words of other writers is of but secondary importanee. The main question is, do they in any respect depart from the recognised doctrine of the Roman Church?

It must always be borne in mind that their work was only intended 'to teche . . . the begynning or rudimentis of our christin doctrine,' and not to give a full or exhaustive statement of it. With what theology it contains, Roman Catholic writers find no fault. On this point Mr. Law observes:—

'Mr. Walsh writes—"the contents of the Catechism were the same as all other such Catechisms used in the Catholic Church then and at present." Dr. Bellesheim, in his recently published history, does not hesitate to describe it as a "perfect work of its kind," notwithstanding the haste with which, as he supposes, it was written. "The theological ideas are," he tells us, "laid down with precision, and are well put together, and the whole is pervaded with a spirit of warm attachment to the Church which involuntarily captivates and carries away the reader." P. xxix.

The absence of any distinct section on the sacrifice of the Mass

* Agane reasone na sober man, agane scripture na christin man, agane the kirk na peaceabil or quiet man will judge or hald opinioun.

is remarkable ; but may not the doctrine of this have been part of that 'hiear doctrine' intended 'to be proponit and declarit' by the 'catholyk and abil prechouris' who were to carry on the instruction the Catechism was intended to begin? At all events the chapters on the Sacrament of the Altar leave little room for doubt as to what the opinion of their compiler or compilers was on the subject. Mr. Law remarks, 'We are barely told that the Eucharist "is called the sacrifice of the altar, because it is ane quick and special remembrance of the passioun of Christ. . . . Now the passioun of Christ wes the trew sacrifice"; or again, that "this blissit sacrifice of the altar is ane quick memorial ordanit to reduce to our mynd the passioun of our Salv-iour."' But he has overlooked the answer given to the question — 'How is it possibil that the precious bodie and blude of our Salv-iour Christ Jesus, now sittand at the rycht hand of his father in hevin, may be really and corporally present in the sacrament of the Altar,' and the various passages of which the following may be taken as a sample—'Quhatsaevir thou art man or woman, that trowis nocht fermely and constantly, that in the sacrament of the haly altare eftir the wordis of consecratioun, is the verrai body and blud of our salviour bayth God and man under the formes of breid and wyne, thow denyis the twa first artikillis of the Crede and swa fallis into gret heresy.' *

On the doctrine of justification by faith both Mr. Law and Dr. Mitchell see reasons for believing that the compilers of the Catechism wavered or approximated very closely to the opinions of the Reformers. Mr. Law maintains that in one particular the Catechism contradicts the Tridentine decrees. It is very doubtful whether it does. If it differs from the decrees at all, it is not in what it teaches, but in what, as designed to teach only the 'begynning or rudimentis of our Christian doctrine,' it omits to teach. Essentially, as we shall see, the doctrines of the two works are the same.

According to the Catechism, 'faith in haly scripture is takin in twa sortis.' There is a faith 'quhilk is general, deade, and ydil. Also thair is ane fayth, quhilk is special, leiffand, and

* P. 207 ; cf. pp. 133, 202-206, 212, 213.

wyrkand.' In answer to the question, what is general faith? it proceeds to say:—

'General fayth is ane gift, quhair throch we ken that thair is ane trew God, and trowis fermely that all quhatsaevir is set furth to us of God, other in the haly write, or in the definitionis of general counsellis representand the universal kirk, gaderit in the haly spirit is sa trew, that na thing can be trewar, suppose thai excede the capacite of natural reasone, because that the haly spret, quhilk is giffar of the scripture, and techear of haly kirk, is the spret of veritie.'*

Special faith, it is said, 'standis in the general faith afore rehersit and in sure confidence and hoip of Goddis mercy.' The two faiths, therefore, are recognised as supernatural, even 'general fayth' being declared to be 'ane gift,' and not a 'merely human or natural assent,' as Mr. Law describes it. The one consists in the knowledge of God, and believes firmly that 'all quhatsaevir is set furth to us of God,' whether in Scripture or by general councils, is so true that nothing can be truer. The other faith stands not only in this 'general faith,' but also 'in sure confidence and hoip of Goddis mercy.' This faith is, therefore, regarded as saving faith. It 'obtenis to us the abundant grace of the haly spret, quhilk powris into our hartis the trew lufe of God and of our nychtbour.' It is 'the faith special, leiffand and wyrkand, that is sa mekil commendit of our Salviour in the evangil, and of Sanct Paule in his Epistillis.' It is the faith that 'justifeis a christin man,' 'that makis us the barnis of God,' and 'that ouircummiss the world.' Moreover, 'this faith is alwayis jonit with hoip and cheritie, and werkis throw lufe.'†

Dr. Mitchell has remarked, 'In 1528 it had been charged as heresy against Patrick Hamilton, that he had taught "that faith, hope and charity are so knit, that he that hath the one hath the rest." But in the Catechism of 1552 it is distinctly taught—"This faith is *alwayis* jonit with hoip and cheritie, and werkis throw lufe,"' and seems to imply that on the topic in question the compilers taught the same doctrine as the first of the Scottish martyrs, and that in giving their sanction to the Catechism the Council of 1552 contradicted his judges. But not only is Dr. Mitchell's account of the accusation brought against the Abbot

* P. 126.

† P. 128.

of Ferne not precisely correct; the suggestions he appears to make seem to us to be totally wrong. So far as we can make out, Hamilton's idea of saving faith and that of the compilers of the Catechism were not the same. According to 'Patrike's Places,' * the faith which Hamilton taught as saving is almost, if not absolutely, identical with what the compilers of the Catechism define as 'general faith.' And besides, that which was charged as heresy against Hamilton on this particular point was not what Dr. Mitchell alleges, but 'that fayth, hope, and charitie, are so knit, that he that hath the one hath the rest, *and he that wanteth the one of them, wanteth the rest.*' † The words we have printed in italics are important, and serve to show that the compilers of the Catechism were as far from being at one on the subject of faith with Hamilton as he and his judges were. The Catechism certainly teaches that special faith is 'always jonit with hoip and cheritie and werkis throw lufe;' but it also teaches that there is a faith which is not always joined with hope and charity, and that does not work through love. In other words, it teaches that a man may have faith and not hope or charity, that he may have the one and want the rest. In fact, when drawing up the exposition of the Creed, the author of it seems to have had the doctrine of the Reformers specially in view, and to have expressly written the following sentences against it—'Also mony evil christin men and wemen belieffis be this general fayth as the kirk dois, bot because thai want special faith that wyrkis be leiff and cheritie, thai can nocht be saiffit.' 'Sa thow seis that it is nocht sufficient to beleif, that thair is ane God eternal, and that all spokin of him in haly write, is trew, because it is bot ane general faith, common to gud men and evil men, to men and devillis, al kennis perfittly that God can nocht mak ane lesing.' But whether these sentences were directed against the adherents of the Reformed faith or not, they seem to us to bear clear evidence that the doctrine of the Catechism was not that which Patrick Hamilton taught. The agreement which Dr. Mitchell sees is only verbal. When carefully examined it turns out to be no agreement or approximation at all.

* Works of Knox, Laing's Ed. Vol. I. pp. 19 *et seq.*

† Ibid. p. 511.

In the assertion of the Catechism that special faith 'obtenis to us the abundant grace of the haly spret, quhilk powris into our hartis the trew lufe of God and of our nycttbour,' Mr. Law sees a 'direct contradiction to the Tridentine decrees,' inasmuch as it 'makes love to be a consequence of saving faith.'* But as a matter of fact it does not contradict the Tridentine decrees. These distinctly assert that 'the beginning of all salvation, the basis and root of all justification is faith,' 'without which,' they go on to say, 'it is impossible to please God, and to attain to His adoption.' Moreover, the Catechism does not teach that love is a consequence of saving faith. 'The special faith of ane christin man,' it says, 'standis in the general faith afore rehersit *and in sure confidence and hoip of Goddis mercy.*' The words italicised prove that the compilers of the Catechism had no intention, any more than other Catholic writers have, of making love a consequence of saving faith. What they do is to affirm that saving faith stands partly in sure confidence or is partly derived from it; and as amongst Roman Catholic writers the essence of confidence is always regarded as love,† what they really teach is not that love is a consequence of saving faith, but that saving faith is a consequence of love. 'The special faith of a christin man . . . standis in the general faith afore rehersit and in sure confidence and hoip of Goddis mercy.' The same is their meaning, too, when they affirm that 'this special faith is always jonit to hoip and cheritie, and workis throw lufe,' love being regarded as the essence and animating principle of this kind of faith, and as the means whereby we obtain an increase both of love itself and of all the virtues.

Roman Catholic writers, as we have seen, find no fault with the Catechism's theology, and we see no reason why they should. On the two points we have briefly referred to, the authors are found, when their words are carefully examined, to be in perfect accord with the recognised doctrines of the Church of Rome. On all other points they take in hand to explain, their teaching is unmistake-

* P. xxxvi.

† 'Love,' says Dr. Moehler, 'constitutes the foundation and internal condition of confidence—nay, its very essence.' *Symbolik*, Sect. xvii.

ably that of the Roman Church. The use of images in worship, purgatory, prayers for the dead, the intercession of saints, baptismal regeneration, the mystical signification of baptism—the exorcism, or blowing upon the child at the door of the church, and making the sign of the cross on its forehead and breast, putting salt into its mouth, reading the gospel over it, anointing its nostrils and ears with spittle, and its back and breast with oil, with the application of the chrism to its forehead, the clothing of it ‘with ane quhite lynning claithe callit ane Cude,’ and the placing of ‘a lychtit torche or candil’ in its hand—these, with various other doctrines and ceremonies, are all carefully explained and defended.

The Catechism is distinguished by several peculiarities. Some of these have been referred to already. Others may be mentioned. After expounding the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Seven Sacraments, and the Lord's Prayer, the authors proceed to set forth ‘a plaine declaratioun’ of ‘the Salutatioun of the Angel Gabriel callit the *Ave Maria*.’ At the end of the exposition of each of the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer, a prayer is given, written in the vernacular, and prescribed for use. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is taught. In the section on Baptism the author, when speaking of ‘the sinnis quhairin we ar borne,’ is careful to add, ‘Christ and his mother except.’ The Communion Table is called ‘God's buird’ and once ‘Christ's buird.’ The *form* of matrimony is said to be the words, ‘I tak the to my weddit wyfe,’ &c., but, as Mr. Law has pointed out, it is not explained as in the Tridentine Catechism that the words are not necessary so long as the consent is expressed in any way. The emphatic words in the section on the Lord's Prayer, ‘This word, *qui es in cœlis* may nocht be trewly said, but to God only,’ recall the lines of Sir D. Lindsay—

‘Frieris sall nocht knaw weill in thair closters
To quhome they sall say thair Pater Nosters,’

and the controversy, then probably still going on, as to whether the *Pater Noster* might be said to the saints as well as to God. In the exposition of the fifth article of the Creed there is an evident intention to soften down the harsh doctrine of the Church

respecting the fate of children dying unbaptized. Lindsay had written of the *infernus puerorum*—

‘ We entered in ane place of perdition
 Quhare mony babbis war, makand drery mone
 Because they wanted the fruitioun
 Of God, quhilk was ane gret punitioun.
 Of Baptisme they wantit the ansenze [sign] :
 Upwart we went and left that myrthles menze
 In tyll ane volt, abone that place of paine.’

The compilers of the Catechism say—‘Thair is *infernus puerorum*, the hel quhairin is the saulis of al the bairnis that departis of this warld nocht being baptizit, allanerly in original syn without ony actual syn, and thair is privatioun of grace and privatioun of glore, bot,’ they add, ‘na sensibil payne, and the payne of thir barnis is verrai lital, eisy and soft.’

The light which the Catechism throws on the religious and social condition of the time is considerable. That the lower orders of the clergy were both grossly ignorant and, in many cases, grossly immoral, is plainly implied, and both they and the higher orders are often sternly rebuked. Hamilton himself must have winced as he read some of its passages. His reputation of being ‘chaster then any madyn’ was altogether gone; and not without reason, as certain Letters of Legitimation, dated October 9th, 1551, and granted to two sons of Lady Grizzel Sempill, daughter of Robert Master of Sempill, clearly show. Negligent and ignorant prelates are plainly charged by the Catechism with breaking the Second Commandment; those of the clergy who are living immoral lives are enjoined to take warning from the fate of Hophni and Phineas; and all are sternly told that their business is not to spend their time in idleness and vice, nor in hawking and hunting, but to live ‘a haly lyfe, chaist in body and saule,’ to pray and preach, and ‘lyke lanternis of lycht to give exemple to haly lyfe,’ condemning ‘carnal plesours,’ ‘worldly geir,’ and ‘temporal dignitie.’ The sins of the laity are rebuked quite as sharply; and from the pages of the Catechism a pretty full and in some respects curious list of what they were might easily be compiled. Sunday, which the compilers always carefully distinguish from ‘the Sabbath day’ of the Jews, was less a day of rest and

devotion even than it is now. Many followed their usual avocations. There were masters, it would appear, who would 'nocht thoil thair servandis to cum to the kirk on the Sunday, bot kepis thame in warldly besines occupeit, for thair vile lucre in doing of thair warldly errandis.' Those who attended church often assembled in an unruly, noisy manner. During divine service they were in the habit of indulging 'in vaine evil,' 'warldly talking, lauchhing, scorning,' 'carreling and wanton synging.' 'Sa greit,' says the Catechism, 'is the wickitnes and miserable cowatousnes of mony men that (as it apperis plainly) thai contempne al haly dais of the kirk, thai disdein to heir the word of God, thai lychthye al ceremoneis doin in the kirk, ordanit to steir the peple to devotioun, thai dispise al ministaris of the same.' These are probably they whom it charges with spending the day in 'dansyng, unnecessarie drinking,' 'carting and dysyng,' and in similar and indeed worse courses. Coiners of 'unlauchful mettall' would appear to have been common. Merchants sold 'corruppit and evyll stufe for gude.' Servants were defrauded of their wages. Church dues were not always paid 'dewlie and haillellie.' 'Meinswering, vain swering, horribil blasphematioun of the members of our Saviour Christ, unreverent swering be his blude, be his woundis, be his bodie,' were 'usit amang the peple without ony sufficient reпреif and punischment,' though they 'ar ugsum to ony gud christin man or woman to heir.' There were princes, it seems, who were 'marrowis to theiffis, and judges who, having misdoers within their power, 'tholed thame,' looked 'at thame throw thair fingaris,' and would 'nocht punis thaim, other for lufe of geir or carnal affection or sum uther daft opinion,' 'be resone quharof,' add the compilers, 'misdoars takis mair baldnes to persevere in evil, and the common weil is hurt.' Ockirraris, that is, usurers, or money-lenders, are, as might be expected, severely inveighed against; so also are those 'quhay takis ouer sair mail, ouer mekle ferme or ony blake maillis, fra thair tennands, or puttis thair cottaris to ouir sair labouris, quhair throw the tentis and cottars is put to herschip.'

Some light is also thrown upon the superstitions of the time. The belief in witchcraft, necromancy, enchantment, and jugglery,

was then in full bloom. Much faith was put in 'werdis.' Dreams were regarded as prophetic. Charms, amulets, and tokens, 'certene takinnis or writingis,' were supposed to have the power of protecting their owners from loss or harm, against fire, water, sword, or noisome beasts. Those who were in need of help, counsel, or consolation, sought the 'wytche, socerar, cowngerar (conjurer), and siclike dissaveris' far more readily than they sought the priest. The name of God was often used 'to coungeir the devil be inchantmentis.' The belief in lucky and unlucky days was common. Of all days for beginning any undertaking, Saturday was counted the worst. On that day no craftsman would begin a new piece of work, no sailor would put to sea, and those about to travel would not start on their journeys. The south side of a churchyard was believed to be holier or to possess more virtue than the north side. Consequently many would not 'berisch or erde the bodis of thair freindis' in any but the south side of the kirkyard. 'It is nocht unknowin to us,' say the compilers of the Catechism, 'that mony and sundry uther sinfull and damnable kindis of witchcraftis and superstitionis ar usit amang sum men and wemen, quhilk at this tyme we can nocht reherse and reprove in special, thairfor according to our dewtie we require you to forbeir thame all.' In doing this they did a good work, and helped on the progress of civilization; at least they tried.

As a piece of literary workmanship, the Catechism is exceedingly well done. The style is simple, clear, and telling throughout. The illustrations, with one or two exceptions, are well chosen and well managed. Great skill is shown in 'eviting' difficulties, and in bringing home the lessons intended to be taught. The book is learned without being dry, and popular without descending to rhetorical artifice. Its tone is high, earnest, sincere. Whoever the authors were, they aimed at reaching the popular mind, and deserved a better success. The diction they employ is singularly pure. Foreign words are rare. The old grammatical forms are generally adhered to, and the whole book is a beautiful example of the vernacular of the period. Here and there, however, we see signs of transition. Though the participle termination 'and' is used in the vast majority of cases, now and then an example of the ending 'ing' occurs. A plural noun

is sometimes followed by 'is' and sometimes by 'ar.' We have 'childir,' 'childrin,' and 'chyldreing,' as the plural of 'child.' 'Ockirraris' are defined as 'usuraris,' and 'aucht' is used in the sense of 'owe' and in the sense of 'ought.' As might be expected, many old and curious phrases occur, and many words and forms of words, some of which are not to be found in Jamieson. Examples of the former are—'Ye sal eit your brel with fouth;' 'God will nocht thoile yow want your dailie sustentatioun;' 'to mak ane perfite mendis;' 'that will nocht berisch or erde the bodis,' etc.; 'the father techis his childrin and barnis;' 'will nocht chasteis or snibe thair barnis fra lesingis;' 'weil sperit;' 'halie crabitnes;' 'quha rasis pley amang nychtbours;' 'lukis at thame throw thair fingaris;' 'sayand eftir hend thame all;' 'being past the sched of thair heer;' 'thair cattal was reft and had away;' 'thi princis ar marrowis to theiffis;' 'in the gyrne of the devil;' 'he mycht a fischit ane cause to his wife, to put her away;' 'adversitie cummis be the send of God.' Of curious words the following may be mentioned—'ankir,' anchor; 'apon,' upon; 'asse,' ashes; 'bostis,' threatens; 'borrowis,' pledges; 'bowat,' hand lantern; 'berissing,' burial; 'derast,' dearest; 'earar,' rather; 'eandit,' breathed upon; 'fischit,' fixed; 'fremmit,' strange; 'gyrne,' snare; 'girss,' grass; 'ground,' grown; 'hussye,' housewife; 'kynrik,' kingdom; 'keching,' kitchen; 'Christindome,' Christian faith; 'ugsum,' dreadful; 'mister,' want; 'ring,' reign; 'rowkar,' whisperer; 'schoringis,' threatenings; 'snibe,' check, 'syle,' hide; 'throch,' through; 'tother,' other; 'tyne,' lose; 'tyritnes,' tiredness; 'wariis,' curses; 'werdis,' fates; 'widdillis,' curse; 'wyndokis,' windows; 'eynland,' jealous; 'intyst,' entice; 'thrawart,' froward; 'yeid,' went; 'yettis,' pours. For others we must refer the reader to the ample and excellent glossary drawn up by Mr. Law. Altogether the Catechism is well deserving the careful study of those who are interested either in the history of Scotland or in the history of the Scottish language.

The suggestion that Hamilton's Catechism should be printed is another element in the debt of gratitude the country owes to Mr. Gladstone. The book is fortunate in having for its editor so accomplished a student as Mr. Law. He has executed his task

with great care and skill, and though we have had to differ from him on one or two points, we sincerely congratulate him on the production of so learned and excellent a piece of editorial work.

ART. VII.—PATMOS.

THE Island of Patmos occupies an important position in the Sacred Geography of Christendom, but, unlike the other Holy Places, it is very seldom visited by strangers. There is no regular communication by steamboat. The inhabitants, even amid their poverty, do not turn the sacredness of the spot into a source of profit by organizing pilgrimages, and inviting the outside world to enrich them by paying for temporary hospitality, and for memorials of the journey.* The descriptions which have been published have been very few.† Yet the place is naturally of profound interest. The landscape, in any case, is that which was before the eyes of John. There remains, moreover, the farther question whether, during the revelation of the Apocalypse, he was conscious of surrounding objects in such a sense that this landscape was as it were the proscenium on which the figures of the vision appeared. The

* No such thing as a photograph can be obtained, nor are there even religious pictures for sale.

† The principal authority seems to be the *Description de l'Île de Patmos et de l'Île de Samos*, par V. Guérin (Paris, Auguste Durand, 1856). The description given in the present paper was written almost entirely at Patmos, and before the author had had the advantage of reading M. Guérin's exceedingly valuable work. It is fuller in some respects, especially as concerning the churches, than that work, but poorer in others, especially on antiquarian and historical points. It is published as it was written, but some footnotes have been added, citing with acknowledgment several valuable statements from the French author. In some few particulars, though none of importance, the present writer differs from M. Guérin, owing, no doubt, in some cases, to changes which have occurred since 1855, and, in others, to one or other having misunderstood or been misinformed.

late Dean Stanley, in a beautiful passage in the Appendix to his *Sermons in the East*,* seems to incline to such an idea :—

"The "Revelation" is of the same nature as the prophetic visions and lyrical psalms of the Old Testament, where the mountains, valleys, trees, storms, earthquakes, of Palestine occupy the foreground of the picture, of which the horizon extends to the unseen world and the remote future The view from the summit [of Patmos,] with the general character of its scenery, still more deeply enters into the figures of the vision itself The view from the topmost peak, or, indeed, from any lofty elevation in the island, unfolds an unusual sweep, such as well became the "Apocalypse," the "unveiling" of the future to the eyes of the solitary seer. It was 'a great and high mountain,' whence he could see things to come. Above, there was always the broad heaven of a Grecian sky; sometimes bright, with its "white cloud," sometimes torn with "lightenings and thunderings," and darkened by "great hail," or cheered with "a rainbow like unto an emerald." Over the high tops of Icaria, Samos, and Naxos, rise the mountains of Asia Minor; amongst which would lie, to the North, the circle of the Seven Churches to which his addresses were to be sent. Around him stood the mountains and islands of the Archipelago—"every mountain and island shall be moved out of their places;" "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." At his feet lay Patmos itself, like a huge serpent, its rocks contorted into the most fantastic and grotesque forms, which may well have suggested the "beasts" with many heads and monstrous figures, the "huge dragon" struggling for victory,—a connection as obvious as that which has often been recognised between the strange shapes on the Assyrian monuments and the prophetic symbols in the visions of Ezekiel and Daniel. When he stood "on the sand of the sea," the sandy beach at the foot of the hill, he would see these strange shapes "arise out of the sea" which rolled before him. When he looked around, above or below, "the sea" would always occupy the foremost place. He saw "the things that are in the heavens and in the earth and in the sea." The angel was "not to hurt the earth or the sea," nor "to blow on the earth or on the sea." "A great mountain," like that of the volcanic Thera, "as it were burning with fire," was "to be cast into the sea." The angel was to stand with "his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth;" "the vial was to be poured out upon the sea;" the voices of heaven were like the sound of the waves beating upon the shore, as "the sound of many waters;" "the mill-stone was cast into the sea;" "the sea was to give up

**Sermons in the East*, pp. 229-231. The passage cited was evidently written away from the spot, and somewhat carelessly; for instance, the Dean had evidently entirely forgotten the respective positions of Asia Minor and Naxos with regard to Patmos.

the dead which were in it;" and the time would come when this wall of his imprisonment which girdled round the desolate island, should have ceased; "there shall be no more sea." . . . We understand the Apocalypse better for having seen Patmos.'

On the other hand, we get such a view as that expressed by Renan. Writing upon this very point, he says,* speaking of the Apostles in general and of the Beloved Disciple in particular,—

"Men so heated as these sour and fanatical descendants of the antient prophets of Israël, carried their own imagination about with them wherever they went; and this imagination was so uniformly imprisoned within the sphere of the antient Hebrew poetry, that the nature which surrounded them had for them no existence. Patmos is like all the other islands in the Archipelago,—an azure sea, limpid atmosphere, serene sky, great rocks with jagged edges, slightly covered here and there by a scanty coating of verdure. The general appearance of the island itself is bare and barren, but the shapes and tints of the rocks, and the living blue of the sea, specked with white birds and contrasted with the reddish colour of the boulders, form a wonderful picture. The myriads of isles and islets, of the most varied forms, which rise from the waves like pyramids or shields, and dance an eternal chorus round the horizon, seem to be a fairy world belonging to a cycle of sea-gods and Oceanides leading a bright life of love, of youth, and of sadness, in sea-green grottoes, upon shores without mystery, by turns smiling or terrible, sunny or dark. But such ideas as Calypso and the Sirens, the Tritons and the Nereides, the dangerous charms of the sea, with its caresses at once so sensuous and so deadly, all those refined feelings which have found inimitable expression in the Odyssey,—all such things entirely escaped the imagination of this gloomy visionary. Two or three particular features, such as the prominence given to the idea of the sea, and the image of "a great mountain burning in the midst of the sea," which he seems to have borrowed from Thera,† are the only things which have any local colour. Out of a little island formed to be the scene of the lovely romance of *Daphnis and Chloe*, or of pastorals such as were conceived by Theocritus or Moschus, he has made a black volcano, bursting with ashes and fire. And yet, he cannot have avoided sometimes feeling a sense of the peaceful silence of the nights on these waters, when nothing is heard but the occasional cry of a seagull, or the dull blowing of a porpoise. For days together he was

* *L'Antechrist*, p. 376-9, third edition.

† And Renan from Stanley; the quotation is not exact. The words (Apoc. viii. 8) are—"As it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea."

in face of Mount Mycale, without thinking once of the victory of the Hellenes over the Persians, the most glorious which has ever been gained, next after Marathon and Thermopylæ. Placed thus in the very midst of the greatest Greek creations, at a few leagues from Samos, from Cos, from Miletus, and from Ephesus, he dreamt about other things than the colossal genius of Pythagoras, of Hippocrates, of Thales or of Heraclitus; for him the glorious memories of Greece had no existence. The poem of Patmos ought to have been some *Hero and Leander*, or an idyll in the manner of Longus, celebrating the gambols of beautiful children upon the threshold of love. But the dark enthusiast, cast by accident upon these Ionian shores, never got out of the circle of his Biblical recollections. Nature for him was the living chariot of Ezechiel, the monstrous *cherub*, the unnatural bull of Nineveh, an outrageous zoology which sets sculpture and painting at defiance. That curious defect which, to the eyes of Orientals, seems to change the forms of nature, the defect which causes all the figured representations that come from their hands to seem fantastic and lifeless, was at its climax in him. The disease which he bore in his bowels coloured everything to his sight. He saw with the eyes of Ezechiel or of the author of the Book of Daniel; or rather, he saw nothing but himself, his own passions, hopes, and hatreds. A vague and dry mythology, already Cabbalistic and Gnostic, and all based upon the conversion of abstract ideas into Divine beings, has put him outside the range of the plastic conditions of art. No one has ever shut himself out more entirely from his surroundings; no one has ever more openly renounced the sensible world, in order to substitute for the harmony of the reality, the contradictory chimæra of a new earth and a new heaven.*

As a matter of fact, the island of Patmos belongs to that class of Greek landscape which is strongly suggestive of the north-west coast of Scotland. A very fair idea of its general appearance would be formed from some of the wildest and most barren coasts of the islands, allowing only for the living sapphire of the sea, the luminous transparency of the atmosphere, and the fact that the rocks are brown rather than grey. It is extremely picturesque, from its wild forms, but it is one of those places which, like the island of Bute, afford the best

* This characteristic outburst is said to have been written by M. Renan without ever having enjoyed the advantage of being in the island in question. He himself says that after struggling for an whole day, the state of the wind prevented his entering the port. This does not, of course, necessarily imply that he did not succeed on some other occasion; but the present writer was informed on the spot that he never had been there, and the same assurance was given to Vannutelli.

views to those who are upon them rather than to those who see them from outside. To a passer by, it presents no features so striking as the heights of Samos, which tower in view of it. But to him who has landed in it, and explores its hills and glens, it affords extraordinarily beautiful pictures, both in its own wild, though limited landscapes, and in the vast and enchanting prospect which it offers on every side. In form, it is so irregular, that it seems simply a group of stony hills, linked together by sandy isthmuses, and separated by deep bays, while other hills, still unjoined, rise from the sea in the form of islets around its shores. The predominant feature of the island is sterility. The masses of rock and stones are thinly sprinkled with small tufts of brownish herbage. The cultivated land is confined to the bays and a few glens, and, except in the North, is only a small fraction of the surface. Trees, and even bushes, such as pomegranate or prickly-pear, are rare, and hardly to be found except in the scanty gardens.* Such as it is, the surface of the country is streaked with stone walls, dividing the different properties. The inhabitants, about 3000 in number, are poor. The corn which they produce does not suffice for their own consumption;† and the burden of £200, which, with another £100 made up by the monastery, they are obliged to pay yearly to the Porte, lies heavy on them.

It may be questioned, however, whether, in their present condition, they would be much improved in circumstances by being added to the free Greek isles, which they can see in fair weather from their shores. The Turkish Government leaves them very much alone, partly owing to stipulations made when this and other islands were exchanged for Eubœia, partly, also, perhaps, because they have little to lose—*cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*. Were they reunited to their own people, more money might perhaps be spent upon public works or even private enterprise, but the taxation would be, at least,

* M. Guérin says that the three largest trees which he observed were in a small glen called Troas, in the North-West.

† They also make a little very good sweet wine; they fish for sponges, and the women have a considerable industry in knitting socks.

not less, and they would fall under the law of universal military service, and annual calling out of the Reserve, from which they are now exempt. Moreover, the ecclesiastical legislation of Greece would be only too likely to hamper the beneficent activity of the monastery, which may be called their mainstay.

The natives are all Christians, and *Ellenes* by race and language. The latter they speak with fair correctness. Of the precepts of religion they seem to be most scrupulously observant.* The island only contains some half-dozen Mohammedans, who are among the officials sent by the Government. The Governor himself is a Christian. The island is distinguished by the enormous number of its churches. These are counted by hundreds. It is hardly possible to find any spot from which several are not to be seen at once. Indeed, in the less inhabited parts the mind receives the impression that there are more churches than houses. They stand together in couples and triplets, and in groups almost like hamlets. All of them are small. The larger have domes, but the great majority are merely small, oblong, vaulted apartments, with a small apse at the end, and incapable of accommodating more than twenty or thirty persons with comfort. Only very few of them are in ruins. They are mostly kept in thorough repair, and with great care and cleanliness. In the majority, Mass is only said on the Titular Feast, but others are served either at regular intervals or constantly, and the popular piety manifests itself, especially on Sunday, by the burning of lamps and incense in almost all, while fresh decorations of flowers are placed upon the pictures.

These churches of Patmos present some local peculiarities. The arrangement of the *eikonostasion*, or image-screen, which shuts off the sanctuary from the body of the church, is somewhat peculiar. It is always of wood, and generally slight, whereas, elsewhere, it is often of stone or marble, and the upper

* M. Guérin observes that, as far as his temporary residence afforded him an opportunity of observing, the public morality is very good, and marriage held in the highest esteem and respect.

part is here, in some cases, left very open, almost like a Western chancel-screen. Elsewhere it has usually three doors, viz. : the Holy Doors leading directly to the Altar, and others on the North and South, leading to the Prothesis, or Credence, and the Diakonikon, or Vestry, respectively ; here there is no door to the Diakonikon. The three divisions are never here, as often elsewhere, separated by walls pierced with doors, behind the screen. Elsewhere, the doors in the eikonostasion are very often closed by painted shutters ; here, by veils. In ordinary cases, the picture of Christ, which occupies the panel of the eikonostasion to the South of the Holy Doors, has next to it a picture of the Baptist, and that of the Blessed Virgin, on the North side, has next to it the picture of the Patron Saint, or of the subject of the Titular Feast ; here there are rarely more than three pictures on the main line, viz., those of Christ and His Mother, and that of the Patron, in the place usually occupied by that of the Baptist. The standard candlesticks before the screen, which are generally of wood, are often of an interesting Byzantine, if not classical, design, resting on four feet and consisting of four thin clustered shafts, intertwined in the middle.

The Southernmost division of the island of Patmos consists of an uninhabited and singularly barren group of hills, of which the highest point (789 ft.) is called Mount Prasson. From the South point of this group, there runs into the sea one of those curious masses of jagged rocks with which the waters immediately around the shores of the island are often broken, and which in this case bears a remarkable resemblance to the Needles of the Isle of Wight. This Southern division of the island is almost cut off from the rest by the deep bays of Port Stauros on the West, and of Tragos on the East. They are separated by a low sandy isthmus, in the midst of which, on an incidental hillock, stands the Church of the Holy Cross (Stauros). There is here a little cultivated ground, and two or three cottages. In the bay of Tragos lies the uninhabited island of Tragónesos, in somewhat the same way as, upon a much larger scale, the Holy Island lies in the Bay of Lamlash.

The division of the island which next follows is that which contains most of the places and objects of interest. On the summit of its central hill rises the great monastery, with the white houses of the town clustered under the shelter of its fortress-like walls, and presenting the main object which strikes the eye on approaching the island, the whole group quaintly flanked by a row of four large wind-mills on the East and another isolated wind-mill on the West.

To this division belongs, in the bay of Tragos itself, an extremely curious isolated rock, united by a narrow strip of sand to the coast at its North-West corner. This great rock, which was split by lightning about twelve years ago, and thus suffered great alteration in shape, bears many traces of the hand of man which are stated to be of classical times, and strongly resemble similar marks, of a very early period, to be seen elsewhere in Greece. Towards the sea, regular flights of steps have been formed, going up to the summit, where there is a deep cutting, opening towards the land, but ending, in the midst of the rock, in a well or cistern now nearly filled up. The peculiar cuttings among which the steps ascend have the appearance of places prepared for the fixing of votive offerings or tablets. The most probable explanation seems to be that here was some antient pagan shrine, perhaps of the sea-sprung Aphrodite, as there are at the base some ruins of a small church of the Blessed Virgin under the title of *Phylattoméne*, "the Protected." There is said to have formerly been an hermitage on this rock.

From the shore at this point a valley runs inland, which imperfectly divides the Southern portion of this group of hills from the Northern, where stands the monastery. In the bottom and sides of this valley there is a certain amount of cultivation and a few houses. The chief feature in the Southern half-district is Mount St. Elias, the highest hill in the island (874 ft.) which rises on the Western side. It is the highest point of a group of hills which ascend abruptly from the waters of Port Stauros.* On the summit of the highest peak is a group

* The South-Western extremity, called Mount Kynops, and which is almost as high as Mount St. Elias, is said by M. Guérin to contain a cave

of buildings, comprising a small court, a terrace, a few chambers, and the church of St. Elias.* This church belongs to the domed and rather larger class, and has a very handsome carved wooden eikonostasion, entirely gilded. The view from Mount St. Elias offers a lovely panorama of the islands of the Archipelago both on the European and the Asiatic side. The sea can be seen extending entirely round Patmos itself, except where a few peaks here and there rise above the line of sight and touch the distant landscape of some neighbouring island. Even within the nearer range of vision, Mount Mykale rises from Latmos on the North East, and comes close up to Samos, and then the sea stretching towards Chios is broken by Ikaria, while farther to the West appear Tenos, Delos, and Mykone; to the Southward, Naxos, Amorgos, Astyphalia, and, coming again to the Asiatic side, Kos, Kalymnos, Leros. The view is one of those such as are afforded by few regions upon earth except the Ægean Archipelago. The senses are enchanted by its beauty, and the thoughts ennobled by the historical memories with which it is instinct,—but deeper feelings are stirred in the Christian, as, standing in the island hallowed by the power of his living religion, he gazes upon those which were once revered as the sanctuary of 'Era, the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, and the scene of the union of Dionysos and Ariadne.

The Western end of the valley of which we have spoken, sinks through the rocky bed of a winter torrent into a small narrow delta. This is the most fruitful spot in the island. Closed in to the North, East, and South, by crags, above which, to the South, towers Mount St. Elias, this little strip opens Westward to the sea. It is called the *Kēpos tou 'osiou*,†

still viewed with superstitious dread as the former dwelling of Kynops, a magician who is stated by the legend to have opposed St. John.

* M. Guérin cites the legendary work of pseudo-Próchorus for the existence of a temple of Zeus in the island. It may possibly have been on this height, as his temples, as Lord of heaven, are sometimes placed on hill-tops.

† *'Osios* always means a monk, as opposed to *agios*, which is applicable to any Saint.

'the garden of the Venerable,' i.e., Christódoulos, the founder of the monastery. The South side is really a wooded declivity, and the whole few acres offer a little expanse of kitchen-garden, and fruit-trees, in great contrast to nearly every other spot in the island. Here is the well said to have been called up by Christódoulos from the rock; the water is slightly, though not disagreeably, brackish. In this favoured spot is a farm-house, to which is attached the Church of the Holy *Anargyroi*—the 'Unmercenary' Physicians Cosmas and Damian, who, after attending the poor gratuitously, gained the crown of martyrdom under Maximian. This little valley is closed on the landward side by a cliff, partially clad with prickly-pear and other herbage, and crowned by a small fortress, consisting, like those of the Borders, of a tower and walled enclosure, within which stands the Church of the Annunciation—the *Evangelistria*—the "Good-tidings-bringer."

As the traveller returns up the narrow water-course from this Garden, he finds before him, on the left side of the valley, the considerable and antient Church of the Blessed Virgin under the title of the *Panagia Kyria Eleousa*, the 'All-holy Merciful Lady,' immediately above which scattered houses imperceptibly increase in number, until they touch the steep walls of the nunnery, and pass into the town clustered round the monastery.

This great monastery of St. John the Evangelist is the principal institution of the island. It was founded in the last quarter of the XIth century, by a monk named Christódoulos,* with the favour and assistance of the Emperors Nikephóros and Aléxios Komnenós. This Christódoulos was born of wealthy parents in Bithynia, about the year 1020. His baptismal name was John. He originally retired to a monastery on the Mount Olympus, near Prusa, but, after the death of his master, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and thence to the Holy Places in Palestine, where he entered the monastery of St. Saba. Mohammedan Arabs having taken the monastery and murdered

* That is, "Servant of Christ," the same as the Gaelic *Giollachrist*, or *Gilchrist*.

a number of the monks, the survivors fled for a while, and Christódoulos returned to Anatolia, where he entered a monastery of the most rigid observance, of which he rose to be Superior, and afterwards became a sort of Provincial of the district. His monastery having been destroyed by pirates, he was invited to be Superior of the community of Kos, but, believing, after a while, that the monks were hopelessly corrupted by wealth, he withdrew with his disciples, and petitioned the Emperor to grant him Patmos, which had then become desert. He obtained this wish, after he had, at the Emperor's request, attempted to discharge the duties of Superior over the monasteries of Zagora, where, however, the monks refused to accept his reforms. The difficulties he experienced in Patmos were almost insurmountable, and in the end he was forced by the ravages of pirates to retire to Eubœia, where he died in the Lent of the year 1101. Before his death he besought his disciples to bring back his body, along with certain objects, to Patmos. They did so, and there, in accordance with his wish, he now sleeps.*

The monastery stands upon a height (over 600 feet), almost in the centre of the island, and the principal church occupies the site of the temple of Artemis, the foundation of which was ascribed to Orestes. The building, as has been already observed, is the most prominent feature on approaching the island, and has, from a distance, somewhat the appearance of a mediæval castle, faintly recalling, on a very small scale, the

* The writer gratefully acknowledges his obligation for his [earliest] information concerning St. Christódoulos, and on several other points, to the Dominican Friar, Vannutelli, in his little book intituled *Un quinto sguardo all' Oriente—Patmos*. (Rome, 1884). The book itself is rather an account of the author's journey and observations than a description of the island. This work, and its four preceding *squardi—La Palestina, Monte Athos, La Morea, Costantinopoli*,—are of great merit in themselves, and offer a striking instance of how a man with very strong convictions of his own is able, in the love of Christ, warmly to recognise good in those who differ from him. [The biographical notice of Christódoulos in the work of M. Guérin, from which that in Vannutelli's pamphlet seems probably derived, is much fuller. It was taken by M. Guérin from the contents of a MS. in the library of the monastery].

effect of the Papal Palace at Avignon. The principal town of the island is gathered round it on the hill-top. Both town and monastery, however, appear larger from a distance than when seen close at hand; the town, in especial, is little more than a very large village, though built of handsome stone houses of several storeys. The monastery is now occupied by about forty-five inmates, and the Abbat, as in ancient Iona, enjoys the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the whole island. A retired Bishop resides in another part, but is only called in for the doing of those things which are special to the Episcopate. The state of discipline in this monastery is what would be considered in the West extremely relaxed. The monks are left very free in the disposal of their own time. The community life has been abandoned to such an extent that the Refectory is disused; they eat alone or unite to form messes, where and when they please, and are said to be allowed to add to the commons served out to them, and even to possess property. They are mostly, if not exclusively, natives of the island. Divine Service is celebrated in the great church daily, from 6 to 10 a.m. and for an hour in the afternoon at a varying time, but only the Superiors, some of the juniors, and a detachment told off, week by week, are obliged to take part in it; many, however, do so voluntarily. This laxity of monastic regulation is not, however, accompanied by the least indication of anything like luxury, dissoluteness, or idleness. The house, which is a model of cleanliness, is distinguished by a quiet severity of living, almost amounting to hardship. The income of the community is believed to be now about £1600 a year, as they have considerable property in other places, outside the island. The Abbey seems to be the Providence of the population. Besides providing for the service of the churches, the monks largely support a monastery of about thirty nuns, who are charged with the care of the female education, for which they support two schools. They keep up three schools for boys, for which they employ four schoolmasters. They also support two physicians, who are provided with an excellent chemist's shop. Lastly, they voluntarily contribute about a £100 annually, a third of the taxation required from the island by

the Turkish Government. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which they receive strangers, to whom they habitually offer the ungrudging hospitality of their house, and to whom they are most courteously willing to show the artistic and historical treasures in their keeping. In this respect, however, they are but at one with the rest of the islanders, whose unaffected civility is very striking, and forms one of the most agreeable features which meet a traveller. It is to be regretted that the monastery is not to a greater extent the home of historical, antiquarian and artistic study.

The interior of the monastic building, which is remarkable for the scrupulous care with which it is kept, presents a complicated labyrinth of courts, stairs, passages, and terraces. Its belfry is provided with some fine bells, partly Russian and partly Venetian. It has eleven churches,* of which, however, three, named respectively in honour of the Holy Apostles, St. George, and St. Onuphrios, are outside the main precinct. These are very small, as are also those within the walls dedicated in honour of the Cross, of the Forerunner, of All Saints, of St. Basil, and of St. Nicolas. The Church of the Blessed Virgin and that of St. Christódoulos are united in one block with the great Church of St. John, which is commonly called the *Katholikón*. This great church itself is only about thirty-one feet square inside. It is approached by two exonarthekes or porches, which run the whole way along the front both of the great church and of that of St. Christódoulos. The outer of these porches is plain, and supported on square stone pillars or piers. The inner has heterogeneous marble columns, doubtless proceeding from divers early edifices, united by a marble balustrade, and is covered over with modern paintings of a rude description, to the subjects of which the apocryphal narrative of pseudo-Próchoros regarding the residence of St. John in Patmos, has been allowed to contribute much more than could have been expected from the language usually

* One of the reasons for the multiplication of churches in Greek monasteries is the rule against more than one Mass being said upon any one altar upon the same day.

employed concerning that work by the local clergy.* In the South corner of this inner porch, near the door of the Chapel of St. Christódoulos, stands a large stone font for the blessing of the waters at the Epiphany. The narthex of the church is entered through three rather narrow door-ways, with jambs and lintels of carved marble, and furnished with most gracefully carved doors of wood. These doors are thickly covered with brown paint, and it would be difficult to assign their date, especially having in mind the Greek capacity for reproducing archaic designs. The narthex itself is a rather narrow corridor, with arches corresponding to the external doors. It is entirely covered with paintings. In the place of honour, to the right (South) of the principal door, is a large picture of the Evangelist, an half-length fully the size of life, which is said to be

* A discussion on the pseudo-Prochorus narrative would demand more space than a footnote affords, and more information than the present writer has obtained. A partial attempt to verify M. Guérin's references has not resulted altogether satisfactorily, as regards that author's accuracy. The legendary narrative in question has certainly been several times re-cast; and if, which does not appear clear, it is alluded to in the *Synopsis* ascribed to Athanasius the Great, and if that *Synopsis* be either really the work of that Athanasius or nearly contemporary with him, the recension there spoken of must have been earlier than any of those seen by M. Guérin, since these contain internal evidence of having been drawn up when both the Council of Nice and the destruction of the great temple of Artemis at Ephesus had passed from living memory. M. Guérin collated three recensions. One was a MS. in the Library at Patmos; it does not mention the Apocalypse, and gives a strange account of the Assumption of John, at Ephesus. The second, equally in MS. at Patmos, is a recension by Nikéas, Archbishop of Thessalonica; it mentions the Apocalypse, and gives a monstrous account of the Assumption. The third is the Latin version in the *Bibliotheca maxima Patrum*, which, unless the translator took most unwarrantable liberties with his text, must be from a third Greek recension; it seems to be comparatively the most respectable, but is wanting in the topographical interest of the others; it mentions the Apocalypse but gives no description of the Assumption. Allowing, however, that pseudo-Prochorus is a religious romance, it is hardly likely that the author evolved it all from his own mere imagination. He would at least in all probability have made use of any local legends floating about in the island, with the topography of which he shows himself so conversant.

that offered by Aléxios Komnenós. It is decorated with a certain amount of silver ornaments and votive offerings.* At the south end of the narthex a door opens into the church of St. Christódoulos, a very small chapel, almost half of which is occupied by the sanctuary. The eikonostasion is of gilded wood, and seems to have been disarranged, as the ornamental carving of the different parts does not centre together. There is no Diakonikón Door, and that of the Prothesis is so awkwardly constructed next the wall as to give the idea that it is a later introduction. An arch in the south wall, closed by painted wooden shutters, contains the body of the Sainted Founder. He lies in a coffin of embossed and chased silver, of no very great antiquity. This coffin is covered with a pall, on the removal of which, a glazed and grated opening appears over the face of the dead. A large portion of the lid can, however, be removed, and the head of the Saint is then seen as he rests. The body is swathed in cloth of gold, and the hands, crossed upon the breast, are sheathed in silver. The head itself is uncovered; the point of the nose has perished; but a good deal of skin still remains upon the face.

The interior of the great church is exceedingly dark, the only light it receives being through the doors, and the windows in the clerestory of the dome. To examine the details in many parts it is almost always necessary to use a candle. Like the narthex, it is paved with large slabs of marble, outlined in worn mosaic, and forming possibly the only part of the original surface of the interior now visible. It is, as has been stated, only about thirty-one feet square, and is of the simplest Byzantine design, containing four columns supporting a dome raised on a

* The present writer feels great scruple in making any criticism upon the treasures of a monastery towards whose inmates he entertains a warm feeling of gratitude for the reception accorded him, but he would have given a more detailed description of this picture had he been able to persuade himself that what now appears is what was presented by the Emperor. He does not pretend to be a judge in matters of archæology and art, but, as far as he is capable of forming an opinion, the picture must have been at least re-touched within the last few centuries, although the present custodians have forgotten or lost any record of the fact.

clerestory. These columns are stated to be marble, but have suffered much on the surface, and are now covered with an uniform coating of dark brown paint. The church is furnished with carved wooden stalls all round, and has a canopied throne for the Abbat, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, on the right of the principal door on entering, and back to back with the picture of St. John in the Narthex. The arches are united above the capitals of the columns by carved wooden tie beams, another of which crosses the dome, underneath the clerestory windows, and supports a very large brass chandelier. The general effect is very impressive, and belongs to the same class as that produced by the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. The tone is one of subdued gold, deepened by shadow, and relieved by the gleaming of a number of silver lamps, brightly burnished, and of which several are constantly burning. The walls are entirely covered with paintings of sacred subjects, and the dome is occupied, as usual in Greek churches, by the figure of Christ Almighty. These paintings have no pretensions to antiquity, and are now being again renewed. The eikonostasion cuts off the two Easternmost pillars from the body of the church. It is a remarkable mass of wood-carving, almost Chinese in style, dating from the year 1819, and entirely gilded. It rises in the middle fairly into the clerestory of the dome, and is surmounted by a (flat) crucifix, wreathed in a mass of golden lilies. The pictures of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin inserted in it were gifts of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, but the style is religious, and seemingly untainted by the evil taste so often characteristic of the works due to her influence. This screen, like the others in Patmos, has no regular Diakonikón Door. Beyond the Prothesis Door is a perfectly modern picture of St. James, next the wall; and in the corresponding place on the other side is a narrow entrance seemingly made for practical convenience, the proper place of the Door of the Diakonikón being occupied by a picture of St. John, copied from that in the Narthex. The interior of the sanctuary is almost pitch-dark. The altar is said to enclose the only remaining relic of the temple of Artemis. Upon it is a silver Tabernacle, and behind it a large

flat crucifix between two large silver fans. It stands in front of an ample apse.

The Church of the Blessed Virgin is entered from that of St. John by a large, square-headed door in the south transept, opposite which it has another door leading into the open air. It is a long room, with an arched roof, furnished with stalls against the walls, and painted all over with figures.

The great church possesses two treasuries, in which are kept the reliques, books, vestments, etc. The principal of these treasuries, which contains the reliques, is behind the altar, and is entered by a small door from the *Diakonikón*. The principal relique is what is believed to be the skull of the Apostle Thomas, which was presented to the church by *Aléxios Komnenós*. Here also is shown the skull of Antipas, the 'faithful martyr' of *Apoc. ii. 13*, the upper part of the skull of the Deacon Philip, and large reliques of Saints James, Stephen, George, James the Persian, Basil, and others. They are not so numerous as those shown in many Western churches, but are remarkable for their size. The reliquaries are less intrinsically valuable than archæologically interesting; some are Gothic in design. These reliquaries, and a certain amount of silver plate, mainly lamps, censers, and candlesticks, are variously of Constantinopolitan, Wallachian, and Venetian workmanship. There are here also a large number of small sacred pictures, of which the best, artistically, seems to be a Russian painting of Christ, executed upon silver-leaf. The most interesting is a small picture of St. John, which was the property of *Christódoulos*; it is now absolutely black and featureless—a condition which is probably the result of having been continually kissed for eight centuries. There are also preserved the pastoral staff of *Christódoulos*, like a slight wooden crutch, and bearing very little decoration; and his worn leathern shoes. The genuineness of some links of a chain with which St. John is said to have been bound, is evidently regarded as very doubtful.

In the other treasury, entered from the north side of the church, are kept the vestments, some of them interesting works of embroidery, especially a red velvet stole embroidered in seed

pearls, the richly bound copies of the Gospels, all more or less modern, and a collection of the pastoral staves of the Abbats. The majority of these are of wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl or tortoise-shell, but several are beautiful and precious objects of silversmith's work. Here is shown a pectoral cross, presented by Catherine II.

The Library of the monastery is a large room over the Narthex, and opening into the church by a grated window. It is furnished with book-cases with glazed doors. The great treasure of this Library is the imperfect copy of the Gospel of St. Mark, of the Sixth Century, of which other portions are preserved at Rome and Vienna, and of which the vellum is dyed purple, and the text written in silver uncials, the headings and the Sacred Name being in gold.* Of this precious MS. there are here thirty-three leaves. Among the principal of the other MSS. there are a copy of Job, ascribed to the Ninth Century, with a commentary, and numerous illustrations, which have, however, become unfortunately much defaced by the pigments separating from the parchment; a MS. of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, of the Ninth Century; and several mediæval copies of the Gospels, with beautiful illustrations before each Gospel. In the Library are kept the Imperial Bulls of Nikephóros and Aléxios Komnenós; the golden *Bulle* themselves have disappeared, but the texts of the documents, especially the brilliant red of the words and phrases written by the very hands of the Emperors themselves, remain vividly bright. A number of Papal documents are likewise preserved. There is here also another picture, believed to have been the property of St. Christódoulos. It is a small triptych, covered with sacred subjects, but, unlike the picture in the treasury, it remains very clear and bright, with the exception of the picture of the Last Judgment upon the back, which is unfortunately much effaced.

The disused Refectory of the Monastery is an handsome

* M. Guérin does not speak of this MS. It was then either not in the island, or was not shown to him.

arched stone hall near the Church of the Blessed Virgin, with a dome in the middle. It is furnished with solid stone tables, containing small hollow places in which to keep the plates and cups, and has had wooden benches supported upon stone props. The reader's place appears to have been at one end, where are shown the remains of his wooden pulpit. The roof and walls of the Refectory seem to have been entirely covered with frescoes, of which there are very considerable remains upon one side. They are traditionally ascribed to the time of Christódoulos, but the tradition of art in the realms of the Byzantine school is, or rather, for so long was, so perfectly conservative, that it is to be regretted that some expert has not subjected these works to a searching critical examination. Those on the roof certainly convey an impression of greater antiquity than those upon the walls.

The town which surrounds the walls of the monastery is remarkable for the scrupulous cleanliness of the houses, which are also well-built and large. The streets are generally rough and narrow. The pharmacy, which is very handsome, seems almost the only place of the external character of a shop, other establishments of the kind being more like stores in private houses. The new girls' school, which has just been finished by the munificence of a lay benefactor, is also a very handsome building. There are several churches, and the nunnery already mentioned, the principal church of which, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "the Life-receiving Spring," is of much artistic interest; attached to it is a side-church dedicated to St. John. The relative positions of these two churches are thus exactly the reverse of the two principal churches of the male monastery. The paintings of the nuns' churches are extremely well executed, and have the advantage over those in the others of having been little, if at all, altered since they were executed nearly three centuries ago. The classical tradition is extremely well preserved in them. In the narthex is the altar-tomb of the founder, the Priest Anthemios,* under

* M. Guérin calls him Parthenios Pancostas, and gives the date of foundation as 1602.

a low pointed arch, immediately above which is his full length portrait, painted life-size upon the wall.

The monastery and town are connected with the village of Scala, at the Port, which marks the site of the antient town, by a road in excellent repair, but closely paved with stones of all shapes and sizes, which render it much easier to ascend than to descend. This road passes at a short distance the principal sanctuary of Patmos.

The most interesting spot in the island is naturally that which is associated by tradition with the revelation both of the Apocalypse and of the Gospel. This spot is a very large mass of close grey limestone which protrudes from the hill-side about half way between the Monastery and the Port, that is, in the days of the Apostle, between the temple of Artemis and the town. It is below and somewhat removed from, the present road, upon the right hand of any one going down from the Monastery to the Port, and is now partially covered with a group of buildings comprising four churches and a dwelling. The whole mass is known by the name of the Apocalypse. A very large portion of the original rock remains untouched on the west and north of the building. It is of very irregular shape, more like a mass of huge boulders, and is honeycombed, especially on the west, with curious large hollows, almost deserving the dignity of being styled caves. The probability of the tradition grows upon the mind. At first sight it might seem natural to imagine the Seer withdrawing himself to some more solitary place in order to receive the Divine communication. There is, however, nothing in his narrative contained in the Apocalypse to suggest that he had any forewarning of what was about to occur; on the contrary, there is every indication that he was taken suddenly and by surprise. Again, his advanced age probably unfitted him for lengthened expeditions from the town in or near which it may be assumed that he was lodging. The place is precisely the spot to which it is easy to imagine the Saint as retiring for quiet upon the Sunday,* after perhaps min-

* It has been suggested that the expression 'Lord's Day' in Apoc. i. 10, does not indicate Sunday, but 'the day of the Lord,' in the same sense

istering in private to some small handful of believers. There is, moreover, no apparent reason why a false tradition should have seized upon this particular place, which possesses no special feature to generate such an idea. The statement of the Gospel also having been here written appears, upon consideration, not destitute of a certain probability. According to the universal tradition expressed by Jerome, the Gospel was written towards the close of the Evangelist's career, at the request of the churches of Asia. Is it unnatural to suppose that under such circumstances he should have retired from the turmoil of Ephesus, and withdrawn to place himself again at the spot for ever associated in his mind with a marvellous effusion of the Spirit? The belief that he did so is at least as early as the composition of the *Synopsis* ascribed, although doubtfully, to Athanasius the Great. The question of the Gospel, however, is of less interest from the merely topographical point of view, as it has never been suggested that that work is in any way affected by local colouring derived from Patmos.

The view from the top of this crag, although very pretty, is not as striking perhaps as the majority of those in the island. As the spectator stands with his back towards the great monastery, the prospect is closed in upon either hand by the sides of the valley, the hamlet of Scala, surmounted by its ruined Acropolis, lying below on the left. Beyond the Acropolis again can be seen a portion of the large western bay which is separated from the harbour on the east only by a narrow isthmus. The view of the harbour itself is broken by the high rocky promontory which rises from its southern shore, so that it has the appearance of a lake. The largest stretch of sea visible is on the right hand, the mouth of the harbour and the *Ægean* stretching to the island of Arki. Be-

as in Zeph. i. 14, and elsewhere, and that the meaning is that the Apostle was rapt in spirit to that time. The expression, however, is not *ἡμέρα τοῦ Κυρίου* but *κυριακὴ ἡμέρα*, which is still the usual Greek term for Sunday. The Latin follows the Greek strictly, in giving the ordinary words, 'Dominica dies,' in place of 'Dies Domini.' That Sunday is meant seems to have been and to be the almost universal opinion. Renan, who certainly does not shrink from novelties, renders it by '*Dimanche*,' without remark.

hind all this rise the barren hills of the northern part of Patmos itself, and in the distance appear in succession broken views of Ikaria, Mikrosia, Samos, Arki, and Agrelousa,* with a picturesque glimpse of Mount Mykale in Asia Minor, to the north of the two latter. The general impression conveyed is that of a sea sprinkled with rugged and remarkably barren islands. The prickly brown herbs upon the hills do not give the impression of vegetation. No green appears except in the scanty gardens and vineyards near the port, and in the hollow of the valley. The beauty of the landscape is derived from the forms of the land, the tint of the rocks and stones of which the islands are composed, the brilliant blue of the sea, and the luminous splendour of the atmosphere.

The buildings of the Sanctuary of the Apocalypse are kept with the most scrupulous care and cleanliness, which combine with the unaffected courtesy of the guardians to leave a most agreeable impression. Outside the present house are two large buildings now roofless. These formerly belonged to a school for higher Greek education, and have been abandoned since the Independence of Greece has offered greater facilities at Athens. The building in use is occupied by the priest sent from the monastery to perform the regular religious services in the shrine, and by one or two lay persons. In this upper portion is the small domed church of St. Nicolas, dating from the last century, containing much injured remains of frescoes, executed in a rigidly archaic manner, partly representing events from Scripture, and partly scenes in the legendary life of the Patron Saint. From hence a series of flights of steps, forty in all, lead down past the church of St. Artemios, and the belfry, to the twin churches of St. Anne † and St. John, the latter of which is the shrine itself. Near the belfry may be seen the upper side of the ledge of rock which forms the roof of the shrine. The lower part of the church of S. Artemios, which is stated to be of the sixteenth century, and is quite plain internally, is cut out of this rock.

* Agrelousa, a very small islet in front of Arki.

† Considering the situation, it is somewhat difficult to account for this choice of dedication; it may possibly be on account of the name of the mother of Christódoulos, which was Anne.

The church of St. Anne is entered from an exonarthex or porch, from which a square-headed door leads into the narthex proper. This narthex is about fifty years old, and consists of a chamber $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, covered by a graceful dome well constructed of dressed stones. The arches to the right and left are pointed, but the entrance of the church is smaller and round-headed. To the left is the door of a small lumber-room, and in the angle next the church a marble table-tomb, which is an ossuary containing the bones of the masters of the former school. The pointed arch to the right opens into an hollow which may be called the narthex of the church of St. John, and is almost entirely hollowed in the rock. On the left side of the door of the church of St. Anne hangs a large coloured picture on panel representing the Evangelist dictating the Gospel to Próchoros, and on the right is a somewhat similar but much better picture representing Christ enthroned. These pictures, like almost all the others in the island, preserve the strict tradition of Byzantine art. The archaic style is often so well imitated, that, were it not that many are dated, the visitor would be inclined to ascribe to them a much greater antiquity than they really possess. The narthex is slightly askew with the church, which causes the threshold of the latter to be irregular, but the pavement within, which is laid in a good design, measures 18 feet 10 inches to the step of the sanctuary. The original foundation of this church is ascribed to Christódoulos, but it has been subjected to continual reconstruction, and the existing building is roughly ascribed to the seventeenth century. The breadth from wall to wall is 11 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The western half of the church is fitted with stalls all round, ending on the right (south) side in a canopied throne, for the use of Abbat or Bishop. With the exception of the pier behind this throne, and the stalls, this side of the church is open into that of St. John. The ledge of rock which forms the roof of the latter runs all along the side of St. Anne's, within the Sanctuary as well as without, and upon it rests the pointed vaulting in squared stones, which forms the roof of that church. On the west wall of this church of St. Anne, to the right on entering, is a small picture of the three Saints whose respective

Liturgies are in use in the Greek Church—Basil the Great, John Chrysostom, and Gregory the Theologian. Next the screen there is also a piece of wall, containing a small square glazed window, to light the sanctuary of the Church of St. John, which is a little shorter than that of St. Anne. On this wall hang two pictures—one of the Twelve Sainted Physicians, including Cosmas and Damian, called the '*Agioi Anárgyroi* from their gratuitous attendance on the poor; and another, containing, in the upper part, the Blessed Virgin between St. John and St. Thomas, and in the lower, St. Germanus of Constantinople between the Prophet Jeremiah and St. Antipas. There is here also a small stand bearing pictures of St. John and of the meeting of Joachim and Anne described in the Apocryphal Gospels, with a representation, in the background of the latter, of the Annunciations to them in the desert and the garden respectively.

The eikonostasion of this church is of carved wood, entirely gilt and surmounted by a flat rood, with images of Saints Mary and John to match. It has been altered, or badly put together, as the parts do not centre. It has only the holy doors and the door of the Prothesis. This latter is next the wall on the north side, and the space corresponding to it on the south, and which ought to be the door of the Diakonikón, is filled with the picture of St. Anne, a bust rather over life-size. The two other pictures, in the usual positions to north and south of the holy doors respectively, are well-executed works in the archaic Byzantine style, of the Blessed Virgin and our Lord. On the holy doors themselves are painted, in the upper part, the Annunciation; in the lower, Saints Germanus of Constantinople and Parthenios of Lampsakos. Before this screen stand two handsome brass standards for candles, and there are also several silver lamps, of which some are kept burning perpetually. In this case, as in the other churches of Patmos, the doors are veiled within, not by a painted shutter, as is too often the case in Greece, but by a rich curtain. The interior of the sanctuary is quite plain. There is one large apse, the places of the Prothesis and Diakonikón being taken by niches. The altar bears a very handsome copy of the Gospels bound in red velvet and silver parcel-gilt, a flat wooden crucifix,

a large carved wooden tabernacle, and two solid brass candlesticks.

On the north side of the church is a window, near the screen, surrounded by several small pictures. Above the stalls hangs a very handsome Russian *epitáphios*, or winding-sheet, for the ceremonies of the close of Holy Week. On the west wall, beside the entrance, is a picture of the rare subject of the Death of Anne. Looking from the window the crag may be seen descending precipitously, nearly on a plumb line with the wall of the church. It would hence appear that the Church of St. Anne is built upon a platform of rock at a considerable height above the hill-side below. At a distance of some eleven feet behind the edge of this platform, and at a height of some eight or ten feet above it, is the heavy ledge of rock already mentioned, projected from the cliff behind, and leaving a large hollow underneath.

This hollow, some eighteen feet long by fourteen deep,* and six to ten high, is the actual sanctuary of the Revelation. The original form it is now impossible to guess. The rock has evidently been cut away to a great extent, for convenience's sake. At what period such alterations began, it would be folly to speculate. The shape is now continually, although slowly, altered, and the size enlarged, by the amount of chipping which takes place in order to carry away fragments of the hallowed spot. In the narthex, for instance, the breadth is only about half that of the interior. The floor, unlike that of the Church of St. Anne, is, with the exception of a few feet at the north-east, entirely of the rock. It is roughly smoothed, and scored with some lines to allow water to escape.† The inner side is of the solid rock. The roof, which is very irregular in height, is of the solid rock likewise. In this singular spot a few silver lamps burn day and night be-

*The piers which separate this church from that of St. Anne reduce the actual internal breadth of the floor to about twelve and a half feet.

† M. Guérin ascertained that water formerly flowed here. It must have been diverted. This is a singular contrast to the custom of the West, where it would certainly have been treated as a 'Holy Well.'

fore the gilded screen which conceals the altar, itself a mere niche in the rock. These lamps glimmer perpetually upon the sacred picture which occupies the centre of the screen,* and, reaching almost from floor to roof, represents John fallen as dead at the feet of the One who was like unto the Son of Man.

This picture serves for that of Our Lord which, since the introduction of the eikonostasion, is invariably placed next to the Holy Doors, upon the right hand of the worshipper. In it, on the ground beneath, the Apostle is represented lying as a corpse. Above him, an halo of angels and sacred emblems enshrine the figure which was like unto the Son of Man. Before the feet of that figure, resting not upon earth, flame the seven lamps upon the seven golden candlesticks. At the sides, the angels of the seven churches present to the eye of the Great High Priest the sacred objects of their care. His right hand holds the seven stars; His left hand grasps the keys of hell and of death. This picture is executed with a great power, the essence of which lies in depth of feeling, Scripture study, and honest obedience to a noble artistic tradition, and not in any attempt at theatrical effect. Some of the haloes and of the symbolic churches are now cased in silver.

In accordance with the peculiar local usage of Patmos, already several times mentioned, this screen has only two doors, viz., the Holy Doors and the Door of the Prothesis, which latter is next the wall. Between it and the Holy Doors is the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which is again a departure from the usual custom. It is what is commonly called in Europe 'a Jesse-tree,' that is, a genealogical tree, culminating in the full blossoming of the stem of Jesse, the Rod, which is the Virgin, bringing forth the Messiah-Flower (Is. xi. 1). To the south side of the great picture of the Opening Revelation, in the place which the Diakonikón door would naturally occupy, is a picture in three divisions. At the side is represented Christódoulos offering up the church; below is the Evangelist dictating the gospel to Próchoros; above, is the very

* Almost the exact centre. The altar is not quite in the middle, and, the Holy doors being in front of it, are moved somewhat northward.

rare subject of his Assumption—his disciples bury him in the earth, but he is again seen above in the sky, borne heavenward by angels. The holy gates themselves bear representations of the Annunciation, and of Gregory of Nazianzus and Basil the Great.

Immediately in front of the screen the rocky roof is cracked from side to side. A local saying connects this feature with the moment when the Revelation began. When the words, 'I am Alpha and Omega' were uttered, it is conjectured that the earth shook and the rocks rent.*

* There is another and coarser form, or development, of this idea, which it is perhaps worth while to mention in a footnote, since abler writers than the present have spoken of it. According to this, the Apostle was beneath this crevice when the Revelation suddenly began; he turned (Apoc. i. 12.) and through this crevice perceived the vision above him, and immediately fell as dead (17). A small hollow in the rock on the level with the floor is pointed out as the spot where his head lay. Above this hollow is a cross cut in the rock, the origin of which is by some of the vulgar ascribed to the handiwork of the Apostle himself, and which is stated to sweat phenomenally, especially towards the close of the Holy Week. The end of the large crack, on the other side of the shrine, under the rocky ledge which projects into the Church of St. Anne, and which is of a triple form, is similarly said to be the point from which sounded the heavenly voice that dictated the Gospel. These sayings are not narrated by the local clergy as truths, but only as what are, as a matter of fact, the local stories. The narrative which bears the name of *Próchorus* is locally treated with an amount of contempt which is greater than it probably deserves. Although it is tolerated to represent him in pictures as writing to the dication of the Apostle, the little book is sneered at and cried down as an Apocryphal forgery whenever it is mentioned, and seems to be considered unworthy of serious examination. This is hardly fair. It is not denied that it is the great, indeed almost the sole trustworthy, authority upon the antient topography of the island; and it would be rash indeed to state dogmatically that it includes no remains of genuine tradition. The man is mentioned in Acts vi. 5, and his connection with the publication of the gospel of John has at least the authority of the *Synopsis* ascribed to Athanasius. The date and authorship of the narrative put forward in the name of *Próchorus* are an entirely different question. It is difficult to think from whom Dean Stanley had heard the unfortunate assertion embodied by him in the Appendix to his *Sermons in the East*, to the effect that the book in question is 'accepted by the Greek Church as

The port of Scala, upon which the church of the Apocalypse looks down, is an extremely good harbour, except in the case of directly East winds.* It lies immediately in front of the isolated hill upon which stood the antient Acropolis, and which is united to the North and South parts of the island by low narrow isthmuses, now under cultivation, and divided into fields and gardens by dry stone walls. To the south, and touching the village, rises from the edge of the water a picturesque mass of rock upon which stands the small church of St. Paraskeu . The village itself probably marks the site of the antient capital, and lies at the foot of the Acropolis. It is small, with narrow rough streets, but the houses are clean and well built. There are several small churches. Another church stands isolated to the north, upon a rock on the sea shore.* It is dedicated to St. John, and is said to mark the place where he first baptized. As he would doubtless have baptized by immersion, and there is no stream in the island in which it would be possible to immerse an adult, it seems probable

authentic.' M. Gu rin remarks the more or less complete acceptance or toleration which it has at times received from certain individual members of that body. The present writer has never met with any of them who did not regard it as a novel or a forgery, and did not indeed, cry it down below what he is inclined to think its deserts. It is perhaps worth saying that the pseudo-Pr choros makes no allusion to the cleft in the rock, and that he mentions the earthquake in connection with the Gospel,—‘And after two days, I came unto him [John], as he had commanded me. And I found him standing and praying; and he said unto me: Take the paper and the ink, and stand at my right hand—and I did so. And there was a great lightening, and thunder, so that the mount quaked. I fell unto the earth, and remained [as one] dead. And John put forth his hand and took me, and made me to stand upright, and said: Sit thou at my right hand upon the earth. And he prayed again. And after the prayer he said unto me: Son Pr choros, that which thou hearest from my mouth, write thou upon the paper. And he opened his mouth even as he was standing and praying, and he looked up to heaven, and began to say: In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And I sat and wrote.’ (Translated from the text as given by M. Gu rin.)

* In this harbour is a submerged rock, called Kynops. It must be so termed as if it were the petrified remains of this magician, said to have been drowned, at the prayer of the Apostle, when he plunged in in order to pretend to bring up alive other persons who had been drowned.

enough that, if he ever baptized anyone in Patmos, he used the sea for the purpose; and there may have been circumstances which made it possible for him to do so at this place, notwithstanding its being so close to, if not included in, the antient city. About half way up the hill of the Acropolis, overlooking the harbour, is a large garden, in which the white twin churches of Saints George and Nicholas form a prominent object. Above these the hill is very steep. There are several considerable pieces of the antient walls of the fortification, built of quadrangular stones carefully fitted together without mortar. These are on the east and north sides. The south and west sides are so extremely precipitous, that they probably required less defence, but it is difficult at present to arrive at conclusions. The place would probably reward excavation, but in its present state is little better than a wilderness of stones, amid which are a few earthy patches where an attempt is made to grow corn. On a small natural platform on the west side, overlooking the sea, stands the church of St. Constantine, and just eastward of that church are some remains of antient construction—possibly the base of the temple of Apollo.†

The hill which forms the north side of the harbour is united to the rest of the island by the same low plain which connects the Acropolis with the land. Close to the shore of the harbour is an isolated group of small buildings which was formerly the lepers' quarter. These wretched sufferers fortunately became extinct about forty years ago, and the buildings have since been allowed to fall into decay, with the exception of the church, dedicated to

* Though isolated in position, it has a twin which M. Guérin says is dedicated in honour of St. Polycarp, the disciple of the Apostle. He identifies the spot with the *Botry'i* of pseudo-Próchoros. There are still vines not far from it.

† M. Guérin mentions from pseudo-Próchoros that the antient town, which was called Phorá, possessed, besides the Acropolis and the temple of Apollo, an hippodrome and a temple of Bacchus (Dionysos). Of the hippodrome there seem to be no remains visible. If one of the present churches be dedicated to St. Dionysios it may possibly mark the site of the temple of Bacchus. The careful industry of M. Guérin caused him to come across several scattered classical remains, such as capitals, in various spots. There are also a few classical inscriptions.

St. Sozon. On the top of the hill, but invisible from the greater part of the harbour, is a considerable garden containing the hermitage and church of All Saints. The church is above the usual size, and has a stone dome. Both it and the house and garden are kept with great care by the present occupant, an hermit-nun, who has lived in this place for a considerable number of years.

The northern section of the island, although less interesting in the places and objects contained in it, than those which lie southward, is the largest in superficial extent. It presents almost a contrast to the others in point of fertility. There is a little more heather mixed with the prickly tufts of vegetation. It is indeed exceedingly barren, but the barrenness is mitigated by a much larger amount of cultivated and cultivable land. Several little valleys are turned into gardens of a few acres, and on the hill-sides themselves a considerable amount of ground is painfully reclaimed for the growing of corn. The aspect of some of the little glens, struggling into fruitfulness under the barren rocks, is almost like that of cultivated plots in Alpine valleys. This comparative vegetation is most marked upon the east side. Proceeding north from the harbour of Scala come two bays, the second of which contains an island marked by the church of St. Thekla. The name recalls the dim and glorious memories of Apostolic times, when, it is stated by Tertullian, John himself during his lifetime had to condemn as spurious the *Acts of Paul and Thekla*. Then comes the Bay of Kampos (Qu. Latin, *Campus*, Italian, *Campo*?) The small plain or receding shoreland of Kampos is the largest extent of agricultural ground in the island. Here are several acres of vineyard, dotted with white houses and several churches, surrounded by toilsome cornland wrested from the stony sides of the hills, and unpretentiously wooded with prickly pear, pomegranite, olive, terebinth, and at least one handsome palm-tree.* On a rising ground to the west stands a defensible tower (now ruined) of the xviiith century. From Kampos a walk of about three quarters of an hour leads over the uplands to the northern bay of the island, on the east side of which, in a receding corner of cultivable soil, lies the monastery of the Assumption of

* Besides this graceful tree (in a private garden) there are three or four stunted palm-plants in and about the *képos toú 'ostou*.

the Blessed Virgin. This monastery had become deserted, and had fallen into lay occupation, until the Bishop at present residing there purchased it, on retiring from a lengthened ministry in Egypt. By him it has been adapted to a small community of the most rigid, though unaffected, monastic observance. There he resides himself, along with his brother, the Moral Consultor and Confessor Extraordinary of the great monastery, and two or three others. The building consists of a few cells, humbler than most of our Highland cottages, but differing from many of them (alas!) in their scrupulous cleanliness and neatness. The church of the Assumption itself is the chief feature of the pile, and, small as it is, is among the largest in Patmos. The interior is striking, not from richness, but from the taste and care displayed in it. The eikonostasion, of very finely carved wood, has never been gilded as a whole, the gold being laid only upon the flat backgrounds of the pictures and upon some special portions, such as the rood. The effect, in so light and simple a building, as opposed to the deep gloom of the great church of St. John, is much better artistically than if the intricacies of the workman's skilled handiwork, and the grain of the noble timber, had been confounded under the blaze of gilding. Here sounds for hours day by day the voice of the prayer and praise of the church, with rarely any eye but that of Him to Whom it is addressed, to see the officiants. At a few yards from the front of the church the Ægean chafes continually upon the shore, or beats wildly against the crags, in one of the most lovely of the many lovely corners of Patmos, just as it lapped and beat in the days of the Apostle.

The question how far the actual scenery of Patmos forms the background of the descriptions in the Apocalypse is one upon which it seems impossible to give any decision, and on which it is probable that everyone who has seen the island will either form a judgment for himself, or which he will determine to leave as insoluble, according to his own taste and opinion. It is evident that upon this question the hypothesis—now, however, generally abandoned by critics—that the Apocalypse is a forgery, has no bearing, for an imposter would be at least as likely as a real author to impart, intentionally or unintentionally, a local colour to his fabrications. Nor is the question affected by an

hypothesis such as that of Renan—viz., that ‘the apostle . . . prepared, in one of the public-houses which there must have been about the seaport, the manifesto which he wished to send before him into Asia’*—and deliberately chose to couch his allusions, exhortations, and predictions in an allegorical form; the labouring imagination would in that case have been extremely likely, having named the spot, to have sought or found assistance in the striking panorama presented to the eyes of the composer. The question is really whether, the idea or imagery of an allegory or actual supernatural vision, or series of visions, being once accepted as that meant to be conveyed, the author of the Apocalypse is to be supposed as represented from first to last in such a state of trance as to be unconscious of the natural surrounding objects; or whether the visionary figures are to be pictured as appearing against the natural background, as a ghost or object of second-sight is said to do, without destroying the general and ordinary appreciation of the surrounding phenomena; or whether, again, the text of the Book is intended to convey a mixed idea that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other.

In view of this latter hypothesis, it will be remarked that the text of the Apocalypse itself implies repeated changes of point of view on the part of the recipient of the Revelation. Even the frequent mention of the sea, a feature so perpetually present to the senses of a sojourner in Patmos, and which Dean Stanley so eloquently remarks, is by no means unceasing. In the opening vision, extending to the end of the third chapter, there is nothing to imply that the figures are not to be understood as appearing amid and against the ordinary and natural scene by which the Seer is surrounded. There is nothing to give the idea that the revival of sense mentioned in i. 17 was not a revival to consciousness of earthly surroundings. This conclusion may even be argued from iv. 2, ‘immediately I was in the spirit,’ from which point the ecstatic is evidently described as close to the Divine Throne in heaven, where he speaks in a private manner (v. 5, vii. 13-17,) with one of the Elders who surround

* *L'Antechrist*, p. 347. For some reason difficult to discern, the public-house is indicated not in French but in Latin, ‘quelqu’ une des *cauponee*.’

it. Here the point of view seems to remain, at least till the close of the seventh chapter, and the notion of a caution against hurting trees (vii. 3) certainly could not have been suggested by the timberless wildernesses of Patmos. When the seals have been all opened, when the censer has been dashed upon earth, and the trumpets are ready to sound, the appearances narrated are described as by one writing, not in heaven, but upon earth, although there are certainly things spoken of, such as rivers (viii. 10), which are not to be found in Patmos, and few persons familiar with that island will agree with the opinion that the distant spot of Santorin (Thera), which could be at most only a blue stain upon the horizon of a bright day, if indeed ever visible at all, could possibly have suggested the figure (viii. 8) of 'as it were a great mountain burning with fire . . . cast into the sea.' On the other hand, although it may perhaps be only the force of preconceived ideas, there are probably few who, from some height such as that of the monastery, have witnessed a thunderstorm burst over Patmos, without calling to mind at the moment the words of viii. 5, with which the transition of scene appears to commence, 'And the Angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the Altar, and cast it into the earth, and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.' Beyond doubt, again, no background can possibly be conceived, offering, as it does, a kind of microcosm of earth and sea, better adapted to the terrific image with which the tenth chapter opens, than the view from the actual island. Chapter xi. distinctly describes a scene upon earth, namely, the measurement of the earthly temple, and the great city spiritually called Sodom and Egypt, a scene for which the Seer must have been transported from Patmos. At xi. 16 the heavenly visions are renewed and continued to the end of chapter xii. At the beginning of the thirteenth chapter, the recipient of the Revelation is abruptly found standing upon the sand of the sea; the coast of Patmos is mostly rocky, but there is quite enough sand to have afforded a place for the description, and the microcosmic character of the landscape, already alluded to, favours the idea. With chapter xiv. the Seer is transported far from Patmos, to Syria; for, whatever disputes there may be upon the topography of Jerusalem,

it is admitted that Zion forms, or formed, some part of the group of hills upon which that city stands. After this begins the out-pouring of the vials. It is preceded (xv. 2) by a figure which will awake the memory of one who has seen the sun rise or set upon the coast of Patmos—'a sea of glass mingled with fire.' The station of the Seer appears to be again in heaven; he gazes upon the earth as upon a map; he watches the movements of the inhabitants as a spectator might watch the scenes of an amphitheatre. Suddenly (xvii. 3) he is carried into the wilderness, but wakes again (xviii. 21) to a momentary consciousness of the sea, before the shouts of heavenly exultation (xix. 1) call him once more to the Divine Throne (xix. 4) whence he seems to return to earthly scenes before the manifestation of 'the Word of God.' Finally, in place of anything seen then or now, appear the new heavens and the new earth, and there is no more sea. The standpoint is only changed once more. He is 'carried away in the spirit to a great and high mountain.' Away from whence? Evidently from some spot where there existed not a great and high mountain, and certainly Patmos offers nothing which could suggest the idea of a great and high mountain to the mind of a peasant cradled in sight of the snows of Hermon.

Surely in the face of such changes and figures, it must remain in the highest degree uncertain whether the scenery of Patmos is really reflected at all in the imagery of the Apocalypse. It seems indeed possible that the imagination of the ecstatic remained more or less possessed by the habitual view of the imprisoning sea, and its little world of islands, and that his tone was unconsciously affected by it—and again, that at certain moments during the trance the cloud of vision broke, as it were, for a little while, and left him conscious, more or less, of the material realities around him. But if it were so at all, it must have been so only to a small and partial extent. The main interest of Patmos remains centred in the fact that it was at any rate the spot in which the great drama of the Apocalypse originated. The traveller, when gazing upon the sea-girt rocks thus hallowed, seems to have his thoughts lifted above material conceptions to things of which earthly phenomena are at best but types and shadows. The *Ægean* glittering around its clusters of islands,

stretching far away beyond where the eye can reach, is less a means of materialising the Apocalypse than an help to realise such a conception as has flowed to us from one of the most striking works with which mediæval devotion in the West has enriched the library of Christian thought:—*

‘And whereas she marvelled at the beauty of the Holy John as he appeared lying upon the Lord’s Breast, he answered and said unto her:—Hitherto I have appeared unto thee in that form wherein upon earth I lay at the supper on the Breast of the Lord my Lover and Only Friend; but now, if it please thee, I will obtain for thee that thou behold me in that form wherein in heaven I am now delighting myself in the joy of the Godhead. And, forasmuch as she was fain to gain it, she forthwith perceived, inside the Breast of JESUS, the Infinite Ocean of the Godhead, and, like a minnow swimming therein—a mere speck—the Blessed John, in unspeakable love and liberty. And she understood that where the stream of the Godhead poured most mightily into the Manhood, there he would most use to abide. And this Ocean of Absolute Goodness which slaked and yet never satiated the intensity of his desire, did so fill and overcome him, that his heart was seen to give out a little rill, and therefrom to cause many spray-drops of God’s Own Goodness to fall throughout the whole bounds of the world: these drops are the healing truths of his saving doctrine, and especially of his Gospel: IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD.’

* *Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis*, iv. 4. The work is better known under the popular name of the ‘Revelations of St. Gertrude,’ but the passage cited is not from the portion certainly attributed to the Saint.

ART. VIII.—THE LENNOX.

The Lennox. By WILLIAM FRASER. Edinburgh : 1874.

SCOTLAND is greatly indebted to Mr. Fraser for the many valuable documents he has brought to light, which not only illustrate the domestic history of so many of our great families, but throw a new light on matters of deep national interest.

In studying such a work as the volume before us, and in striving to place before our readers a few gleanings from its pages, we are puzzled by the very abundance of our materials. The history of the Lennox family is interwoven with that of Scotland from early times, and the members of that family seem to have taken an active part in the concerns of the kingdom, whether for good or evil, we must leave the readers of their history to decide. In turning aside from the general history of such a family, and concentrating our attention on that of one generation only, we are actuated by the feeling that particular interest attaches to the persons concerned. Matthew, Twelfth Earl of Lennox, from the position he occupied in the annals of his country, and as Darnley's father, claims a special interest—and this of a painful kind, for we can claim no sympathy with his character—and in endeavouring to form some idea of his life and that of his Countess Margaret Douglas, we obtain curious glimpses of the history of the turbulent times in which they lived, and the story of his parents' chequered life enables us to form a better estimate of their unhappy son's youth and surroundings.

Matthew, Twelfth Earl of Lennox, and Fourth Lord Darnley, was born in Dumbarton Castle, on the Feast of St. Matthew, September 21st, 1516, shortly after the siege of the castle by the Duke of Albany. We hear but little of his early days, save that when he was three years old his father entered into a contract of marriage for him with Christian Montgomerie, daughter of the Master of Eglinton. This early planned marriage never took place—the bridegroom elect was destined to marry a more illustrious bride. In consequence of his father's violent death,

which occurred in the fatal feud between him and the Hamiltons, Matthew and his young brothers, according to one account, appear to have been sent, when quite young, into France, to be placed in safety under the care of their uncle, the Lord of Aubigny, and to be brought up as Frenchmen. But Mr. Fraser quotes documents which prove that Lennox only went to France about the year 1532, when he was a youth of sixteen.*

The years he spent in France may be reckoned the fairest of his life, and in considering his future career we are tempted to regret that he did not find an honoured grave in that country, instead of returning to his native land, whose honour he was so often to betray. The Earl of Lennox was appointed to a command in the Scots Guard, and distinguished himself in the war between France and Spain; he was greatly admired by the French for his valour and skill in martial deeds, and his great height and beauty of person enhanced the interest he excited. At length when the earl had reached the age of twenty-six, events took place which invited his return to Scotland. James V. dying in 1542, the Earl of Arran was appointed Regent during the minority of the infant Queen. This nobleman and Lennox each claimed to be the nearest to the royal succession in the event of the Queen's death. It is a curious fact, which we have on the authority of John Knox, that James V. had appointed Matthew heir to the kingdom after the death of his infant sons, but this ambitious dream was of course dispelled on the birth of Mary Stewart. It is said that Cardinal Beaton at this juncture urged upon Lennox that he should return, pointing out to him that Arran's legitimacy was questioned, and that the late king had appointed him next in the succession after the Princess Mary. Some motive of the kind, probably, prompted Lennox's movements, and accordingly he landed at Dumbarton on March 31st, 1543. Another secret hope seems to have led Lennox to take this step; he aspired to the hand of the

* The history of the French branch of the Lennox family is full of interest, and the favours shown to its members by the French sovereigns are honourable alike to them and to those who deserved so well of their chosen masters.

Queen Dowager, Mary of Lorraine, hoping at the same time to take Arran's place as regent of the realm. James Earl of Bothwell returned from exile at the same time, and he was equally anxious to win favour in the eyes of the Queen Dowager. Lindsay of Pitscottie gives a quaint description of the rival noblemen, and their efforts to gain Mary's good graces, how they 'daily frequented the Court, striving in magnificence of apparel and in all courtly games the one to exceed the other especially in the Queen's sight.' Lennox would seem to have carried the day by his superior attractions of person and skill, but neither nobleman received more than fair words in return for his devotion, and after a time Lord Bothwell, 'having spent much' in these vain efforts to obtain the royal favour was obliged to retire from court.

Lennox now found himself disappointed in the hopes he had entertained. At first ranging himself on the side of the Queen, he supported her against Arran and his faction, but finding before long that Arran had been reconciled to Cardinal Beaton and the Queen's party, and that his own expectations of becoming regent were frustrated, he retired to Dumbarton, making no secret of his resentment and desire for vengeance. At this point Henry VIII., hoping that if he could secure the aid of one of the princes of the blood, he should the better succeed in his designs against Scotland, made overtures to Lennox, proposing to give him in marriage his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas. Sir Hugh Campbell, Sheriff of Ayr, was the agent employed by Sadler to try and withdraw Lennox from his allegiance, and he reports that if Lennox receives money from France he will surely remain stedfast to the Queen and the Cardinal, but failing this, it would be easy to gain him to the English interest. Sadler himself adds these words in his report to Henry—'and though the Sherriff thinketh that the said Lennox would be content to marry the said Lady Margaret Douglas, yet, whether he would have her so, as for her he would leave France (French interest) and adhere firmly to your Majesty he is in great doubt.' After the coronation of the youthful Queen Mary Sadler is able to report more decisively on Lennox's intentions, and in a letter undated, but which was probably written the month following the

coronation, he tells his royal master that he has just been visited by a servant of the Earl's, who informed him that his master had left the Governor and Cardinal's party, and having 'been hitherto a good Frenchman, he is now a good Englishman, and will bear his heart and service to your Majesty; and very shortly intendeth to despatch a servant of his to your Highness and to the said Lady Margaret, with his full mind in all behalf.' However Lennox would seem even yet to have been uncertain as to his course of action. In October 1543, while still in Dumbarton, he received considerable sums of money from the King of France, with instructions to distribute it according to the advice of the Queen Mother and the Cardinal. Determining to reap the benefit of the French money, and at the same time to marry the King of England's niece, Lennox gave a portion of the gold to the Queen, dividing the remainder among his own friends. Indignant at Lennox's conduct, the Cardinal and Arran proposed sending an army to Glasgow to seize upon the gold, but Lennox proceeded to Leith and intimated that he was ready to meet the Queen's forces in battle; a delay was created, and no fighting took place, but instead, a treaty was signed at Leith to the advantage of the Queen's cause. Lennox soon after this despatched a message to France to apologize to the French king for his conduct, and to make protestations of his desire to be recalled to France, and to the society of his friends there; but that being embarked in an enterprise that had his majesty's especial sanction, and the success of which (supposing the king did not withdraw his assistance), there was good hope of success, he could not now desert the Queen and his friends, and leave them to the mercy of his enemy the Regent.

On January 13th, 1543-4, an agreement was signed at Greenside Chapel, between Commissioners of the Earl of Arran, Governor of Scotland, on the one side; and on the other, by Commissioners of the Earls of Angus and Lennox, for mutual obedience to the Queen, and for brave and true resistance to the old national enemy England. But despite this solemn protestation, we very soon find Lennox and Angus again engaged in warfare against the Cardinal and Arran, and far from resisting their English enemy, they are content to seek his aid against their sovereign and country. In March of the same year, Arran laid

siege, with 12,000 men, to Glasgow Castle, which was garrisoned by some of Lennox's friends. After ten days, the latter were obliged to surrender, which they did under promises of reward from Arran. These promises were cruelly violated, the keepers of the Castle, John and William Stuart, being thrown into prison, and the rest of the garrison hanged. Enraged at these proceedings, the Earls of Angus, Lennox, and others of the Anglo-Scottish faction, implored the aid of Henry in opposing the Governor and Cardinal. Accordingly, Henry directed his Commissioners, Lord Wharton and Sir Robert Bowes, to meet the Commissioners of the rebel Lords, to determine the conditions upon which the English king would agree to send an army into Scotland. Meanwhile Lennox sailed from Dumbarton to England. In May Glencairn having joined Lennox at Carlisle, the two Earls joined in an agreement with Henry VIII. of a most treasonable character to their native country. By it they acknowledged Henry as protector of the kingdom of Scotland, and promised to do their best to put him in possession of some of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, especially the Castles of Dumbarton, of Rothesay, and the Isle of Bute. They likewise bound themselves to promote the marriage of their infant Queen with Prince Edward of England, to place Mary under Henry's care, and to serve him against France and all countries, not excepting Scotland, and to further the cause of the Reformation. The King on his part, to encourage his promising adherents, engaged to continue Lennox as his pensioner, to give him his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas, in marriage, and to make him Governor of Scotland if his schemes should be successful. He also promised to grant an annual pension of 1,000 crowns to the Earl of Glencairn. Lennox had now taken the final step, and henceforth, for many years, we find him foremost in the ranks of his country's enemies. The great marriage to which he aspired, and which was to be the promised reward of his treachery, was now to take place, and it will be well to become acquainted with the chief facts connected with the youth of the illustrious bride.

Margaret Douglas was the daughter of Margaret Tudor, Queen to James IV. of Scotland by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus; and even from her cradle sorrow and mis-

fortune would seem to have been her portion. Her mother, forced to fly from Scotland by the Regent Albany, was compelled to take refuge in the Castle of Harbottle, one of the border fortresses, then held by Lord Dacre for Henry VIII., and there, on October 7th-8th, 1515, the Lady Margaret was born, and dreary must have been her surroundings. In consequence of the war between England and Scotland, Dacre refused admission to the Queen's Scotch ladies, and it is not probable that a border fortress of that day contained many of the comforts necessary to the hapless royal lady and her infant. Poor Lord Dacre seems to have been much oppressed by his royal guests, and in his report to Henry does not conceal the 'unusual cumber' which the arrival of the poor Queen caused in his martial household. Lord Dacre did not, however, neglect his duties to the infant princess. She was baptised the day after her birth, and, as Lord Dacre informs her royal uncle, 'everything was done pertaining to her honour, and yet only with such convenience as could or might be had in this barren and wild district, the suddenness of the occasion ordained by God's providence being considered.' Cardinal Wolsey had promised to stand godfather to the royal child, and was evidently represented by proxy, as in future years the Lady Margaret claimed his assistance as her godfather. From some contemporary verses, we gather that Henry had desired that in the event of his sister's child being a daughter, she should be called Margaret, and this royal wish was accordingly complied with. When she was three days old, Margaret's youthful father, the Earl of Angus, arrived at Harbottle with his relatives and followers, and was only admitted by Dacre on the condition that he and those who accompanied him should sign the first treaty which was to make them traitors to their country, an act which was not only an indelible stain on the honour of Angus, but laid the seeds of his daughter's troubles in time to come. Angus was proud of the birth of the child, who formed an important tie between him and her powerful uncle, and, whatever his faults, was an affectionate father, to whom Margaret clung during the stormy days of her youth, for little notice was taken of her by her royal mother. After a month had elapsed, Angus escorted his wife and daughter to Morpeth

Castle, Lord Dacre's seat, where the latter remained until the following spring, and then proceeded to London at the invitation of Henry, Angus himself preferring to remain in Scotland.

Tottenham Cross was the spot at which all distinguished visitors from the North were welcomed to the capital, and, accordingly, Queen Margaret and the infant princess were there greeted by King Henry, who received them with all honour. The little Margaret was greeted at Greenwich Palace by a companion more suitable to her tender years, the Princess Mary, destined to be her warm friend through life. Mary, Queen Dowager of France, and Duchess of Suffolk, also took an especial and tender interest in her little niece. Her terrible uncle took a great fancy to her likewise, and is said to have loved her equally with his daughter Mary, and it was well for her in the days to come that he cherished some affectionate feeling for his 'niece Marget,' as he was wont to call her in her babyhood. After twelve months spent at Henry's court, Margaret received a hint from her royal brother that it was time she returned home, and from this time little Margaret's troubles began. Angus met her and her mother at Berwick, and accompanied them into Scotland; but he and the Queen soon separated, violent quarrels took place between them, and agreement seemed impossible. At last, when Margaret was three years old, Angus withdrew her from her mother's care, and took her to his castle of Tantallon, where he formed a household for her, suitable to her rank, appointing the wife of his brother Sir George Douglas as her governess or first lady. For several years Angus kept possession of his little daughter. When he was forced, at the second return of the regent Arran to Scotland, to take refuge in England, she accompanied him; and when in 1521 he passed over to France, it seems probable that she followed him and remained with him during his embassy in that country. When the Regent Albany finally withdrew to France, and Angus, returning to Scotland, established himself as Regent, he had Margaret brought home to him. She was then ten years old, and for three years the poor child enjoyed a comparatively peaceful time. But even these years were embittered by dissensions between her parents, and by the desire of the Queen to obtain a divorce from her father. When in 1528 the Revolution took place which

gave the government into the hands of the young James V. and the Queen, Margaret again followed the fortunes of her father, and for months became a wanderer, passing from one stronghold to another, wherever Angus could find a safe shelter for her, untill at last her aunt, the Duchess of Suffolk, moved by the thought of her position, exerted herself on Margaret's behalf, and invited her to live with her. After a short time Henry appointed Margaret to reside with the Princess Mary, who was then still enjoying her splendid establishment at Beaulieu. Here the cousins renewed the friendship begun in infancy, and formed a close and affectionate intimacy which ended only with Mary's life. If our space permitted us to linger, it would be interesting to trace Margaret's life through the years which followed, but for a full account of her chequered career, with its transient gleams of prosperity, we must refer our readers to Miss Strickland's admirable memoir of our heroine, and content ourselves with a brief statement of the most important events.

For a time Henry showed much affection for his niece, and invited her father to his court, making him (apparently at Margaret's request) large presents of money. During the brief period of Anne Boleyn's triumph, Margaret gained a new friend, and on the birth of the Princess Elizabeth, was appointed to be her first lady of honour. It was during this period that Margaret formed the attachment, fated to end so sadly, with Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk, and it is evident that Anne's influence at this time induced Henry to look favourably on the lovers. But with the Queen's disgrace came that of Margaret and Lord Thomas, and they were both, according to Henry's amiable custom, sent to the Tower. In vain did the unhappy lovers plead that the King had himself encouraged their affection; the tide of royal favour had turned, and Parliament, hastening to meet Henry's wishes, proceeded to impeach the Lord Thomas for treason for daring to aspire to the hand of the King's niece. Meanwhile, we are not surprised to learn that Margaret fell ill of grief and terror in her dreary prison; and for once it is pleasing to know that her royal mother exerted herself on her behalf. Queen Margaret received the news of her daughter's imprisonment at Perth. The Queen, full

of anxiety and indignation, thereupon wrote to her royal brother and in no measured terms of reproach. After receiving this missive and several others from his sister, Henry relaxed so far as to permit his unhappy niece to be removed from the Tower and placed in a comparatively mild captivity at Sion House. Here she remained for some time, whilst poor Lord Thomas was still incarcerated in the Tower. Less faithful than her lover, Margaret would seem to have repented her encouragement of his suit, and we find her interceding for forgiveness from her uncle through the medium of Cromwell, and desiring in all things to do his good pleasure. At length, on the birth of Edward VI., Margaret was released from her long imprisonment. Lord Thomas, less fortunate, died in the Tower from fever added to his mental sufferings.

Soon after this, Margaret lost her mother, who, little as she seems to have cared for her daughter during life, strove to make amends to her on her death bed. She died acknowledging Angus to be her rightful surviving husband, and declaring her penitence for her neglect of Margaret, and confessing that all her personal effects ought to belong to her, on whom she had never expended anything.

Sundry marriages were proposed for Margaret, and, indeed, she incurred Henry's displeasure by encouraging the suit of another scion of the house of Norfolk, Lord Charles Howard, and was, in consequence, again banished for a time from the court; but at the age of twenty-eight Margaret still remained unmarried. We have now reached the moment when Henry, engaged in his schemes against Scotland, thought well to offer his niece's hand as a bribe to Lennox, and we have seen that after some hesitation the latter accepted the honour proposed to him. The circumstances would not seem to promise much happiness to the two persons chiefly concerned; but, as far as his own happiness went, Lennox never engaged in a more fortunate venture, and Margaret, on her side, was ever a most attached wife. The marriage took place on July 6, 1544, at St. James' Palace. The bride, although no longer in the bloom of youth, is described by Buchanan as a princess of unusual comeliness and beauty; and the bridegroom, as we know, was her

equal in personal attraction. By the marriage settlement, Lennox promised to endow Margaret with part of his Scotch possessions, and the King, on his side, confirmed the treaty entered into at Carlisle, also granting Lennox land to the value of 1700 merks sterling per annum. Moreover, on his marriage day, Lennox obtained from the King letters of naturalization, thus, drawing even closer, the bonds which held him pledged to the English interest. Henry graced the marriage feast with his presence, and, during the banquet, made a speech referring specially to the proximity of Lady Margaret to the throne, declaring that should his own heirs fail he should be glad if her heirs succeeded, a prophetic speech, little as Henry himself intended it, and, in fact, those best acquainted with the King considered such a speech to bode little good to the bride. At this time, Margaret's claims to the position of third princess of the blood royal were very evenly balanced. Against her was her mother's divorce from Angus, and subsequent marriage; while in her favour, there was the Queen's dying declaration that Angus was her only true surviving husband.

The newly married pair did not enjoy each other's society long. Shortly after the wedding, Lennox, taking leave of his bride, set out on his dishonourable expedition to Scotland, with the intention of molesting the border, and with the hope of securing Dumbarton Castle for Henry. Lennox had left this stronghold under the charge of one of his retainers, Stirling of Glorat, and did not doubt that he would meet with resistance to his intentions. The event proved far otherwise. Stirling admitted Lennox into the Castle and acknowledged him as his master, but, more loyal to his country than Lennox, utterly refused to deliver the Castle to the English. Lennox, finding that there was a plot among the garrison to give him over to the Scottish Government, made good his escape with less dignity than befitted his reputation for valour, and after some successful raids upon the mainland, returned to England. Meanwhile the Scottish Parliament, assembled at Linlithgow, pronounced Lennox a traitor and declared him to have forfeited his lands and vassals. The King of France, on hearing of Lennox's desertion of the Scoto-French interests, showed his displeasure, surely unfairly,

by casting his brother, John Stuart of Aubigny, into prison, and depriving him of his offices and dignities. This arbitrary proceeding may have been suggested to Francis by the Scottish Government, as there is a memorandum extant, signed by Arran, and addressed to the Scotch Ambassador in Paris, in which he is desired to counsel the French King to beware of advancing any of the house of Lennox in consequence of the treacherous conduct of the head of the Scottish branch.

Margaret would seem to have lived, for some time after her marriage, at Stepney Palace, and here her eldest son, who died in infancy, was born. But as her husband's constant expeditions in the border countries required a more northern residence, she and the Earl settled at Temple Newsham, in Yorkshire, until lately the property of Lord D'Arcy and Meynel, who was executed for his share in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Here, on December 7th, 1545, Margaret gave birth to her second son, who was destined to bring so much sorrow to her maternal heart, and whose unhappy fate invests him with an interest not otherwise belonging to his weak and wayward character. The room in which Darnley was born was long pointed out as the 'king's bedchamber,' and we are told that the bed was emblazoned with the famous mottoes of the family—'Avant Darnley' and 'Jamais Darrière'—fatal words, which were ultimately to prove his ruin. Young Darnley never saw his great uncle; and the latter, in consequence of a fresh quarrel with Margaret, shortly before his death did his best to exclude him from the succession of the throne. Henry's death at this moment was perhaps fortunate for Margaret, as it is not unlikely that her tyrant uncle would have sent her again to the Tower. Her worthy husband, meantime, continued to assist in the expeditions across the border. He entered Scotland with Somerset and was present at the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. His memory is, we fear, justly charged with cruelty to his fellow-countrymen on more than one occasion, and his after life was clouded by remorse, and it is to this sentiment that his strange unwillingness to be left alone is attributed. The English government rewarded Lennox's fidelity by grants of land; some of the property of the disgraced Percys was awarded to him, and he was made keeper of Wressil Castle. He also received a grant

of the Percy mansion at Hackney, and this house Lady Margaret retained until her death. At the period at which we now write, however, Margaret resided almost entirely at Temple News-ham, devoting herself to the education of her son Darnley. She desired earnestly to bring him up in the Catholic faith, of which she was herself a faithful member, and selected for his tutor a learned Scotch Catholic priest John Elder. Under his care the young Darnley made rapid progress with his studies. Music and other graceful accomplishments were added to his more solid acquirements, and when Darnley grew up he was assuredly one of the most highly educated princes of his day. His signature, of which Mr. Fraser gives more than one example, is a beautiful specimen of penmanship, and we are not surprised at Elder's pride in his pupil's success in this and in the more difficult arts of composition and translation. We may presume that Darnley shared his studies with some of his numerous brothers and sisters, but of these younger members of the family little is known. Charles, Lady Margaret's third son, the only one destined to live to the years of manhood, is familiar to us chiefly as the father of the hapless Arabella Stuart.

In the autumn of 1551 Lady Margaret broke the monotony of her life in the North by a journey to London, on the occasion of the visit of the Queen Dowager of Scotland to the court of Edward VI. The attentions she received from Mary of Lorraine were no doubt gratifying to Margaret, and she made such good use of this favourable opportunity as to obtain leave from Mary to visit Scotland. The English government, after some hesitation, confirmed this permission, and Margaret proceeded to Tantallon to visit her aged father, who, feeling death approach, earnestly desired to see her. Soon after her return home, the death of Edward VI. occurred, an event destined to bring great changes, for a time, in Margaret's life. As the cousin and early companion of the new queen, Margaret was in high favour at court, and the old friendship between the royal ladies was tenderly renewed. On the occasion of Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain Margaret held the position of first lady and custodian of the royal purse. In connection with this office an amusing trait is recorded. When the moment came at which the bride-

groom presents the bride with the offering of money, Philip gave three handfuls of gold and silver as an earnest of the riches in store for his wife. Margaret immediately opened the purse and secured the money within it. The queen was observed to smile at this incident, no doubt recalling the days she and her cousin had passed in which money was often wanting. It is supposed that the young Darnley was likewise present on the occasion of the queen's wedding festivities. Poor Lady Margaret! if this brief time of favour and friendship gladdened her heart, dark days were in store for her at no distant date.

At Mary's death, Margaret may possibly have felt disappointed that her cousin had taken no steps to establish her claim to the throne. However this may have been, she and her husband lost no time in presenting their homages to Queen Elizabeth, and were graciously received by her. It was, on this occasion, that Elizabeth, after listening with sympathy to Margaret's description of her husband's malady, expressed her opinion that his affectionate wife should never leave him, a piece of advice not likely to be forgotten, and we accordingly find Margaret reminding the Queen of it when she and her husband found themselves shut up in separate prisons for months together. The first cloud in Elizabeth's favourable sentiments towards the Lennoxes arose from the same cause which was eventually to bring down on the unlucky Margaret the full force of her cousin's resentment. Great changes had taken place at the Court of France, and the young Queen of Scotland was now seated upon the French throne. Soon after the accession of Francis and Mary, Margaret determined to make an effort to heal the breach between her family and the Queen; trusting to Mary's youth and gentle disposition to forgive the past. The more so, as Mary had never been personally offended by the Lennoxes. She therefore despatched her son's tutor, Elder, to Mary, with affectionate letters of congratulation. These missives were evidently graciously received, as, somewhat later, Margaret sent another envoy to her royal niece, in whom it is surmised that we may recognise Darnley himself. This mysterious visitor was warmly greeted by Francis and Mary, and entertained at Chambord, where the Court was spending Christmas. This reception must

have rejoiced Margaret, but Queen Elizabeth probably looked upon these interchanges of courtesy with very different eyes. As yet, however, she took no active steps to mark her displeasure, and shortly after the death of Francis, Darnley seems to have again visited Queen Mary, bearing letters from his brother. These he delivered to his widowed cousin at Orleans. It is even asserted by one Scottish historian that the marriage with Darnley was arranged at this time between Lady Margaret and Mary. Added to these grave misdemeanours in Elizabeth's eyes exaggerated reports of speeches made by Margaret were conveyed to her by spies placed at Settrington. Even in her private apartments the poor lady's words were watched. At length, upon receiving the news of the safe landing of Mary in Scotland, Margaret was overheard to express her deep thankfulness for her niece's safety, and this seems to have irritated Elizabeth more than any of her previous delinquencies. Margaret aggravated her offence by sending a messenger into Scotland to congratulate Mary on her return to her kingdom. It would have been impossible, even for Elizabeth, to punish Margaret for expressing favourable sentiments regarding her own niece, but to send an envoy into Scotland, to a power lately at war with England, was considered sufficient ground for accusation. Margaret therefore was summoned to London by her imperious cousin, together with her husband, family, and servants. On reaching town, some of the party were incarcerated in the Gate House prison, the Lennoxes and their children being allowed to take up their abode at Westminster Palace. Lord Darnley, however, showed his sense by leaving the Palace and concealing himself in the city. Vain search was made for him, and as he eluded pursuit, his parents were made to suffer for his disappearance. At first Margaret was forbidden to leave her residence, and Lennox was committed to the charge of the Master of the Rolls; but this being too mild a punishment, he was sent a close prisoner to the Tower. His wife was removed to Sheen, together with Lord Charles and another of the younger children, and here they remained for many months. The poor lady made constant appeals to the Queen through Cecil, that she and her husband might be united, reminding him of her lord's illness and constitutional

melancholy, which, as the Queen herself had said, rendered solitude dangerous to him. But months passed before Lennox was restored to his faithful wife, and permitted to share her less rigorous imprisonment. During these months they had both been harrassed by the various accusations made against them. Margaret in particular must have been puzzled by the reports of her own speeches furnished to Cecil by his spies; little can she have thought that words spoken in her own room and probably as quickly forgotten, would be brought against her in this manner. The old charges against her legitimacy were again also brought forward, and for her son's sake Margaret must have felt this bitterly; but Elizabeth dared not press a question in which her own claims must have suffered. After a year or more of captivity, Lennox and his countess were set free, and the latter apparently returned to Settrington. After Elizabeth's serious illness in 1564, during which Margaret's claims to the royal succession were freely discussed in parliament, the queen showed more favour to her cousins, and gave permission to Lennox to visit Scotland. For a short time Margaret was even permitted to appear at Elizabeth's court together with her son Lord Darnley, and according to her own account he made a favourable impression. Darnley carried the sword before the queen at all state pageants, this being the privilege of the prince nearest the throne, and he was present at the creation of Lord Robert Dudley as Earl of Leicester. On this occasion Elizabeth tried to draw the Scottish ambassador into an acknowledgment as to his preference for Darnley over Leicester as a bridegroom for his mistress. But Melville, too wary to commit himself, pretended to disparage Darnley to the queen, and thus prevent her perceiving that he had any leaning to the match, although, as he himself tells us, he had a secret charge to deal with his mother, the Countess of Lennox, to purchase leave for him to visit Scotland. Poor Lady Margaret was wholly unable to purchase anything of the kind, and the money seems to have been provided by Mary herself, and thus early in the spring 1564-5 Elizabeth granted permission for Darnley to join his father in Scotland. Lennox had before this obtained a pardon from Queen Mary, and leave to return to his native country; but there had been delays, caused partly by the

fears of Knox and his party that the return of Lennox and Darnley, both catholics, would be injurious to their cause. At one moment Elizabeth had even begged that Mary should be asked to revoke the permission given to Lennox to return, but Murray and Maitland refused to forward this appeal to their queen.

Finally, as we have seen, Elizabeth, in the summer of 1566, had allowed Lennox to cross the border and present himself before Mary, who received him graciously. Before many months were over, the marriage between Mary and Darnley was concluded. Even before the event, Margaret had to suffer for her wishes concerning it. Elizabeth, wreaking her vengeance on Darnley's mother, imprisoned her afresh, and in spite of Queen Mary's warm intercessions on her behalf, Darnley's wedding day found his mother shut up in the Tower, where she was destined to remain during the brief span of her son's elevation, and where she was to receive the news of his awful fate. The exact spot of Margaret's prison in the Tower is known by the discovery of an inscription in a room in that portion of the building now the residence of the Governor. The stone bears the record that on the 20th June, 1565, the Lady Margaret Lennox was here imprisoned 'for the marriage of her son, my Lord Henry Darnley, with the Queen of Scotland.' The names of her five attendants are engraved below. And here we must leave the poor lady for a time and follow the fortunes of her husband. Mary and her father-in-law seemed to have been generally on good terms, but his conduct on the occasion of Riccio's murder must have destroyed her confidence in him. Yet, later on, Mary corresponds in a friendly manner with Lennox, and Mr. Fraser gives us a letter hitherto unpublished of an especially interesting character. It is written in Sept. 1566, at the time when, owing to Darnley's wayward conduct, fresh misunderstandings had arisen between them. Mary states that the importance of the matters in which they disagreed had forced her to take the advice of her Privy Council, and that they had begged the King to state his grievances, as her Majesty was willing to do all in her power to content him; that Darnley had disavowed that he had any cause of discontent or that he entertained the design alleged against him; but his reply was unsatisfactory, and the Queen was ignorant of

his future intentions. When, a few months later, the terrible tragedy of Darnley's death occurred, Lennox was overwhelmed by the blow. In his grief and desire for vengeance, he turned to Elizabeth for help, imploring her aid against the murderers of his son, her near relative and native-born subject. Shortly before Bothwell's marriage with the Queen, Lennox returned to England, and was permitted to join his wife, who was still in a kind of honourable durance. What a meeting it must have been, and what words can describe the misery Margaret had suffered in her long imprisonment, with its many privations, all of which, however, must have faded into insignificance beside the agony she endured when hearing of her son's death. It was on the afternoon of Feb. 19, 1567, that the fatal news was conveyed to the wretched mother, aggravated by a rumour that her husband had shared their son's fate. Her grief was so intense as to touch even Cecil, and he hastened to prove to her that it was impossible that Lennox could have perished, as he was known to have been in Glasgow the night of the murder. Having duly impressed the unhappy Margaret with those suspicions of Mary's guilt which were necessary to their plan of action, Cecil then advised Elizabeth to release Margaret, but the Queen took but tardy measures for this, and Darnley had been dead more than a month before Margaret was taken from the Tower, and placed under the charge of the Ladies Sackville and Dacre. It was in this position that Lennox found her, and the unhappy couple proceeded in their grief and desolation to follow the secret wishes of Cecil and his mistress. Convinced of Mary's guilt, they became her most bitter accusers, and their appearance in deepest mourning at Elizabeth's court, and their lamentations over Darnley's fate, was a welcome sight to Mary's enemies. At length, when news was brought that Mary had taken refuge in England, Lennox and his wife presented themselves before Elizabeth, demanding vengeance on their daughter-in-law.

'The Lady's face,' says a contemporary, 'was all swelled and stained with tears. She and her lord wore the deepest mourning. They knelt before the Queen, and Lady Margaret cried so passionately for vengeance that Queen Elizabeth affected to console her with soothing words, and finished by reproving her,

saying, that such accusations must not rest against the good name of the Princess without further proof.'

When the commission deputed to investigate Darnley's murder, opened its proceedings at Westminster, Lennox made a speech demanding vengeance for the death of his son. Having fulfilled their part in the terrible accusations brought against Mary, the Lennoxes were allowed to return to their home in the North. After the violent death of the Regent Moray, the position so long coveted by Lennox, became his. Supported by Queen Elizabeth, he became Regent of Scotland, and obtained the guardianship of the King his grandson. The chief events of his Regency are facts of general history, and our limits do not allow us to dwell on them, we therefore purpose restricting ourselves to some notice of the siege of Dumbarton, and of Lennox's death at Stirling, as on these points Mr. Fraser gives some fresh and interesting particulars.

Dumbarton Castle, held for Queen Mary by her devoted adherent Lord Fleming, was much coveted by the Regent and his party, and it was Lennox's fortune to secure it through the daring of Captain John Crawford, one of his followers. The purpose of the besiegers was assisted by an event that occurred within the fortress. The wife of one of the garrison had been punished for some small theft by order of the Governor; her husband, desiring to avenge her, offered to betray the castle to Lennox, and proposed a scheme to him, which, though dangerous, seemed to be feasible. Lennox confided the execution of the project to Crawford, trusting more in him than in Robertson. On the evening of May 1st (on which day expired the truce between the Queen's party and the Government), Mr. Drummond of Drumquhassel was despatched with some horsemen to prevent any one communicating with the Castle. Late at night Crawford followed with the remainder of his men on foot, and after halting for a short time at Dumbuck Hill to address some encouraging words to the troops,

'They proceeded in single file to the base of the rock, retaining their places by means of a cord that was held by each of the party, the foremost carrying the scaling ladders. Before reaching the Castle they had many ditches and a deep water, bridged only by a single tree, to cross. It was

resolved to attempt to effect an entrance into the Castle at the highest part of the crag called the "Beik," where no sentry was placed, there being no suspicion of danger at that point. A fog which surrounded the upper part of the rock was favourable to the enterprise by screening the assailants from observation. After they had joined the ladders so as to make one of sixty steps, they were yet left twenty steps from a tree above them, to which the guide and Crawford with great difficulty had made their way without ladders, taking with them cords which they fastened to the tree, letting them hang down to the ladder that the men taking hold of the ropes might draw themselves up to the tree. But on the first attempt there was besides a risk of failure from the difficulty of managing the long ladder required by the height of the ascent, and of fixing it with sufficient firmness in the slippery rock. The weight of those who ascended loosened the hold of the ladder, and several of the party fell to the ground. No harm was however sustained, and fixing the ladder more securely they got to the projecting ledge, where grew an ash tree, by means of the ropes that were fastened to it.'

But here their difficulties were far from ended. They found themselves still a hundred fathoms from the bottom of the wall. The ladder was fixed for a new ascent; but at this stage of the proceedings an accident occurred which might have had serious results. Day was now dawning, and the danger was great of their being discovered by the sentries. The feeling of his peril so affected one of Crawford's men that in climbing the ladder he was seized with a kind of fit, and held on so firmly to the ladder that his comrades could neither pass him nor withdraw his hold from it. But Crawford was equal to the occasion, and binding the poor man securely to the ladder he had it turned round, and the besiegers proceeded on their way. The three men who first scaled the wall were discovered by the sentinels and the alarm was given. The assailants managed to defend themselves until reinforced by their comrades, who all ascended by the one ladder, and meeting with but feeble resistance the place was soon secured. Fleming made his escape by a postern gate which gave access to the Clyde. Lady Fleming was among Crawford's prisoners, but was treated with much courtesy, and was permitted to depart in safety. Another of the prisoners was John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who on being removed to Stirling was there cruelly condemned to death, and executed. Crawford was rewarded for his valor by a grant of lands and a

pension of £200 a year. At ten o'clock of the day on which the siege took place Lennox dined at Dumbarton.

While her lord was advancing in Elizabeth's good graces by the manner in which he conducted himself in Scotland, the Countess, 'his good Meg' as he was wont to call her, was residing at Elizabeth's court. Having access to the Queen and her Ministers, Margaret exerted herself in her husband's interest, and acted as an intermediary between him and the English Government. Lennox and his faithful wife were not destined to meet again, and the mutual affection between them, which, on Lennox's side, is the one redeeming point in his character, was soon to be severed by death. After governing Scotland for little more than one short year, he met his violent end at Stirling, a few days after holding the parliament at which the infant king made the well-known speech that so greatly startled his leal subjects. These words, 'This Parliament has got ane hole in it,' coming from the mouth of an infant, were considered prophetic of evil, and Lennox's death seemed to his contemporaries a fulfilment of the child's words.

The assembly at Stirling was considered by the Queen's party to be a favourable moment for an attack on the Regent, and accordingly a large body of men, with Lord Huntly and other noblemen at their head, left Edinburgh for Stirling on the evening of September 3rd, and reached the latter place at four next morning. The whole town was asleep, and the Parliament, in false security, had posted no sentinels. Making their way to the Market Place, Huntly and his men surrounded the residence of the Regent and the chief nobles, and secured Lennox and ten of his friends. So far, success had crowned Huntly's efforts, but now, Lord Mar sallying from the Castle with a body of men, and being supported by the citizens, defeated the Queen's men and rescued the prisoners, all save one, and he, the most important. Lennox was shot in the fray by Captain George Calder, at the instigation, it is said, of Huntly and Lord Claude Hamilton. Lennox had been made prisoner by Spens of Wormiston, who, having been charged by Kirkcaldy of Grange to save the Regent's life at any cost, acted so faithfully to these orders that, perceiving Lennox's

danger, he threw himself before him, and the bullet passed through his body before reaching its victim. Spens was mercilessly killed by the Regent's followers when they came up, in spite of Lennox's earnest entreaties that he should be spared. Although mortally wounded, Lennox continued to ride until he reached the Castle. His chief thought was for his grandson the king. His answer to the encouraging words of his friends was, 'If the babe be well, all is well.'

Knowing that he had but a few hours to live, the Regent addressed those around him in the following terms:—

'I have now, my lords,' he said, 'to leave you at God's good pleasure, and to go into a world where is rest and peace. Ye know that it was not my ambition but your choice that brought me to the charge I have this while sustained, which I undertook the more willingly that I was persuaded of your assistance in the defence of the infant king, whose protection by nature and duty I could not refuse. And now, being able to do no more, I must commend him to Almighty God, and to your care, entreating you to continue in the defence of his cause (wherein I do assure you in God's name of your victory), and make choice of some worthy person, fearing God, and affectionate to the king, to succeed unto my place. And I must likewise commend unto your favour my servants, who never have received benefit at my hands, and desire you to remember my love to my wife Meg, whom I beseech God to comfort.'

He then said farewell to his friends, begging their prayers, and after spending some hours in prayer, he expired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Lennox was buried in the Chapel Royal at Stirling Castle, where a tombstone was afterwards erected to his memory by his sorrowing wife.

The news of Lennox's death reached Margaret in London, and it seems probable that Elizabeth herself broke the awful tidings to her. No record of Margaret's feelings on the occasion have come down to us, but we who have followed her through the twenty-six years of her married life, and have tested her affection for her husband, can guess what she must have suffered. In memory of her love for Lennox, Margaret caused a jewel to be made, which she constantly wore and which still exists. It is a gold heart two-and-a-half inches in diameter, richly enamelled and jewelled, and emblazoned with Scotch mottoes and emblematic figures, significant of the Countess' sentiments or bearing on the history of the family.

It might have been supposed that Margaret in her lonely widowhood would have been permitted to spend her few remaining years in peace, but, when her husband had been dead three years she again incurred Elizabeth's displeasure. This time, Margaret's disgrace was caused by the share taken by her in her son Charles' marriage with Lady Elizabeth Cavendish. The Queen evinced the highest displeasure at the match, and summoned the bride and bridegroom to her presence, desiring Margaret to accompany them. Accordingly the disconsolate family party travelled to town from the North through the fogs and mud of December, well knowing the kind of welcome that awaited them. When the Lennoxes reached London, they were desired to keep entirely to their own residence, and above all to speak to none save those permitted to listen to them by the Privy Council. But even this seclusion was not deemed sufficient punishment for Margaret. After a few days she was removed to the Tower to undergo her third and last imprisonment in that royal dungeon. Here she spent many weary weeks, and was only released to find a fresh sorrow awaiting her. Her son Charles began to show symptoms of decline, and after a few short months he likewise was taken from her, and the only consolation left to the sorrowing lady was her infant granddaughter, the little *Arabella*. Margaret's own days were numbered, she never rallied from the death of her son, and fell into a 'languishing decay,' from which death was soon to release her. Before closing our narrative it is pleasing to record that Margaret, ere this, had become reconciled to her wronged and desolate daughter-in-law, Queen Mary. What it was that wrought this change in Margaret's sentiments we know not, but the fact is certain, and we have interesting proof in an affectionate correspondence between the two ladies. We venture to quote a specimen in a letter of Margaret's to the Queen, written from her residence at Hackney, November 10th, 1575.

'Margaret Countess of Lennox to Mary Stewart.

'It may please your Majesty, I have received your token and mind, both by your letter and other ways much to my comfort, specially perceiving what zealous natural care your Majesty hath of our sweet and peerless

jewel in Scotland.* I have been no less fearful and careful as your Majesty of him, that the wicked Governor† should not have power to do ill to his person, whom God preserve from his enemies. Nothing I neglected, but presently upon the receipt of your Majestie's, the Court being far off, I sent one trusty who hath done so much as if I myself had been there, both to understand the past, and for prevention of evil to come. He hath dealt with such as both may and will have regard to our jewel's preservation, and will use a bridle to the wicked when need require.

'I beseech your Majesty fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well. The treachery of your traitors is known better than before. I shall always play my part to your Majesty's content, willing God, so as may tend to both our comforts. And now must I yield to your Majesty my most humble thanks for your good remembrances and bounty to our little daughter‡ here who some day may serve Your Highness, Almighty God grant, and to your Majesty long and happy life. Hackney this VIth of November, Your Majesty's most humble and loving Mother and Aunt.

'M.L.'

Indorsed by 'Thomas Phelipps: 'My Lady's Grace the Countess of Lennox to the Queen of Scots.'

Shortly before this letter was written, Margaret had solaced her imprisonment by working a touching present for the Queen, namely, a small square of point lace made of her own hair, now grey, mixed with fine flax threads. That Darnley's own mother, at first Mary's bitter accuser, should have become convinced of her innocence is surely a fact well worthy of attention. More fortunate than her unhappy daughter-in-law, Margaret was permitted to close her days peacefully in her own house at Hackney. In the end death came rather suddenly. On March 15th, 1577-8, the Countess was taken violently ill with a complaint to which she was subject, and when after much suffering she experienced relief, it was evident that death was near. She then bade a calm farewell to those around her, expressing her joy at leaving this world; and, after preparing for death and receiving all the rites of the Catholic Church, she peacefully expired, at the age of sixty-two. Margaret died, as she had lived, in poverty, and Queen Elizabeth bore the expenses of her funeral. She was interred at Westminster Abbey, by the side of her son Charles. When James VI., in tardy recognition of his filial duty, raised a

* James VI. † Morton. ‡ Arabella Stuart.

tomb to his mother's memory, he likewise erected the altar-tomb to his grandmother, and we now know that the remains of the unfortunate Darnley rest beside those of his mother.

Our task is now done, and in concluding the story of Margaret Lennox and her family we would suggest to our readers that the history of their lives represents but a small portion of the interesting facts contained in the 'Lennox Book,' which all lovers of Scotch history would do well to study.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Relations between Religion and Science. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1884, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By the Right Rev. FREDERICK, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER. London: Macmillan & Co., 1884.

During recent years the relations between Religion and Science have been far from easy. Mr. Spencer tells us that they have always been more or less strained, that 'of all antagonisms of belief, the oldest, the widest, the most profound and the most important, is that between Religion and Science.' Of the importance of the antagonism there can be no doubt, but, even assuming that Mr. Spencer's definition of religion is the correct one, which we are far from admitting, it is extremely doubtful, whether his assertion can be accepted as demonstrable. At all events the acuteness and general consciousness of the antagonism are comparatively recent. If the Bampton Lecturer has been somewhat tardy in dealing with the subject, now that he has dealt with it, his treatment of it is bold, skilful, and prudent. While essentially conservative, Dr. Temple's utterances are liberal. He makes no attempt to minimise either the claims of Science or those of Religion. The case is put with precision and with an evident intention to be perfectly fair to both sides. The result is, as any intelligent and unprejudiced thinker might have expected, while somewhat humiliating, on the whole full of encouragement both to the adherents of Science and to the adherents of Religion. Whether the former are in need of encouragement or not, many of the latter are, and to these Dr. Temple's volume is calculated to be of the greatest service. We are disposed to think, too, that it can scarcely fail to be of great use to the student or adherent of Science. While showing the vast fields open to the faculties of the human mind, it shows with equal clearness the limits beyond which Science is unable to pass, or, at least, beyond which it has failed to pass. The key-note of the lectures is struck in the sentence—'Among religious men we ought to expect to find the most patient, the most truth-seeking, the most courageous of men of Science.' The truth of these words is apparent on every page. Dr. Temple assumes, and assumes rightly, we believe, that between Religion and Science no real antagonism does or can exist; that whatever promotes the one will ultimately promote the other; and that both are indispensable for human conduct and happiness. The first and second lectures deal with the origin and nature of Scientific and

Religious belief. The aim of the first is to show that the ultimate postulate of Science, the uniformity of nature, while highly probable and an admirable working hypothesis, is not a doctrine of which absolute necessity can be predicated. On the other hand, the Moral Law whose commands are received by the conscience and transmitted by it to the will, is shown in the second lecture to possess an absolute supremacy, a supremacy, too, which is not merely physical, but moral. The author is here brought into conflict with Hume, Kant, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. His criticism of Kant is scarcely so successful as his criticism of Hume and Spencer. With considerable skill he shows in opposition to the latter that our knowledge of our own personal identity is not simply relative but absolute. The drift of these two lectures may be gathered from the following sentences, in which Religion and Science are compared and contrasted. 'Both begin with the human will as possessing a permanent identity and exerting a force of its own. But from this point they separate. Science rests on phenomena observed by the senses; Religion on the voice that speaks directly from the other world. Science postulates uniformity and is excluded wherever uniformity can be denied, but compels conviction within the range of its own postulate. Religion demands the submission of a free conscience, and uses no compulsion but that imposed by its own inherent dignity.' Both Science and Religion, it is added, give warnings and promises, and fulfil them. In the third lecture, entitled 'The Apparent Conflict between Science and Religion on Free-Will,' the main subject under discussion is the doctrine of determinism. Dr. Temple maintains that of the Freedom of the Will. 'In spite of all our attempts to explain it away,' he observes, 'the fact that we think ourselves free and hold ourselves responsible remains, and remains unaffected.' This is true; but it does not follow that because we think ourselves free, we are free. Still, there is a profound truth in the assertion, and Dr. Temple probably indicates the solution to one of the profoundest questions on which the two schools join issue when he remarks,—'The freedom of the human will is but the assertion in particular of that universal supremacy of the moral over the physical in the last resort, which is an essential part of the very essence of the Moral Law. The freedom of the will is the Moral Law breaking into the world of phenomena, and thus behind the free-will of man stands the power of God.' The fourth and sixth lectures deal with the doctrine of Evolution in relation to Religion, and are in every respect worthy of the most careful perusal. The same may be said of the lecture interposed between them on Revelation and Spiritual Knowledge. But perhaps the lecture to which the closest scrutiny will be given is the one on Science and the Supernatural. To many the author will appear to yield too much to the claims of Science. To ourselves the lecture seems on the whole a very judicious deliverance. A great deal is almost necessarily assumed which many deny; but for our part we see no reason to doubt the testimony of the Apostles respecting the resurrection of our Lord. *Experience is never*

the measure of the possible, and the appearance of Christ Jesus affords, to say the least, a striking illustration of the doctrine that the moral often breaks through the physical and interrupts what seems to us the uniformity of nature. Every page of the Bishop of Exeter's lectures affords abundant material for reflection and criticism, and will amply repay the most careful study. The *Essays and Reviews* with which Dr. Temple's name is so closely associated, may be said to have begun a new era in English theological thought, and we shall be greatly surprised if these lectures have not a similar effect. It may be that we shall have occasion to refer to them again. Meantime we commend them to the attention of our readers, as forming one of the most notable and important theological works of the day.

The Evolution of Christianity. By CHARLES GILL. Second edition, with Dissertations. London: Williams & Norgate, 1884.

The distinguishing features of this second edition of the *Evolution of Christianity* are that it bears the author's name, and is prefaced by ninety-six pages of new matter in the form of dissertations. These dissertations are nine in number, and in them Mr. Gill reviews some of the reviewers of his first, and anonymous, edition; justifies himself, or attempts to do so, on certain points complained of, such as the spirit and tone of his book; gives further explanations on points that have been controverted or thought obscure; and brings his subject up to date. He adds a dissertation on the *raison d'être* of his work, and one on its 'relationship to the Church of England.' Mr. Gill is very angry with his reviewers, and tells them in very plain language what he thinks of them. Their best justification will be found in these 'replies.' The replies show that Mr. Gill is not always capable of understanding the charges made against him, although written in the plainest English. His book reveals a singular incapacity on his part of entering into the meaning or appreciating the purpose and tendency of the books of Scripture; but we required these dissertations to make clear to us that this incapacity was an all-round incapacity—at least in matters where religion and Mr. Charles Gill are concerned. Mr. Gill seems to think that his book, if in error, was worth an elaborate refutation. Reviewers do not seem to have thought so, and we heartily agree with them. A reviewer's life would not be 'worth living' if he were under the necessity of gravely exposing every caricature of history throughout all its details, which any superficial writer might think fit to publish. It does not follow that a man's own estimate of himself or of the value of his work is to rule the labours of reviewers, and if we see a work revealing in almost every line superficiality of study or incapacity to understand and appreciate the literary productions he pretends to have drawn his indictments from, we may well think it a waste of labour to give it anything but a 'brief notice,' and spare the time of a sorely overtaxed

reading public. The *Evolution of Christianity* is the product of a clever writer but of a superficial reader. He is a rhetorician, not a thinker. He never gets below the dictionary meaning of a sentence, and he reads an ironical phrase without having the faintest perception of the difference between it and categorical prose. Poetry is completely lost on him, and the framework of a parable is by him indistinguishable from the parable itself. He makes up for these mental deficiencies, however, as is so often the case, by much strength of personal conviction and energy of expression. His vocabulary is extensive, and his use of it facile. He is apt to be deceived, of course, by this wonderful gift. A smart epigram appears in his eyes to be a weighty argument, and a witty sobriquet a correct delineation of character. Addressing, as we presume he wishes to do, the Christian public of this and other English-speaking countries with a view of convincing them of the absurdity of their religious beliefs, that they may forsake them, he has taken the most unwise method of accomplishing his purpose he could possibly have chosen. Granting that these religious beliefs are as absurd as he makes them, surely he has read history to little purpose, and studied human nature to less, if he has not learned that the worst way a man can take to raise his fellow-mortals above their 'inherited superstitions' is to begin his task by grossly caricaturing these, and heaping cheap ridicule on them. Might we ask him to consult once more—for the work is surely not unknown to him—and for once do his best to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the first chapter of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*. He may rise from its perusal a somewhat wiser man, and become a more successful evangelist of his not very new gospel than he is likely to be by the *Evolution of Christianity*. This book contributes little to our knowledge of the genesis and formation of the Christian faith and the Christian Church. To Mr. Gill's mind, Christianity owes its origin to mistaken, or misinterpreted, prophecies and religious hallucinations—the dreams and imaginations of insane fanatics, whose insanity was the result, probably of heredity, but certainly also of cerebral inanition produced by starvation and solitary reverie. The Book of Enoch, the work of one of those insane dreamers, played the most important part in the formation of early Christian expectations, while Alexandrine philosophy, Eastern theosophy, and the general intellectual poverty with episcopal ambition and greed did the rest. There is nothing very new in all this, and not much to help us to understand the growth of the Church or the doctrines of the Church. And if we wished, from Mr. Gill's point of view, to see the specially Christian doctrines of the Deity of Jesus Christ, the Personality of the Spirit, and so on, traced to their beginnings in ecclesiastical history, we should much prefer to consult the chaste and scientific pages of such writers as Prof. Albert Réville or Mr. A. H. Stannus than the fiery philippics of Mr. Gill. We do not think that his book is calculated to throw any valuable light on the problem with which he pretends to deal,

His version of Israelitic history is a caricature, and his appendix—for in reality it is only an appendix—on the evolution of Christianity betrays too much of the controversialist and too little of the scientific historian for our taking him as either an authority or a guide.

The Life of Christ. By Dr. BERNHARD WEISS. Translated by J. W. and M. G. Hope. Three volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1883-4.

Dr. Weiss divides his work into seven books: 'The Sources,' 'The Preparation,' 'The Seed-time,' 'The First Conflicts,' 'The Crisis,' 'The Jerusalem Period,' 'The Time of Suffering.' Each of these, again, is divided into numerous chapters. The three volumes cover the whole of the ground occupied by the evangelical records, and each of the incidents recorded in the Gospels is more or less elaborately discussed. To the opinions Dr. Weiss holds respecting the 'Sources' we have directed attention already. As might be expected from them, his presentation of the life of Christ is independent, and in a measure original. He holds neither to the extreme right nor to the extreme left, nor, indeed, to any particular school of criticism. He has many hard things to say about 'the critics,' and almost as many about 'the orthodox.' Even the evangelical narrators do not escape his censure. Now and then he does not hesitate to pronounce them wrong. St. Luke is most in fault. St. Matthew states what 'is impossible' (ii. 135). To the parable of the Lost Sheep he has given 'a significance which was not originally intended' (iii. 132). Though he has understood correctly, and accurately rendered, the leading thought of our Lord's answer to the question, 'Why then say the Scribes that Elias must first come?' he has added to it 'free embellishments' (iii. 109). St. Mark, whose narrative was used by St. Matthew and St. Luke, has led the latter to a 'mistaken conclusion' (ii. 358). A saying of our Lord's about a widow's mite he has 'accepted as a real experience' and again misled St. Luke (iii. 139). He is wrong in supposing that in the twelve baskets of pieces gathered by the disciples, after the feeding of the multitude, there were pieces of fish, for only fragments of bread were gathered (ii. 381). The explanation given by St. John of the parable of the Vine, 'is, of course, not historically the correct one' (iii. 142). The same apostle gives 'elucidations not authorised' (194). The 'easily-understood parable' of the Great Supper has been 'amplified in such an allegorising way' that the original form of it can be found neither in the first nor third Gospel. St. Matthew is said to have added to it an incident 'which, in the circumstances of the parable, was perfectly impossible' (iii. 247); and so on. The aim of Dr. Weiss has evidently been to write a Life of Jesus not according to the narratives of the evangelists, but according to what he conceives to have been the materials they employed, stripped of 'free embellishments,' 'involuntary additions,' and legendary matter. A Life

according to the original materials is certainly to be desired, but the attempt to write it is perilous. Its satisfactory completion is probably impossible. The days of the harmonists, Dr. Weiss tells us, are passed; yet practically he attempts their work on almost every page of his volumes. By a judicious process, partly of elimination and partly of synthesis, he manages to weave together the various narratives of the four Gospels, and to find a place for almost every incident they record. The method he has adopted is as unsatisfactory as its result. The reader is always haunted by the questions—How much is fact, how much is ‘adornment’? The method is not new, and is capable of very dangerous application. The picture which Dr. Weiss gives of the Saviour is not one which will meet with the approbation of all. In some features it cannot probably be substantiated from the Gospels. These, it is maintained, ‘are acquainted only with a human existence of Jesus,’ though Dr. Weiss speaks of him as the Son of God, and refers to his ‘celestial origin and divine truth.’ ‘His knowledge of God,’ he remarks, ‘could not have originated on earth, and must have done so in heaven.’ ‘His relation of Sonship,’ it is also said, ‘did not take its rise in time, but only in eternity.’ He had ‘no need of special revelations.’ At the same time his knowledge is said to have been limited, and his foreknowledge doubly so. With the power of working miracles he was not endowed. His mighty acts, the evangelists, it is said, ‘could not refer to a loftier divine nature.’ They were not done by Him, but ‘through the aid of God’s spirit, under whose influence he was.’ But if objection may be taken to the way in which Dr. Weiss has treated his authorities, to his method, to his portrait of Jesus, and to the way in which he accounts for and explains the miraculous element in the Gospels, none can be taken to his expositions of the parables and words of our God. These are admirable. If, again, Dr. Weiss has failed to write a Life of Christ which will meet with universal acceptance, he has only failed where success is impossible. His work is marked by great learning, candour, ingenuity and skilful criticism. From beginning to end it is pervaded by a calm and reverent spirit. Its suggestiveness is great, and even where the reader differs from him he cannot fail to learn. It is to be regretted that Dr. Weiss’s book has not fallen into the hands of a more competent translator. The whole of the translation needs to be thoroughly revised.

An Agnostic’s Progress from the Known to the Unknown.
London: Williams and Norgate, 1884.

The title of this book is likely to prove somewhat misleading to many. It is likely, we fear, to suggest to the reader that he is here to find the record of the struggles of a soul in its quest after truth, and trace the stages of its ‘progress’ towards agnosticism. This is not the meaning, however, of the title, and the purpose of the book is not to set forth these struggles. The Agnostic is an agnostic to begin with, and the journey

here sketched is intended to exhibit what kind of a life an Agnostic can, may, and should lead—how noble it may be, and how full of good deeds. The 'Known' is this life, the 'Unknown' what, if anything, is beyond.

The work is based upon—may, in fact, be described as a revised and modernised edition of—Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The author is in sympathy with the Agnostic whose career he seeks here to sketch. He casts his work, like Bunyan, into the form of a dream. He dreams, or falls into a spiritual trance, and sees before him a vast region, surrounded on all sides by a huge wall. This wall is very high—so high that none of those within its enclosure has ever been able to scale it, and there are no doors or apertures of any kind in it, nor can be made in it, through which a glimpse may be had of what, if anything, is on the other side. The inhabitants of this region, when they come to die, lay themselves down by this wall, and their souls pass, or are supposed to pass, through it, while their bodies are left to be buried by wondering and sorrowing friends. In the midst of this vast region is a great city—the 'City of Superstition.' Our dreamer describes it, notes its numerous temples, and sketches for us its general life. In front of one of the temples, after the crowd has entered it, he sees a man standing irresolute, doubting whether he will enter it. He is presently joined by a stranger, who puts into his hand a scroll, on which he finds the words, written in letters of light, 'Flee from the Fear that Kills.' 'Quaester' is the *Christian* of this Allegory and 'Experience' the *Evangelist*. After some conversation, 'Quaester' takes the advice of 'Experience,' and sets out for the 'Wicket Gate of Doubt,' flounders through the 'Slough of Irresolution,' meets 'Compromise,' who tries to persuade him to give up his pilgrimage, but, after yielding for a little to his tempting counsels, he pursues his journey and reaches the Gate. It is opened to him by 'Suspense,' and passing through the Wicket he takes the straight path to the 'Interpreter's House.' Here he lingers some time, carefully observing the work that is going on there, and in the fields and quarries adjoining it. He is naturally much interested in its Museum, its Laboratory, and its Library, and watches with great attention the labours of the students in the Manuscript Room, especially the labours of those engaged in the study of the 'Sacred Books' of the Temples in the city whence he has come. We cannot follow here the wanderings of 'Quaester' to their close, or note his numerous adventures and experiences. We have said enough, we think, to indicate the nature and general drift of the work. It gives us a survey of life from the Agnostic stand-point, and is clearly intended to do for Agnosticism what Bunyan's immortal Allegory was intended to do for Christianity.

Considering the author's position, we do not feel inclined to protest over loudly against the name which he gives to the City from which his pilgrim sets out, nor against the description he gives of its priests and its general life. Our only fear is that these may beget a certain amount of unnecessary prejudice against his work, which may prevent some from

reading it, who would perhaps be much benefited by doing so. As a whole, the book is charmingly written. All the characters in it are admirably drawn, and it will be passing strange if our readers cannot find every one of them within the circle of their acquaintanceship. 'Gracious,' who admires, and in her heart loves 'Quaester,' and sets out in her pilgrimage after him, overtakes him, journeys with him through the 'Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death,' but turns aside latterly, and yields herself to the seductive influences of the Papal Faith; and 'Ritual' is one of the most attractive women one could desire to meet, and her labours of love among the poor and outcast in 'Vanity Fair,' where she is constantly meeting 'Quaester,' who is engaged in similar work, are described in pages of wondrous eloquence and pathos. The tone of the book is ever serious, pure and elevating. It lays bare, with no sparing hand, many of the sores of our social and religious life, but only to mourn over them, and to touch the common heart, and bring out the sympathy that shall lead to united effort to destroy the causes that produce them. The reader who takes up this book will find it difficult to lay it down until he has read it through, and we think he will rise from its perusal bettered by it both in thought and life.

The Divine Order, and Other Sermons and Addresses. By the late THOMAS JONES, of Swansea. Edited by Brynmor Jones, LL.B., with Introduction by Robert Browning. London: Wm. Isbister, 1884.

At the moment we write, these sermons and addresses, though they have been before the public but a few weeks, have reached their third thousand. We shall be surprised and disappointed if before long they do not obtain a still larger and more rapid sale. They are just the kind of discourses which a cultured religious public prefers, full of genial and enlightened humanity and inspired throughout by a deep, fervid, impassioned faith in the Gospel. Mr. Jones was a born preacher. His oratorical gifts were such as few are endowed with. He was also a wide reader and a genuine student, keenly sensitive to the great thoughts of others, and not without a considerable amount of originality of his own. He has been heard to say in the pulpit, 'If you put good thoughts and beautiful truths into your books, I will use them,' and the use he made of them was often exceedingly striking. In the brief introduction he has written for this volume, Mr. Browning has well remarked, 'It was not eloquence alone which attracted you to Bedford Chapel' (one of the places where Mr. Jones preached in London); 'the liberal humanity of the religionist to be heard there acknowledged an advocate wherever his quick sense could detect one, however unconscious that his sayings might be pressed into the service; and Tennyson, with Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, and Carlyle, would find themselves claimed as the most energetic of

helpers when they least expected it.' Next to its enthusiasm and the loftiness of the morality by which it was pervaded, perhaps the most remarkable feature in Mr. Jones' preaching was its splendid imagery. A native of the Principality, Mr. Jones' imagination was of the purely Celtic type, quick, vigorous, and full of the richest colouring. His facility of illustration was remarkable; picture after picture would fall from his lips, all evidently conceived on the spur of the moment, and all painted in the brightest, clearest, and most felicitous colours. Of what he could do, the pages before us bear witness. Each is studded with beautiful thoughts and glowing imagery. We trust that this is not the only volume of sermons we are to have from the many noble ones he must have left behind him.

God and the Bible: a Sequel to 'Literature and Dogma.' By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Popular Edition. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1884.

For a variety of reasons those who have read *Literature and Dogma* either in the original or the popular edition—and who has not read it in one or the other!—will be glad to see a popular edition of its sequel. We need only remark that in this volume Mr. Arnold attempts to answer the objections brought against *Literature and Dogma*. At the same time, we should add, he defines his own attitude to Christianity, and the purpose for which he writes. The popular edition of *Literature and Dogma* has, we understand, had a large sale, and we expect that the companion edition of *God and the Bible* will have quite as large a one, if not a larger. It is emphatically a book for the times, though the reader may not be able to accept all he reads in it.

Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Native Religions of Mexico and Peru. Delivered at Oxford and London in April and May, 1884. By ALBERT RÉVILLE, D.D. Translated by P. H. Wicksteed, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate. 1884.

Thanks to Professor Max Müller, Mr. E. B. Tylor, the late Dr. Muir, and other authors and translators, the science of Religion is gradually, if not rapidly, obtaining that recognition amongst us which its importance entitles it to. Unlike some of our friends on the continent, we have neither a journal devoted to it, nor is it taught in any of our Universities. As long as we have the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, so ably conducted by Dr. Réville, we can probably dispense with a journal. It is to be hoped, however, that before long each of our Universities will have a chair specially devoted to the science. The sooner this is the case, we should say, the better both for the sake of the Universities themselves as seats of learning, and for the development and spread of the Christian Faith. Mean-

while, as a means for popularising the study of Religions we know and can conceive of nothing better than Dr. Réville's *Hibbert Lectures*. The religions of the peoples so ruthlessly butchered by Cortes and Pizarro are interesting enough in themselves, but in the pages of Dr. Réville their study is made sufficiently pleasant and attractive to win the attention of those to whom the science of Religions has hitherto failed to commend itself. The picture presented to us is full of the most brilliant colouring, and the darker lines are laid in with a firm and vigorous hand. Dr. Réville selects and marshals his facts with the skill of a consummate artist, and puts them with a simplicity, force, and clearness rarely equalled. Indeed, the hand of the literary artist is perhaps more evident throughout the lectures than that of the student of science. If any faults can be found with the lecturer's treatment of his subjects, they are those only which the limitations under which he worked inevitably involved. Dr. Réville, it is almost needless to say, accepts the theory of evolution as applied to the growth and origin of religion. We do not know that this theory has ever been proved, and it might be well for some future Hibbert Lecturer to turn his attention to it. On one important particular Dr. Réville differs from Mr. Herbert Spencer; he places the origin of the altar before that of the tomb. The history of the temple in Mexico and Peru, he observes, has for 'its point of departure the altar, and not the tomb,—the altar on which, as on a sacred table, the flesh destined for their food was placed before the gods.' Some of the problems connected with the two religions under review are touched upon much more lightly than we could desire. For instance, the theory of an early intercourse between America and Asia, which is set aside as untenable, is worthy of a fuller discussion; so also is the question whether the religions of Mexico and Peru sprang up independently of each other or had a common origin. Of Netzalhuatcoyotl, the 'Mexican Solomon,' and his apparently new religion, Dr. Réville tells us just enough to make us desire to know more. There is abundant evidence that in Peru there were other religions besides the established worship of the sun. One is curious to know their history and the relations in which they stood to each other; how the worshippers of caves, pebbles, ancestral spirits, &c., were regarded by the worshippers of the sun; and whether their various forms of worship are to be regarded as varieties of one and the same religion. According to Professor Tiele the Mexicans had a word (*teotl*) for spirit, or the spirit *par excellence*. Does this point back to a religion older than that of the Aztecs and with something of the character of monotheism about it, or does it indicate the highest point of development reached by the native religion of Mexico in the days of the unfortunate Montezuma? There are other points besides these, which Dr. Réville either passes over, or touches only in the slightest way; but so far as his treatment of the religions of Mexico and Peru extends, it is admirable. Anything like full or complete discussion within the limits assigned to him was impossible. The reader who takes up his lectures, even though

he be tolerably well acquainted with Prescott's elaborate and on the whole remarkable chapters, will find much to startle as well as to interest him. Besides hearing of priests and sacrifices, he will find that the old native religions of Mexico and Peru were acquainted with nuns, monks, and hermits ; fasting, and asceticism ; a kind of communion, baptism and sacerdotal confession ; and even with a sort of messianic hope or expectation. Among their images or symbols were stone pillars and a female divinity, often represented with a child in her arms, like a Madonna. Dr. Réville has also much that is extremely interesting to say about the successive stages of Mexican civilization. Indeed, for those unacquainted with the subjects his book is full of surprises and suggestions. His explanations of the various myths he has occasion to refer to, and the account he gives of the different divinities of the Mexican and Peruvian pantheons are excellent. Altogether the volume is an exceedingly fascinating contribution to the science which its author has done so much to promote.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By Various Writers. Vol. V. The Religious Tract Society, London.

On the whole this is an excellent addition to the series of which it forms the fifth volume. Some of the tracts it contains are good specimens of what such publications ought to be, being concise, clear, and to the point. The first paper, by Dr. Murray Mitchell, gives an admirably clear and condensed account of Zoroaster and the religion of the Parsees. The author is not afraid to say a good word on behalf of the morality inculcated by the old religion of the Persians. At the same time he is not blind to its defects ; and by using Christianity as a contrast brings them out into clear relief. Dr. Godet's paper on the authorship of the fourth gospel says as much as can be said in the space allotted to him in support of the generally received opinion. The paper is essentially popular and will be read with interest. In 'The present state of the Christian argument from prophecy,' Dr. Cairns goes over ground which is well beaten, but adds nothing to what has already been said on the subject. His paper, however, is well written. In the next paper Dr. Eustace Conder attempts to grapple with the origin of the Hebrew religion. It is not a subject which he can be said to have studied profoundly ; and we doubt very much whether his paper will do the slightest good. A writer, who ventures the assertion that the 'Pentateuch' has been so called 'from time immemorial,' and 'perhaps by the author himself,' has certainly much to learn in the way of biblical criticism. Of Mr. Iverach's contribution we have spoken already. The concluding paper, on Human Responsibility, is by the Rev. C. A. Row, and will repay perusal.

Social Life in Scotland from Early to Recent Times. By the
Rev. C. ROGERS, D.D., LL.D., etc., etc. 2 Vols.
Edinburgh: W. Paterson, 1884.

During comparatively recent years the art of writing history has undergone a considerable change. Instead of devoting their pages exclusively to the doings of kings and princes, the march of armies, and the pomp and circumstance of state, historians have begun to pay attention to the life of the people, and to record the changes which have arisen in their manners and customs, their condition and habits and modes of thinking with as much care as they describe the fortunes of a monarch or the fate of an army. That the change is a progressive one there can be no doubt. The fortunes of kings and princes are interesting, but the changes which occur in the habits and customs of societies are more so. And, besides, the history of a people is not written when we have merely recorded the doings of its rulers or leaders or even of its captains, but when we have given, as well, a minute and faithful account of its domestic and social and intellectual life. A nation lives in the cottage as well as in the castle. Its life is evolved in the workshop and in the markets; in its religion and its literature not less than in the diplomacy of its rulers or the battles of its armies. In the work before us Dr. Rogers confines himself to the social life of Scotland. His treatment of his subject is somewhat deficient in breadth, and his work will scarcely bear comparison with Mr. Buckle's; still, for writers like the historian of civilization, he has gathered together a large store of materials, and to most readers his volumes will probably prove more attractive than a work of greater philosophical pretensions. From beginning to end they are packed with facts and illustrations drawn from the most varied, and often obscure sources. Chartularies, registers, State papers and biographies, books of anecdotes and books of travel and many other kinds of books have been made to contribute to his pages; and the result is a most instructive and entertaining book. The first chapter, which deals with the social life of pre-historic times, is scarcely so satisfactory as those which follow. Dr. Rogers has here indulged in a considerable amount of speculation and, to our way of thinking, has fallen into a number of archaeological and other heresies. One often wishes that he had given his authorities or arguments. Several theories he advances seem to us to be very difficult to prove. Some of the Hebrew people may 'have accompanied into this country the Phœnician traders,' but it is highly improbable that any did. Equally improbable is it that the idolatrous rites of Baal were carried by Phœnician traders to Britain. There are as good, if not better, reasons for supposing that 'Beltane' is from a Celtic source as there are for supposing that its origin is Phœnician. The inhabitants of the country were in all probability acquainted with the art of constructing lake-dwellings long before they were acquainted with the merchants or ships of Tyre. That 'Phœnician

Colonists' were the first to introduce them is extremely doubtful. The same may be said of the assertion, 'For the Gaelic tongue, which Scandinavian settlers had used heretofore, Queen Margaret substituted the Saxon speech.' And, once more, there is pretty conclusive evidence to show that it is not exactly correct to say that 'At length, in the tenth century, the entire country was named Scotland.' In 1091 Malcolm advanced to meet William Rufus; and the old historians say of him 'he proceeded with his army out of Scotland into Lothian in England, and there waited for him.' When Dr. Rogers touches historic times, his chapters become much more satisfactory. Here he is thoroughly at home, and the reader is both informed and entertained. To give anything like an adequate idea of the immense amount of information his volumes contain is here impossible. Chapters are devoted to the practices observed at births, deaths, and marriages; others deal with the land and its cultivation, rural life and manners, arts and manufactures, parliamentary and juridical practices, church discipline, public sports, games and pastimes, social clubs and domestic and social usages. There is not a dull page in either of these two bulky volumes; and with the volume still to come they will form an exceedingly valuable contribution to the history of Scotland.

Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. GARDEN, with Preface by Professor Veitch. London and Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1885.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has had the misfortune to be one of those men who undeservedly suffer at the hands of their friends. Professor Wilson was unquestionably his friend and meant well by him, but unfortunately he has been the means of spreading a conception of his character which in its more striking features is entirely false. Soon after Hogg's death, the materials were placed in his hands for giving to the world a truer conception of what the Shepherd was, but for some reason or other he neither used nor preserved them. Mrs. Garden, the Shepherd's daughter, has now essayed to do what the Professor ought to have done, and has succeeded almost beyond expectation. With such scanty materials as have escaped destruction, she has put together a strikingly beautiful account of her father's life. Not the least important result of her labour of affection is the complete vindication of his character and memory. Readers of the *Noctes* will find that between the Shepherd of Wilson's creation and the real Ettrick Shepherd there is little or no identity. Hogg, as Professor Veitch remarks, 'was neither a Socrates nor a Falstaff—neither to be credited with the wisdom and lofty idealisings of the one, nor with the characteristic humour and coarseness of the other. Nor are the habitual bombast and boasting with which the Shepherd of the *Noctes* is endowed to be regarded as a serious characteristic of the man.' Mrs. Garden has shown that he was a serious, earnest, God-fearing man, with no turn for business, somewhat vain and boastful, yet simple and natural

as a child; cheerful, patient, and of indomitable perseverance, fond of sport, hospitable to a fault, trusty and trustful, a faithful friend, an affectionate parent, and a loving husband—altogether, a genuine, noble, lovable soul, endowed with rare abilities and using them to good and wholesome purposes. That he accomplished the things he did in literature is a marvel, considering the immense disadvantages he had to struggle with. Of education, he received little; in fact, his attendance at school lasted about six months. But for the story of his struggles and splendid achievements, we must refer the reader to Mrs. Garden's Memorials. These will be found, too, to possess a wider interest than belongs merely to an individual life. They contain contributions to one of the most important chapters in the literary history of the country. That this is the case will be readily understood when we say that among those who figure in its pages are Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Cunningham, Wordsworth, and Southey. Among the letters, which will be read with the greatest interest, are one by Mr. Ruskin, written when a boy, and one written by his father giving an account of his character and habits of study. We regret that, through no fault of hers, Mrs. Garden has not been able to give a fuller account of the life of her father; but, such as they are, her Memorials of him are admirable. Her volume will be read with profound interest by a very wide circle, and deserves to be regarded as one of the most important and charming pieces of biography which has for some time been issued.

Les Transformations Politiques de l'Italie sous les Empereurs Romains. Par CAMILLE JULLIAN. Paris: Ernest Thorin, 1883.

In taking the imperial period as the subject of the patient and scholarly researches to which we owe the important monograph now before us, M. Jullian has not thought himself bound to accept the date usually given as marking its commencement. Officially the empire begins in the year 27 B.C., when Octavius received the title under which he was to reign. In point of fact, however, the popular form of government had been abolished sixteen years previously to this date. It was destroyed by Anthony, Octavius and Lepidus at their memorable interview at Bologna, in November 43; and the law promulgated by P. Titius, which conferred upon them the most unlimited powers for the modification of the existing constitution, together with the title of triumvirs, '*triumviri reipublicæ constituendæ*,' practically established the empire. On the other hand, although the end of the imperial era is naturally marked by the foundation of the first barbarian kingdom within the barrier of the Alps, in 476 A.D., it was evidently useless to prolong the history of the administration of Italy beyond the time when it became identified with that of the other provinces, and when, by the birth of a 'new Rome,' on the shores of the Bosphorus, it lost its last privilege of containing the capital of the empire. The period which M.

Jullian's book is intended to illustrate consequently begins with the triumvirate in 43, and closes with the dedication of Constantinople in 330. The transformations with which it deals are those through which Italy gradually lost the special privileges which had been conferred upon it in 89, and was made subject to the ordinary administration of the provinces. In 43 all the inhabitants of Italy were Roman citizens, and were exempt from taxation; under Constantine they had lost their citizenship and their financial immunity. In 43 there were but two classes of magistrates throughout the whole of Italy, the 'inferior magistrates' of the towns, and the Magistrates of Rome, or, as they proudly styled themselves, the 'superior magistrates of the Roman people;' long before the expiry of the three centuries filled by the imperial rule, there had arisen the intermediate power of the governor, whose authority modified the municipal administration as well as the central organisation of Italy, and, consequently of the whole world. How did these radical changes take place? The answer, in all its details, and with all the weight of contemporary documents, is what M. Jullian's treatise gives us. It opens with a masterly sketch of the situation of Italy in the year 43, of the measures adopted by the triumvirs to establish their authority, of the revolt consequent on the proscriptions and confiscations, and of the final submission of the country to the imperial yoke. From this starting point the author proceeds to follow out with minute accuracy the development of the imperial programme in the various branches of the administration, and to point out each phase of the process of decentralisation. In summing up the results of his investigation and in estimating the influence of the imperial rule on the welfare of Italy, M. Jullian does not adopt the view that the transformation of the Roman empire into a pure monarchy entailed the loss of municipal and political liberty, for, as he objects, tyranny at the centre does not necessarily suppose tyranny in the extremities, and autocracy is not synonymous with centralisation. In conclusion, we have to say of M. Jullian's book, that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of a most important period. Scholars of eminence have, before him, turned their attention to some of the questions with which he deals. We need only mention the names of Borghesi, of Mommsen, of Blume, of Rudorff, and of Lachmann. But never, so far as we are aware, has the administration of Italy received such complete treatment as it does at his hands. Not only has he availed himself of all the information which the researches of modern scholars have placed at his disposal, but he has also collected a vast amount of additional matter from the most varied contemporary sources. We congratulate him on the production of a work which reflects the highest credit on his erudition and his judgment.

John Wycliffe and his English Precursors. By Professor LECHLER, D.D. Translated, with additional notes, by the late Professor Lorimer, D.D. New edition, revised. London: Religious Tract Society.

Since its first appearance, Lechler's *Wycliffe* has been unanimously regarded as in every respect the best account of the life and times of England's great reformer. The present issue is a reprint of Dr. Lorimer's version of it, with additional notes and corrections, and an extra chapter on the events subsequent to Wycliffe's death. The extraordinarily low price at which it is published places it within the reach of most readers. For about one third of the cost of Professor Lorimer's original two volumes the reader can now procure in one handsome volume all and more than all they contained. Of the many benefits the Religious Tract Society has conferred upon the reading public, we are disposed to regard this as in many respects the best. It ought and deserves to be widely circulated and read.

Martin Luther: Student, Monk, Reformer. By JOHN RAE, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1884.

'Lives' of Luther have been pretty numerous of late, yet we cannot find fault with Dr. Rae for furnishing us with another. He writes with such good taste and evident literary ability, he is so thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and his narrative runs on so interestingly, that, much against our inclination, we have been compelled to read his book. The picture he gives of Luther's life is clear, vivid, and we had almost said brilliant; but even if it is not that, and we are disposed to think it is, it is extremely interesting and well done. Dr. Rae has made large use of the writings of others, and very wisely has had frequent recourse to the writings of Luther. The story of Luther's life can never grow old or uninteresting, and those who wish to see it well and pleasantly told after the orthodox fashion will prefer Dr. Rae's account before some which profess to be more learned.

Biographical Essays. By F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M., Member of the French Institute. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1884.

Of the eight essays contained in this volume several have been printed before. All of them, however, are of considerable value, and in their present form cannot fail to be extremely acceptable to a large and increasing class of readers. Though entitled 'biographical,' most of the essays are connected with that line of study which the author has done so much to popularise, and possess a much more than purely biographical interest. The first three, besides narrating the lives of Rājā Rāmmohun, Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, and Dayānanda Sarasvatī, contain a fairly minute and exceedingly graphic account of the two principal native religious movements afoot in India. In the first two we have the history of the Brahmo Samāj, or, as Professor Müller prefers to write it, Brāhma-Samāj, from its foundation by Rāmmohun Roy down to

the death of Keshub Chunder Sen. (With Rāmmohun Roy Professor Müller had no personal acquaintance, and has drawn largely on Miss Collet for the materials for his essay or lecture. With Keshub Chunder Sen, on the other hand, he was intimately acquainted, and one of the most valuable parts of his volume is the series of letters here printed which passed between himself and the Indian Reformer. These letters, besides bearing witness to the large-heartedness and generous sympathy of the Oxford Professor, prove that Keshub Chunder Sen was a man of great parts, genuine religious fervour, and full of lofty aspirations for his countrymen. He was possessed with the ambition, it would seem, to make the influence of the movement he led, felt not only throughout India, but beyond its borders and throughout the entire world. To most English readers the name of Dayānanda Sarasvatī, the founder of the orthodox Arya-Samāj, will be new. The same may be said of the names of the two accomplished Japanese students Bunyū Nanjō and Kenji Kasawara. Both were pupils of Mr. Max Müller's. While at Oxford each of them gave great promise, and distinguished themselves in the study of Sanskrit. The former has already done excellent work; but the latter was unfortunately obliged towards the close of 1882 to break off his studies and go home, as the event proved, to die. Short as Mr. Max Müller's notice of him is, it is exceedingly touching. The subjects of the remaining essays are Colebrooke, Mohl, Bunsen, and Kingsley. The least satisfactory of the essays is that on the last named, and did our space permit it we should be disposed to take exception to some of its statements. We are unable to agree also with the author's statement that Colebrooke is less known in England than he is in Russia and other places. That the volume is interesting we need hardly say. It is perhaps impossible for Professor Müller to write anything which is not interesting. The essays are of course impregnated with their author's peculiar ideas, some of which seem to us to be in need of further proof.

Nine Years in Nipon: Sketches of Japanese Life and Manners.

By HENRY FAULDS, L.F.P.S., Surgeon of Tsukiji Hospital, Tokio, etc. London and Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1885.

Books on Japan and the Japanese have, as Dr. Faulds remarks in his preface, been somewhat numerous of late. Most of them, however, have been written after a journey post-haste through more or less of the country, and with but a superficial knowledge of the people. Dr. Faulds has resided upwards of nine years in the country—a period almost sufficiently long to allow of even the least observant acquiring a pretty extensive and solid acquaintance both with the country itself and with the manners and customs of its inhabitants. He has enjoyed advantages too which few Europeans can boast of possessing. His position as a physician has brought him into contact with all classes of society, and given him access to circles and scenes from which strangers are usually excluded. His book, therefore, which is one of the fruits of his long residence and exceptional

opportunities for observation, is well worth reading. It shows us the Japanese as they are at home, and gives a minute and exceedingly graphic description of many of their habits, customs and superstitions. Dr. Faulds is not deceived by the veneer of civilization which the Japanese have lately put on. His vocation often called him away into the remote parts of the country, where the feet of the European tourists has, as yet, never trod, and where the influence of European civilization has scarcely made itself felt. His 'sketches,' in fact, are both of new and of old Japan, and very often the two are strangely contrasted, as when he tells us, 'It was not at all unusual to see some important official going to dine in full dress—that is, with European "claw-hammer coat" and white kid gloves, while his feet were shod with pattens; or you might meet a thoroughly respectable citizen of weight and presence going along the principal streets in a hot day in New European "store-clothes," with nether limbs enveloped only in a cool white cotton garment, not usually made visible to the general public.' Dr. Faulds also is not only acquainted with the outward life of the people; he knows a great deal about their habits of mind, and has much to tell about their literature, philosophy, religion, and ways of thinking. His descriptions of the country are often admirable. In short, those who wish to learn anything about the Japanese or their country, should read Dr. Faulds' volume. They will find it full of interest and entertainment, and thoroughly reliable.

Histoire du Canada, et des Canadiens Français de la découverte jusqu' à nos jours. Par Eugène Réveillaud. Paris, Grasset, 1884.

M. Réveillaud's book is written evidently with the view, 1st. of proving that the French, whatever may be said to the contrary, are excellent colonists, and, 2nd. of giving us the history of Canada from the earliest times to the present day. We do not wish to enter upon a discussion of the political questions which our author examines in his introduction; we prefer limiting the few remarks we have to make to the avowed subject of the book—"The Dominion," its history and the probable future which awaits it. Let us, at the same time, express our deep sympathy with M. Réveillaud when we observe the deplorable and we may verily say, scandalous manner in which the attempts at colonization made by the French at various times during the monarchy were frustrated. It is a fact that, whether we look at the right conferred by discovery or at that resulting from original occupation, most of North America belonged, in the first instance, to the French, and it was lost to them by the blind fanaticism of Louis XIV. and the inconceivable stupidity of Louis XV. At the very time when the English Puritans were seeking in the new world a refuge against religious intolerance, and carrying to the shores of Maryland, Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania, their industries, their energy and their admirable courage,

the subjects of the 'Grand Monarque' were prevented from following their example, and from founding in America colonies which afterwards might have proved of the greatest resource to the mother-country. When, however, the colonial empire of France had to a certain extent asserted its position in the New World, the disgraceful levity of Louis XIV. brought about its ruin. What could be expected of a king who had fallen under the rule of Madame de Pompadour, and whose favourite minister was Cardinal de Bernis, or to call him by his significant nick-name, 'Babet la Bouquetie?' Acadia went first, then Newfoundland, then Canada, and, at the same time the conquests made by the genius of Dupliex in the fertile provinces of Hindostan were also lost owing to the want of energy and the pusillanimity of a deeply corrupt government. We certainly do not wonder at the feeling with which M. Réveillaud describes these catastrophes; never was the famous saying, *facit indignatio* more justified than on this occasion—and his sense of patriotism gives to the pages of his interesting volume a vivacity and brilliancy which carry the reader completely along.

The history of the French attempts at colonization seem to have been an almost uninterrupted succession of mishaps and blunders. Admiral Coligny, with his usual perspicacity, had guessed what an advantage it would be for the Huguenots to establish themselves in America, so as to avoid the alternative of perishing by the hand of their catholic fellow-citizens or of appealing to arms themselves, and rising in rebellion against the king. With these early efforts are associated the names of Jacques Carpier and Champlain. A number of causes, which it is not necessary to enumerate here prevented the realization of this scheme. We shall now turn once more to the appreciation of the policy of Louis XIV., and of his despicable great-grandson, Louis XV.; but we must notice, in passing, with M. Réveillaud, the share which Voltaire had in the destruction of the French North-American colonies. It is not the first time that the French philosopher has been denounced, nor will it probably be the last time when he is stigmatized by history for his unpatriotic and worthless character. A writer whose ignorance was only equalled by his conceit, and who described Canada as 'acres of ice' (*arpents de glace*) was sure to be applauded for his supposed shrewdness; he was, besides, the friend of Madame de Pompadour, and the panegyrist of Frederick the Great, and to please them both he did not hesitate to say that the trade settlements in the New World were not worth retaining.

M. Réveillaud has entitled the second part of his volume *les Canadiens Français*: he shows in it through what vicissitudes the French inhabitants of 'the Dominion' have passed since their conquest by England. The supremacy exercised over them by their new masters, he acknowledges, is purely nominal, and the gentle nature of the rule to which they are bound is such as to make all attempt at rebellion without the slightest excuse; it is quite evident, however, that our friend the author longs to see them

cementing more closely with the mother-country ties which are now rather loose.

We must not take leave of M. Réveillaud's work, without mentioning, at any rate, the interesting chapter on the Canadian language which terminates it. We have also noticed a good map.

William Dunbar, Sein Leben seine Gedichte in Analysen und ausgewählten Uebersetzungen, nebst einem Abriss der altschottischen Poesie. Von Dr. J. SCHIPPER. Berlin: R. Openheim. 1884.

Dr. Schipper's book is one of those careful, painstaking and elaborate works which seem to have their peculiar home in Germany. It is written with great learning and remarkable literary skill. Among the old Scottish poets Dr. Schipper seems to be perfectly at home, and to possess an extensive and accurate acquaintance with both their lives and their writings. His work on Dunbar will not easily be surpassed either as a biography of the poet or as a critical examination of his works, and until it is, it will be regarded, we imagine, as the standard work on the subject. In the first section of the work we have an excellent sketch of Scottish literature previous to Dunbar, remarkably succinct and full of judicious criticism. The second section is devoted to an account of Dunbar's life, based mainly on Luing, but containing several new particulars. In the three following sections Dr. Schipper analysis Dunbar's works, and gives a number of translations. Dunbar, we should say, is not easy to translate, yet generally Dr. Schipper has succeeded in giving a fair representation of his thought. In the sixth and last division of his work Dr. Schipper enters upon a critical examination of Dunbar's art as a poet, and gives a somewhat elaborate sketch of his character. Towards the close of the volume we have some very just remarks respecting Dunbar's influence, and also respecting the character of recent Scottish literature. Altogether the work is exceedingly well done, and is another sign that our old literature is being more carefully studied on the continent than it is among ourselves.

Ane Treatise Callit *The Court of Venus*, Deuidit into Four Buikis, Newlie Compylit be IOHNE ROLLAND in Dalkeith, 1575. Edited by the Rev. WALTER GREGOR, M.A., for the Scottish Text Society. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1884.

This volume completes the first year's issue of the Scottish Text Society, and, as a book, will satisfy the most fastidious member. It is a reprint of a unique and much decayed black-letter volume in the British Museum; but it is just one of those books which are at first looked at with pleasure, dipped into and perhaps cut, then laid past as an acquisition. It will prove interesting only to the philologist who knows how to work it, for in

its present state it is somewhat raw material. The story is an imitation of the metrical romances of the 'Courts of Love,' and will match any of them in poverty of material and in tediousness; in pedantry of style and lack of everything poetic. It certainly merits the oblivion into which it had fallen, and into which it will again fall in spite of this determined effort to rescue it. What is now specially wanted is a series of texts to illustrate the earliest stages of the Scottish language; and by preparing such a series the Scottish Text Society will do a really good and necessary work. For this volume, however, not many students will feel deeply grateful.

Evidently the unique original has been very carelessly printed; for the present text, which is an accurate reprint, is over-run with errors; and the punctuation, instead of assisting the reader, continually tangles and perplexes him. On almost every page he finds sentences run together or broken up in defiance of the sense and structure; and in some cases qualifying phrases are converted into independent sentences. This also may be the work of 'John Rolland in Dalkeith;' but students now prefer to have such texts correctly punctuated.

Many of the mistakes referred to have been noted and corrected by the editor; but many of them he has missed; and some of them he has accepted as genuine words, and has entered them in his glossary with meanings to boot. Nevertheless, they are mere creations of the transcriber or printer, and must be discarded. Some of them are the result of reading long *s* as *f*, or *f* as *s*; *c* as *t*, or *t* as *c*; and the old *th* letter as *y*. For example, *ye* for *the* occurs twice within three lines in Bk. i. ll. 186-8; *vo't* for *voic*, in ii. 494; *tone* for *cone* (i.e., can = possibility), iv. 279; and *yic* for *yit*, iv. 298. Then we find *feindill* for *seindill*, Prol. 31: and the word is accepted, glossed, and annotated. We have *fair* for *sair* in i. 435; and *fairness* for *sairness*, iv. 612. In iv. 235, we find *merriment* for *nerci-ment*; and a few lines further on *luge* for *Iuge*. And various other omissions could be pointed out did our space permit.

The editor has evidently spent very considerable time and pains upon his notes to illustrate the text; and they are very good specimens of that style of illustration; but many of them might have been condensed with considerable advantage to the ordinary student; and much more explanation should have been given of the peculiar structures and unusual applications with which this text abounds. In many cases a long passage containing important words and phrases is passed over with merely a similar passage from some other author. In several instances the note is quite misleading; and in not a few cases it is certainly wrong. For example, the change of *thortour* into *thort*, suggested in p. 163, would completely spoil the passage in which that word occurs. Again, *brybe* and *boist*, p. 211, is rendered 'shout and noise,'—a meaning quite inapplicable to the particulars referred to. Besides, *brybe* means bribe or mal-practice, and *boist* means threat; and when used in an abstract sense, as here, they

mean 'bribery and intimidation : ' a phrase which exactly expresses what the author refers to. Again, in p. 143, by accepting *feindill* as a genuine word, when it is simply a misprint of *seindill*, seldom, the editor converts an apt description of a melancholy man into one that can never be applied to him. Besides, there is no such word as *feindill*. But, what shall we say of the following bit of work ? In p. 187, note to L. 373, a simple error of the press, not difficult to detect and interpret, is accepted as correct ; and meanings are found for it, which are pure inventions, and which completely ruin one of the most expressive lines of the poem. The forms *bellief lawcht* of the text no doubt represent *bellie-flawcht* : and the line certainly means, 'It would set you well (i.e., you deserve) to be flayed *belly-flacht*, i.e., skin-over-head or like a rabbit.' but the note renders it, 'were an arrow at once to fall on you, it would be well set or fixed.' This is most unfortunate.

The defects and mistakes of the notes are found in the glossary also. This, on the whole, is full, though by no means complete, and the words are provided with references. There is, in many cases, however, a lack of closeness and correctness of meaning in the definitions ; and in too many cases the meaning is altogether wrong. For example, *faz* does not mean *face* ; for *faz* and *face* is a common phrase, and is used in this work. *Holine* does not mean green ; but *holine hew* implies a kind of green. *Delice* is not *fleur-de-lis* ; but *flour delice* or *flour of delice* is. And so with many others. Besides wrong words introduced, there are several that have wrong meanings : such as *blent*, *bawch*, *pleid*, *drasie*, *haid*, etc. For instance, *arasie* is simply a form of *drowsy*, applied to a phlegmatic, lazy person, who, as in Prol. 17, '*to spit can not forbeir*,' i.e., can not exert himself even to spit. And *haid*, in i. 122, has nothing to do with *brightness* : it is a colloquial form of *ha it*, have it, which, like *beid*, be it, *dude*, do it, etc., is still in common use.

We wish success to this Society ; but, in order to secure it, the works which it issues must be of more permanent worth than this one.

Labour, Leisure, and Luxury: A Contribution to Present Practical Political Economy. By ALEX. WYLIE. London : Longmans, Green and Co., 1884.

The subjects which Mr. Wylie here deals with are probably the most important now occupying the public mind. A large employer of labour, and as one who has not only a theoretical but also a practical acquaintance with the problems of political economy, he is entitled to speak with an authority upon them that deserves to be listened to with more than ordinary respect. His book is the result of wide observation and careful study, and is pervaded from beginning to end with a wise, practical common sense which is of infinitely more value than the most brilliant speculations of the merely theoretical professor of what has not inaptly been called, 'the

dismal science.' It is one of those books, indeed, which deserve to be issued in a popular form, and to be read by all classes of society. By none does it deserve to be more carefully studied than by the working classes. Besides refuting many of the flimsy theories of Mr. George and other amateur political and social economists, it contains a large amount of excellent teaching and wholesome advice. Mr. Wylie is not opposed to legislative or institutional reform; on the contrary, he is in favour of it; but his chief contention is, that in respect to their economic condition, the improvement of the working classes rests principally with themselves, and is mainly dependent upon their advancement in intelligence and, above all, in morality. That this is a sound contention, no one who has given any serious thought to the subject will deny. The manner in which Mr. Wylie supports it is admirable. Many of the facts he brings out and employs are both suggestive and striking. Mr. Wylie writes with great force and lucidity, and in our opinion has here furnished the solution to some of the most important problems of the day.

The Fine Arts and Arts of Design. By WILLIAM TAIT ROSS (Herbert Martyn). Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons, 1885.

We cannot honestly compliment Mr. Ross upon his work. Familiar acquaintance and accurate knowledge are not by any means synonymous terms, and the latter only—which evidently Mr. Ross does not possess—could enable a man to write anything beyond flimsy commonplaces on the subjects he has chosen. His total ignorance of music is patent in almost every sentence he writes. Here is one,—‘Poetry may be said to be the immediate and most accurate interpreter of music; and without this powerful auxiliary a piece of music heard for the first time, is, in a great measure, undefined and meaningless.’ We would willingly undertake a long journey for the sake of reading that sentence to some distinguished musicians of our acquaintance, and watching the expression of their faces meantime. Mr. Ross then goes on to describe the fine arts, as ‘powerful agents in purifying morals and elevating taste’—and he writes a good deal about the Greeks and Romans. Has he ever read the history of either nation? Something of Roman history he appears to know; but does he know anything of the morals of Greece, the chosen home of beauty? He has either much to learn, or much need of the faculty of making use of what he learns. The frequent union of faultless taste and exquisite refinement with the deepest moral depravity has pained and puzzled many deep thinkers. They will certainly gain no light upon the subject from Mr. Ross. His chapter on ‘Recreations’ is the most amusing part of the book. We wish he would select a suitable subject, and try his own prescription, that ‘a kind of mission should be undertaken amongst the habitations of those who dwell in poverty and ignorance, and the advantages of amusement combined with moral and intellectual in-

struction familiarly pointed out to them.' We should like to know if he ever tried it a second time.

Clouds and Sunlight: Poems. By DUNCAN MACGREGOR,
Author of 'The Scald,' &c. London: Kegan Paul,
Trench, & Co., 1884.

From a number of passages scattered throughout this volume we gather that Mr. Macgregor takes to verse-making as his natural vocation, and that the poet's art affords him a species of relaxation and delight which no other occupation can. Were it our place to give advice, we should certainly advise him to cultivate his poetic faculty more continuously and even more carefully than he has. That he is in possession of 'the vision and faculty divine' the poems he has now published leave no room for doubt. The ease and freshness, the wealth of fancy and of healthy free sympathies by which they are all more or less distinguished, are such as no mere verse-maker can lay claim to. Most of Mr. Macgregor's poems are chiefly of a religious character, and in this class of poetry they deserve to rank high. The theology by which they are informed is broad and generous. We do not know whether Mr. Macgregor is a Celt by birth, but whether he is or not, his poems betray that love of concrete imagery and brightness and splendour of colouring so peculiar to the Celtic imagination. To our own minds the poems under the headings 'Heavenly Compensations' and 'Songs of Christ' are the best. We regret that we have no space for extracts, and must content ourselves by merely commending Mr. Macgregor's volume.

Graham McCall's Victory; a Tale of the Covenanters. By
GRACE STEBBING. London: John F. Shaw & Co.

In reading this interesting and instructive story, we have been particularly struck by two characteristic features: its accuracy and its sympathetic spirit. Miss Stebbing has evidently given close attention to the memorable period of Scottish history which her narrative is intended to illustrate, and has gathered the facts which are woven into it with the scrupulous fidelity of a chronicler. But beyond this, Miss Stebbing has also made a careful study of the Scottish character. She has both a thorough understanding and a high appreciation of it; two requisites without which it is impossible to do justice to the old heroes of the covenant. *Graham McCall's Victory* is not only an excellent book for boys, but it is more particularly an excellent book for Scotch boys; as such we bid it welcome and wish it success.

The Holyrood Annual. Edited by the author of *Angus Græme*.
Paisley and London: Alex. Gardner, 1885.

This, the youngest of the 'Annals,' is decidedly the best and cheapest we have seen. The aim of the editor has been to combine instruction with

amusement, and there can be no doubt as to her success. Of the five stories, the first, 'The Smugglers' Bay,' is the best. There is sufficient in it to furnish most writers with material for the ordinary three volumes. The plot is skilfully conceived and admirably worked out. 'The Brother of a Prodigal' is the next best. The moral of it is unquestionably good, but we must confess to a considerable amount of sympathy for the prodigal's brother. It seems to us that his prodigal brother, his sister, and father had a good deal to do with his ruin. Ruth is the best character among them. The story possesses a kind of weird attraction, and is told with remarkable power. 'Left in Pledge' is amusing, and 'Ian Roy' is full of incident and worth reading. 'Trout-Fishing in Scotland' will be read by anglers with pleasure. 'Waiting for the Doctor' contains a good deal of admirable advice, and ought to give the *Holyrood* a place in every household library. Mr. Williamson's 'Ode to Nature' has considerably more poetry in it than is usually found in poetical contributions to 'Annals.' Scotsmen will read one paper in the *Holyrood* with special interest. It is a copy of a letter, evidently written by an eye-witness, and hitherto unpublished, describing the last moments of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

A Long Lane with a Turning. By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of 'Nothing but Leaves,' &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1884.

This story only confirms an impression we have long held, that Miss Doudney makes a mistake in attempting prose. She has a facility for refined and graceful expression, and a love of the beautiful, which enable her to write very charming verses; but she shows no capacity for successful story telling. Her characters are commonplace, generally rather sentimental, and terribly wanting in moral back bone. In her present story the good young man, who cuts his ancestral timber to build a church, and goes out to Africa as a Missionary, is doubtless very good, but he is very uninteresting; and the good young woman is much the same. The bad young man and woman start with a little more individuality at first, but finally subside into the same neutral tinted excellence. However, if publishers and readers are to be found for these books, there is no reason why they should not be written. It is no part of a critic's duty to provide writers with information; but the next time she meditates introducing horses and timber-cutting into a story, Miss Doudney would do well to submit her manuscript to a competent groom, and an experienced forester.

Antinous: An Historical Romance of the Roman Empire. By GEORGE TAYLOR (Professor Hausrath). Translated from the German by J. D. M. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1884.

Excellent as are the theological writings of Dr. Hausrath, we scarcely

expected to find that the singularly fascinating tales and romances which have appeared in Germany under the signature of Georg Taylor are by him. On the Continent they have attracted a very great amount of attention, and the newspaper and magazine articles which have been devoted to them are numerous. In the limited space at our disposal here it is impossible to enter into a minute criticism of them. We can simply say that they deserve all the praise which has been lavished upon them. Judged from an artistic, historical, or psychological point of view, *Antinous* is a remarkable work; and a more informing and suggestive book it has rarely been our lot to read. There is that in it which at the present moment appeals to every class of society, but more especially to those who are in search of a religion, and to those who have the progress of Christianity at heart. To very many of the latter, *Antinous* will probably prove exceedingly instructive; while those who wish to understand the Church of the second century, and the society by which it was surrounded, will here find a picture of them at once vivid and accurate. The plot is simple, and is worked out with great skill. The characters are life-like and distinct. The author may be blamed for making Antinous end by drowning himself in the Nile instead of joining the Church, but there are many, we imagine, who will side with him in believing that, under the circumstances, scarcely any other end was possible for him. We can only add that *Antinous* betrays a wealth of learning, a richness of imagination, a skill in depicting the workings of the human mind, and a fidelity to human nature, both in its higher and in its lower aspects, which have been rarely found in combination, and as rarely surpassed.

Inspiration, a Clerical Symposium. (London: James Nisbet & Co., 1884.) The papers contained in this volume have already appeared in the *Homiletic Magazine*. The question discussed in them is 'in what sense, and within what limits, is the Bible the Word of God?' The discussion, we need hardly say, is carried on with great learning and fairness. The writers are all men of ability and recognised position, and the result of their friendly controversy is a volume of considerable value. When we add that each of the writers approaches the subject under discussion from a different point of view, the reader will have no difficulty in appreciating the usefulness of the volume. It contains, in a comparatively small compass, all the doctrines at present held on the subjects, and both them and the arguments used to maintain them are succinctly stated.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vols. I. and II. (London: Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.) In binding and printing, these volumes are almost faultless. Their contents will compare very favourably with those of similar publications. The sketches of living preachers and of Church life in Britain are interesting and instructive. In some instances the writer has ventured to enter his dissent from popular opinion. Most of his opinions seem to be just. They are certainly written with understanding and care.

Mahomet and Islam. By Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., &c., &c. (The Religious Tract Society.) The fact that this volume is written by Sir William Muir is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. As a condensed and handy life of Mahomet, it is unsurpassed, and indeed unequalled. It is written in a clear, simple, and forcible style. Besides giving an account of the principal events in the life of Mahomet, it contains a trustworthy sketch of the origin and character of the religion with which his name is associated. A large and extremely useful map of Arabia has been added, and interesting appendices on the Koran and Islam and Christianity.

From Mr. Morison, Glasgow, we have received two excellent reprints of valuable books—viz., C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe's *History of Witchcraft in Scotland*, and *Tales of the Scottish Peasantry*, by A. and J. Bethune. The first is a reprint of the preface to Sharpe's edition of Law's *Memorials*, a book which has now become exceedingly rare. The editor has added to it a biographical sketch of Sharpe, and a valuable list of books dealing with witchcraft in Scotland. It is almost unnecessary to add that the preface now reprinted contains the best chronological account of the subject yet written. Bethunes' *Tales* need no recommendation. They are valuable both on account of their literary excellence and on account of the pictures they contain of social habits and conditions now rapidly passing away.

From Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton we have received *John Knox*, by W. M. Taylor, D.D., &c., a new volume in their series of 'Men Worth Remembering.' Dr. Taylor has consulted the sources open to most readers, and, though he has nothing new to relate, he has given a clear and picturesque account of the great Reformer's life. His estimate of his character is fair and discriminating. To those who wish to have in a handy form the main facts of Knox's life interestingly told, the work will be exceedingly acceptable.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (October).—'Olivier Maugant,' M. Victor Cherbuliez's latest novel is powerfully written, and contains scenes full of dramatic effect, though by no means sensational, in the ordinary sense of the word.—The second serial, 'Les Monach' makes us wonder whether the *Revue* intends, at least in so far as its light literature is concerned, to become the organ of the 'Jew-baiting' party. Not long ago, it gave us the 'Juif de Soviefka,' a very striking and possibly not overdrawn, but undoubtedly a very unsympathetic and, we may add, under present circumstances, a very mischievous picture of the Jewish peasant. And now, in M. Robert de Bonnières's novel, the Jew of the 'haute finance' is treated in the same spirit. It is but fair to add that, apart from this, 'Les Monach' is an exceedingly clever production.—A few months ago, when the first volume of Amiel's 'Journal intime' was published by his literary executor, M. E. Caro availed himself of the opportunity, thus afforded him of studying what he strikingly and aptly termed 'the disease of the ideal'—la maladie de l'idéal—in an intellect of the first order. In an admirable essay, which we noticed at the time, he showed us, how analysis carried to excess may sterilize the richest gifts of the mind, and how, in the case of the Genevese dreamer, it had filled with bitterness a soul which felt itself born for manly work, but which had stopped half-way and abandoned itself to the inert voluptuousness of contemplation. By the help of the second volume, the French philosopher finishes and fills in a portrait, which, as he says, is not so much that of a single individual as of a group of minds more numerous than we might be inclined to believe, in the generation to which Amiel belonged. The present paper, written in M. Caro's most pleasing manner, bears the title, 'Les Dernières Années d'un Rêveur.'—The first instalment of M. Hector de La Ferrière's, 'Marguerite de Valois' is a conscientious study replete with facts which bear testimony to the writer's wide reading and patient research, as well as to his keen insight into character. His monograph, when complete, will be a valuable addition to an important and interesting, if not a very edifying period of French history. M. Maurice Block's paper, 'La Politique Economique de l'Allemagne' is based on the results of the labours of three commissions appointed respectively by the Prussian government, by that of the grand-duchy of Baden, and by a private society to investigate the state of agriculture in various parts of Germany.—The practical part of M. Henri Blaze de Bury's dissertation on 'A New Philosophy of the Opera' is contained in the conclusion which he draws, or rather the prophecy which he utters, that the great masters of the future, the Beethovens, the Webers, the Rossinis, the Verdis, the Meyerbeers of the 20th century, will abandon the stage, for the concert-hall.—The concluding article, which bears the well-known signature of M. G. Vallert, has for its subject Berthold Auerbach, and is founded on the German novelist's letters to his cousin, lately published by F. Spielhagen. In the 'Revue Littéraire' M. Babeau's new work, 'Travellers in France from the Renaissance to the Revolution' is examined, and M. F. Brunetière takes occasion to protest against the summary condemnation of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. in the face of the leniency with which the immorality of Frederick or of Catherine is treated, and the denunciation of the *dragonnades* by those who have no word of horror for the penal laws of England.—In the mid-monthly number, the one article which we particularly recommend to English readers, is that to which M. Arède Barine gives the title, 'A Great Man's Wife.' The great man's wife is Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the materials for the paper are drawn from Mr. Froude's well-known volume. As regards facts, therefore, M. Barine offers nothing new. The excellence of his work consists—apart from the freshness of his style, and the clearness of his narrative—in the impartiality with which he treats both Carlyle and his wife. But if he sets nought down in malice, neither

does he extenuate, and the studied moderation of his tone, gives the greater force to his conclusion. 'Neither kindness nor sympathy,' such, he says, is the impression we get from the perusal of Carlyle's books. He might have reversed for his use Terence's well-known verse, and taken it as his motto: 'I am a man, and all that is human is foreign to me.'—A most interesting subject receives masterly treatment, in the paper which M. Henri Baudrillard devotes to an examination of the moral transformation and the economic changes which have taken place in the rural populations of Brittany within the last fifty years, and are still in process of development, and which have so advantageously modified the typical Breton in almost every particular but one very important one. He is less superstitious and less ignorant, but he is as much addicted to drunkenness as ever, and in addition is developing a passion for gambling.—M. Emile Daireaux's contribution, 'The French Colony in Buenos-Ayres' is worthy of notice, not merely for the description and historical details which it contains, but also for the distinct contradiction which it gives of the hackneyed assertion that the French are bad colonists. M. Daireaux founds his refutation on the fact that though the French law claims as French citizens the sons of French parents, born and residing abroad, and obliges them to military service, these, as a rule, have less affection for France than for the country of their birth. Is this a rule? If it be, our own experience has been entirely amongst the exceptions.—In the seventh of a series of papers dealing with 'New Zealand and the Small Islands Adjacent,' M. Emile Blanchard treats of the earliest inhabitants, of the Maoris, with their traditions and customs, and of the actual state of the colony. In this number's 'Bulletin Bibliographique,' we have a notice of 'Les Filles de John Bull' or, as the translation styles it 'John Bull's Womankind.' We reproduce it as a French critic's protest against this libel on French taste, and as a proof that though Max O'Rell may have the 'boulevard' with him, his purring production finds as little sympathy amongst those whose sympathy and whose praise is worth having, as it does in England. 'It is a pity, doubtless that, in order to succeed in being humorous it should not be sufficient, merely to attempt doing so, but this time again, M. Max O'Rell, or whatever his name may be, has failed to score. In 'John Bull and his Island' there was but little, and that of very slight interest; in 'John Bull's Womankind' there is still less, and that, of even slighter interest. Such being the case, is it worth our while discussing M. Max O'Rell's theories about love and marriage, of which 'Monsieur, Madame et Bébé' seem to be for him, the handbook and the code? At any rate, we must warn the reader of the place which they hold in these notes on England.' *Habet!*

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES. (November).—The fourth part of M. Victor Cherbuliez's 'Olivier Maugant,' which seems to have resolved itself into the minutest details of a strike, is disappointing, and the last instalment of 'Les Monach' shows us the fatal influence of a Jewish on a Christian family, and fully justifies the remarks which we were led to make with regard to the anti-semitic tendency of the novel. We hail with pleasure in, 'The End of a Great Navy,' one of those able studies in which elegant scholarship, extensive reading, and a thorough mastery of practical seamanship are so admirably blended, and which we are accustomed to connect with the name of vice-admiral Julien de La Gravière. The present paper, explains the working of the galleys, the treatment of the unfortunate slaves condemned to row in them, the various methods of recruiting volunteers for these crews, and a variety of particulars, interesting as illustrations of the spirit of the age, but often harrowing in their unmitigated brutality. In the last instalment, of his interesting monograph: 'Marguerite de Valois,' M. Hector de La Ferrière relates the queen's reconciliation with her husband, her flight from Agen, her captivity in the castle of Usson, her return to court, and her last years. Few women have been the object of such contradictory judgments, as the wife of Henri IV. Her praises have been celebrated by all the poets of the Renaissance from Ronsard to Desportes. Brantôme has extolled her to the skies; the three brothers D'Urfé, were passionate in their admiration of her; Hilarion de Coste looked upon her as a saint, and almost a martyr; Bassompierre has defended her with energy against

Dupleix, 'that dog that bit the hand that fed it.' On the other hand, Aubigné has accused her of incest, and such grave historians as Mathieu, Mézeray, and de Thou, though not going to the same length, have not been sparing of their censure. Which side are we to believe? M. de La Ferrière does not undertake to decide authoritatively, but he bids us remember that for posterity, as for her three brothers, she is not 'la reine Marguerite,' but plain 'Margot,' and we must agree with him, that the familiarity of history is closely allied to contempt. In a paper on 'The Law with Respect to Habitual Criminals'—*La Loi des Récidivistes*—M. Edmond Planchut, advocates transportation with police supervision and obligatory labour.—Besides the conclusion of 'Olivier Maugant,' the second of this month's numbers contains two political articles, 'Souvenirs Diplomatiques, La France et l'Italie' by M. G. Rothau, and 'The Late Political Crisis in Norway,' by M. Pierre Daresté. There is also a paper, not much lighter, 'Les Industries d'Art, d'après une Récente Enquête,' from the pen of M. Charles Lavollée. Even M. Baudrillard's study on, 'The Rural Populations of Brittany' of which the first part was so highly interesting, fails to enliven this number's contents. By far the most interesting contribution is the Marquis de Nardailiac's, though that again is open to the charge of being too horrible in its interest, for its subject is, 'Cannibalism and Human Sacrifices.' In this article, by a strange confusion of ideas, the yacht *Mignonette* is mentioned as belonging to Lieutenant Greely's expedition.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (October).—In former numbers of this periodical, M. Ernest Naville devoted a series of articles to answering the question, 'What is philosophy?' As a sequel he now enters upon an examination of what should be the method and the programme of philosophy. The thesis which he undertakes to defend is that philosophy neither has nor requires a method distinct from that of the other sciences, and that for all of them the only true method is that which includes observation, deduction, and hypothesis.—Under the title 'L'enfant de l'hôpital,' a series of interesting sketches of rural life and manners runs through the next three numbers. The signature is that of M. J. des Roches.—M. H. Maystre concludes with a fourth instalment his 'Excursion to Algeria and Tunisia,' and at the close of something like eighty pages of print asks himself the question 'ai-je rêvé?' Rather a long and tangible dream!—The most important of the contributions to this month's number is that which M. E. Rios devotes to the literary movement of Spain and in which he particularly considers the works of the eminent novelist Perez Galdos.—The next paper is a conclusion of M. C. Bodenheimer's summary of the labours of the agricultural commission of the Grand Duchy of Baden.—The last of the 'articles de fonds,' is a pleasant sketch of a religious feast, the octave, of Corpus Christi, at Torre del Greco.—The seven lengthy 'chroniques' which conclude the number are particularly full and interesting.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (November).—Professor Marc-Monnier occupies the place of honour with an article on Girolamo Bruno in which he gives a masterly sketch of the tragic career of one of the greatest thinkers of the Renaissance. It is not without interest at the present day to learn that one of 'horrible absurdities,' for which the philosopher of Nola perished at the stake was the doctrine that Satan himself was not damned beyond redemption.—The second part of M. J. des Roches's 'L'enfant de l'hôpital,' is followed by a paper in which M. V. de Floriant treats of 'The Great Pioneers of Australia,' and traces an interesting picture of the early days of the colony and of the beginning of its prosperity. 'Madame de Krudener, d'après des Documents inédits,' is from the pen of M. Frédéric Frossard. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the religious movement of the present century, and contains some new and important details concerning the life and work of a remarkable woman.—M. Philippe Gadet gives an account of the discovery by Samuel de Purry of the chronicles written by Hugues de Pierre in the fifteenth century, recalls the history of the precious manuscript and summarizes its contents, in an article which he

entitles 'Un Chroniqueur neuchatelois.'—Before coming to the monthly 'chroniques,' we have two very readable papers, 'Les Types successifs du soldat en France,' by M. A. Veuglaire, and 'L'hiver à la campagne,' by Madame Lecoir.

BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE ET REVUE SUISSE (December).—Exclusive of the Foreign Correspondence, this, the last number of the twenty-fourth volume of the Revue, is largely made up of the final instalments of papers begun in former numbers—'Giordano Bruno,' which keeps up its interest to the end; 'L'enfant de l'hôpital;' and 'Madame de Krudener.'—The lately published correspondence of Mallet du Pan with the Court of Vienna has supplied M. E. S. yous with materials for an essay, which complements the *Memoirs* edited by his father some thirty years ago, and which fills in the picture there given of the keenest observer and most implacable enemy of the French Revolution.—M. A. de Verdilhac again opens up the Madagascar question. His form of procedure is to hear first what the French have to urge, then what the English have to answer, and finally—to believe neither.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (December).—Of the two *articles de fonds* contained in this number M. Paulham's paper, which is an examination of the relations between belief and will, occupies but a few pages. The greater part of the Revue is taken up by an article in which M. Ch. Richet treats of mental suggestion in connection with the calculation of probabilities: 'La Suggestion Mentale et le Calcul des Probabilités.' At the outset of his essay, M. Richet admits that, if we allow ourselves to be influenced by *a priori* considerations we may be tempted to deny the existence of mental suggestion, and that it may appear highly improbable that human thought should be able to extend its influence beyond the limit of the brain, and exercise it on the mind of another individual. He argues that this improbability is merely relative, and is founded on our extreme ignorance of the dynamic condition of cerebral activity. There is nothing in science which contradicts the hypothesis of mental suggestion; and if we are inclined to look upon this assumed emissive power of the mind as absurd, it is solely because we do not see it. The method which he has adopted for the investigation of this interesting subject is that of probabilities; and the question to which he endeavours to find an answer is thus stated: 'Being given an arbitrary designation of which the probability is known, does the probability of this designation change under the influence of mental suggestion?' A simple example will make this clearer. If A takes at random one card from a complete pack of 52 playing cards, and does not look at it, the chances of B's guessing the suit to which this card belongs are mathematically $\frac{1}{4} = \frac{1}{4}$. What will the result be if A looks at the card? This, M. Richet answers by stating the results of a great number of experiments, in which it must be borne in mind that, as a vital condition, the two performers were absolutely isolated, and that words, gesture or looks from which any hint might be gathered, were rigidly excluded. In a first set of 1833 experiments with playing cards, suggestion gave a result of 510 successful guesses, whereas the mathematical probabilities were only 458. Another series of experiments performed with photographs and pictures resulted in 67 correct guesses out of 218 attempts, this being an excess of 25 over the mathematical probabilities. Following out the supposition that mental suggestion acts on the intellect, but that instead of acting on the conscious faculties it exercises its influence on the unconscious faculties merely, and that, consequently, although it can have no effect on voluntary and conscious actions it may produce some action, however slight, on certain muscles causing involuntary action, M. Richet, imagined a number of experiments with a rod which should indicate these movements. This very simple contrivance consisted of a cane held at both ends and at arms length, and it was found that the involuntary movements attributed to suggestion were indicated by the bending of the cane. The results obtained by means of this improvised divining-rod were remarkable. Out of 98 experiments, in which the mathematical chances of success were only 18, the indications given by the bending of the cane were correct in 44 cases. M. Richet also reports at great length other experiments requiring the help of what is commonly called a medium, that is of

a person possessing the faculty of semi-somnambulism or partial unconsciousness. The whole of the paper is of absorbing interest, and we can recommend it as containing a most scientific and impartial discussion of a question which has, of late, been brought prominently before the public.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. (No. III., 1884.)—Professor Albert Réville continues in this number his 'Study on Greek Mythology.' It is based, as our readers will remember, upon,—or, as Dr. Réville himself describes it,—it is an 'analytical resumé' of Herr K. O. Müller's *Prologomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie*. We have here, as it were, a condensed edition of that work. What is still of value in it is presented to us, and is set in the light of modern investigation and the results to which it has led. M. Edouard Montet contributes an interesting paper on the 'Origin of the Belief in the Future Life among the Jews.' Holding that it was unknown to them, or unaccepted by them, until about two centuries before Christ, he traces its rise then to the presence of two currents of thought meeting in Jerusalem, and affecting powerfully the minds of the leading men there. One of them flowed from the East, from Persia, and brought on its bosom the doctrine of the resurrection of the body; the other flowed from the west, from Greece, but reached Jerusalem chiefly by the way of Alexandria, and brought on its bosom the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The one influence was Platonism, the other Mazdeism.—The celebrated Norwegian Egyptologist, M. J. Lieblein, writes on the 'Myth of Osiris.' He first gives the myth as Plutarch has handed it down to us, and then as it has recently been found in Egypt itself on the walls of the temple of Odfu, using M. Naville's translation. M. Lieblein rejects Plutarch's explanation of the myth and those commonly accepted by scholars at the present time, and offers another, which he thinks more likely to be the correct one. He regards the myth as intended to represent the earliest conflicts between the Egyptians and the Semites. His argument is very ingenious, and, if not convincing, must at least be interesting to every student of the origins of history. M. le comte Goblet d'Alviella reviews the duel fought recently by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Harrison in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* and the columns of the *Times*, on the question of the genesis of religion; and M. E. H. Carnoy gives a short paper titled 'Les Acousmates et les Chasses Fantastiques.' It is a study of the traditions connected with the nocturnal sounds which are heard on still evenings in hollow glades, and which have been taken as betokening spiritual hunters and their equipages, or Satan carrying off the souls of the damned, or the passing of spiritual choirs, and so on, as the popular fancy has imagined. It is a chapter belonging to what is now known as *Folk-Lore*, and, though short, gives an excellent account of the superstitions to which these inexplicable sounds have given rise, and of the means adopted in various places to protect the people from the clutches of those aerial visitors.—Several works bearing on the province of religious history are reviewed, and the usual *chronique* and summaries of periodicals follow. This number is exceptionally rich in articles of general interest, and they are all of high merit.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. (No. IV., 1884.)—M. Eugène Beauvois takes the first place here with another of his 'studies' on the Elysiums of races. He lately submitted the *Paradise of the Celts* to an elaborate investigation, and gave the results in the pages of this *Revue*. Here he puts into comparison the ideas entertained by the Mexicans as to the resting-place of the departed, or of the blessed dead, with those entertained by the Celts. It is only the first part of his article that is given here, but the rest is to follow. M. Jules Baissac, under the title of 'Studies in Contemporary Religious History,' gives a sketch of the Theosophic Society, founded in New York in 1875 by Colonel Henry Olcott (whose Buddhist Catechism was noticed last year in the pages of this *Revue*), and Madame la comtesse Blavatsky. This society is extending itself, and has its representatives now in Paris: and M. Baissac purposes giving us here an account of its origin, progress, and doctrines. We have only a part of his 'study,' in this number, but from the intimate acquaintance he displays here with the movement he describes, we may rely on his giving us a minute and trustworthy account of this most recent revival of theosophic speculation.—

M. Emille Legrand gives four Greek *Contes Populaires*, which he gathered at Smyrna in 1875, translating them into French. It is a contribution to the *Folk-Lore* section of the *Revue*. The 'Contemporary Literature' bearing on religious history includes a brief but appreciative notice of Professor Monier Williams' *Religious Thought and Life in India*, from the pen of Dr. A. Réville, and a longer, but no less favourable, review of Sir Henry Summer Maine's *Early Law and Custom*, from the pen of M. J. Flach.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS. (No. V., 1884.)—The first place in this number is given to M. L. Massebieau, who subjects the recently discovered *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, published in 1883 at Constantinople by Archbishop Brynnois, to a very minute and scholarly examination in order to determine its age, where it was written, and the milieu whence it sprang. He is not satisfied that Archbishop Brynnois is justified in regarding the work as of Alexandrine origin; as dating so late as from 120-160 B.C.; or as springing from a circle of Christians opposed to Gnostics or Montanists. His examination of it has led him to the conviction that it was written at Rome towards the close of the first century, and by a Christian who either knew nothing of Gnosticism or Montanism, or was unaffected and unalarmed by them. He finds nothing in it of a polemical character, and nothing of a sectarian nature. To make good the position he takes up he gives here a detailed synopsis of the *Teaching*, and compares it with that of Jesus as given in the Gospels, and that of the early Christian writers, on the points treated of in it. M. L. Massebieau's article is an able contribution to the elucidation of the interesting questions necessarily raised by the discovery and publication of this precious but anonymous document from early Christian times.—M. Jules Baissac continues his history of the 'Theosophic Society,' and gives here a detailed account of its principles and aims.—M. le comte Th. de Puymaigre gathers together the various versions of the once popular story of 'The Maiden with the Amputated Hands,' and compares them. He found it in Gutierre Dias de Gamez' work, *Victorial*, while translating it in 1866, and he has since been engaged searching for the story in various countries where it is current. He gives here the result of his researches. It forms the number's contribution to *Folk-Lore*.—M. M. Nicolas gives a very interesting account of the origin of the Protestant Academy at Montauban. What is given here forms the introduction to Chapter I. of a work he is about to publish on this institution.—M. Leblois of Strassburg pays a warm tribute of respect to the memory of two distinguished scholars who died last summer—M. Stanislas Guyard and Herr Karl Richard Lepsius.

LE LIVRE (October, November, December).—In a slight sketch which he entitles: 'Boileau et Boursault,' M. Alp. Pauly gives the history of the quarrel between these two writers, and makes it appear that the satirist was altogether in the wrong. The matter is of no great importance at the present day.—A very pleasant article by the well-known collector of the old curiosities of literature, M. Champfleury, introduces us to Nasr-Eddin, the Turkish Joe Miller, and to his colleague Caragueuz, the Turkish Punch.—The 'mouvement littéraire,' contributed by M. E. Drumont does not appear very faithful to its title, for it consists almost exclusively of a description of Canterbury and its cathedral.—A strange, but by no means uninteresting subject 'Mural Literature,' is ably and amusingly treated by M. G. Fustier, who traces the history of puffing by means of illustrated, sensational or enigmatic posters.—In a contribution of considerable literary merit, which is a valuable addition to 'Molierist' literature, M. Mikhaïl Achkinasi shows how great has been Molière's influence not only on Russian literature, but also on Russian civilisation. The author's words—and he may be presumed to write with some authority—are remarkable: 'What is most important is the fact that the first literary men who, in Russia, rose against slavery were pupils of Molière'.—M. O. Uzanne's monthly article is unfortunately an obituary notice, that of the well-known Paul Lacroix, le bibliophile Jacob.—The summary of the closing number requires but very few words. Some 20 pages are devoted to a list of all the works which Paul Lacroix composed or edited, as well as of the reviews to which he contributed. This may be valuable, but it is certainly not interesting.—A couple of pages treat of what

M. Ph. van der Kaeghen calls 'les accessoires d'un livre,' binding, margin, water-mark, but contain nothing either new or important.—The remainder of the number consists of notices of New Year's publication.

WESTERMANN'S MONATS-HEFTE (October).—The periodical which we now for the first time bring under the notice of our readers, but which will henceforth have its place amongst our 'Summaries,' is not a new publication. With the present number it begins the 29th year of its existence, and has acquired a foremost place amongst the most ably conducted German monthlies. That this is not mere flattery on our part will be understood when we state that it has of late years been edited by the well-known novelist Herr Friedrich Spielhagen. The numerous illustrations with which the numbers before us are enriched are carefully done and add considerably to the value of the Monats-Hefte as a family magazine. At the head of the table of contents of the October number we find the popular name of Theodor Storm who contributes the first part of a quaint but interesting and touching old-world story which he entitles 'The Chronicles of Grieshuus'—The next article, from the pen of Frau Fanny Lewald contains reminiscences of Hortense Cornu, whose correspondence with Napoleon III has lately excited some interest. The references to the late emperor are numerous and some of the anecdotes concerning him—related in Madame Cornu's own words—characteristic. That which gives the history of certain locks of his hair is at least amusing. A little episode between Hortense Cornu and George Sand shows the latter in anything but a favourable or even amiable light. The whole article is most readable.—The last appearance in the Madrid arena of the famous matador Francis Montes el Paquiro, is most graphically described in a paper by Herr Theodore Simons.—Herr E von Binzer contributes the first of a series of sketches illustrative of scenery, life and manners on the banks of the Dnieper, whilst another, and not less ably written, paper by Herr Franz Reuleaux takes us on a pleasant and instructive excursion to New Zealand. Both writers have received excellent help from the engraver.—A contribution of special literary value bears the name of a writer with whom we are already well acquainted, Herr Julian Schmidt. His subject is Goethe's 'Werther'; and he shows by means of extracts from letter and diaries how much truth there is in the 'sorrows' which have been so powerfully described.—Herr Gustav van Muyden gives an interesting sketch of the career of the three brothers Siemens.—In addition to another story: 'Ein Heiligenstret,' which relates the amusing transformation of Lucius Verus into San Lucifero, the present number contains literary notices and reviews.

WESTERMANN'S MONATS-HEFTE (November).—In this 'Heft,' Herr Theodor Storm concludes the 'Chronicles of Grieshuus,' and Herr E von Binzer his Dnieper sketches, whilst Herr Franz Reuleaux's 'Excursion to New Zealand' is advanced a stage, taking the reader from Auckland to Ohinemutu.—In a very readable article Herr Karl Koberstein relates the episode between Voltaire and Frederick II. He is on the whole fairly impartial; we cannot however think with him that 'the posterity of a Goethe and a Schiller' need smile at Frederick's admiration of Voltaire, nor do we look upon it as one of Voltaire's claims to glory that he was the first to give his royal patron the title of 'Frederick the Great.'—Theodor Stormer's descriptive and historical essay 'Der Bodensee und seine Umgebung' is an excellent piece of work, and will be read with interest both by those who know the surroundings of the charming Swiss lake and to whom it will recall many a pleasant excursion to Bregenz and Lindau, to Mainau and the Hohentwiel, and by those who have to trust to the impressions of others for their knowledge of one of the most picturesque though perhaps not of the most imposing bits of Swiss scenery.—Though we scarcely agree with Herr Moritz Brasch in considering Rudolf von Gottschall as the most representative German writer of the present generation, we must admit that few, if any, of his contemporaries have attained such excellence in so many different branches. Though pre-eminently a dramatist, he has met with deserved success both as a lyric and epic poet; his novels, which are numerous, are amongst the most popular of the period, whilst his 'Deutsche National litteratur,' his 'Poetik' and his numerous contributions to periodical publications have given him a high

authority as a literary critic. The career and works of such a man were well worthy of a special study and Herr Brasch has done full justice to both in this excellent literary portrait.—In addition to the above contributions and to the usual literary and other notices we have a short paper on : 'The Power of Conception in the Actor' and the beginning of a new story : 'Through whose Fault,' from the pen of Herr S. Y. Volsteg.

WESTERMANN'S MONATS-HEFTE (December).—Some months ago the Danish parliament voted the respectable sum of 75,000 crowns for the celebration in 1885 of the bicentenary of Ludwig von Holberg. Who was this Ludwig von Holberg whom his country has thought deserving of a national feast? The answer may be read—and it is well worth reading—in the excellent sketch which Herr Albert Lindner here gives us, and from which it must suffice to give but one detail. Holberg was the father of Danish comedy.—Two articles standing side by side, describe the one an Italian, the other an African town. With Herr Ernst Koppel we go through the sights as well as the history of Bologna. With Herr Max Buchner we pay a visit to Loanda, the metropolis of South-Western Africa. Both papers are most readable and full of interesting details.—Our travels are not yet over. At one leap we find ourselves in Ireland. For English readers, there may be no great novelty in Herr von Alvensleben's descriptions of Lough Erne and the Giants' Causeway; for those for whom it is more particularly intended, however, his paper, with its really excellent illustrations from original sketches by Herr F. Stoltenberg, is sure to prove most attractive.—Herr Max Ring's article on 'Princess Amelia of Prussia and Baron Frederick von Trenck' contains no new facts, but the episode which it relates is none the less interesting, for it is one of those which can well bear repetition.—The two concluding papers are devoted to science. In one of them Dr. Ludwig Löwe treats of 'Our Nerves in Sickness and in Health,' in the other Herr W. Detmer gives us interesting information concerning 'The Process of Respiration in Plants.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (October).—In our summary of the September number of this ably-conducted Review, we mentioned the first instalment of an important contribution to Shakespearian literature, from the pen of Herr Hermann Isaac. The conclusion is now before us, and we gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity of calling attention to the remarkable study. As regards the title, 'Shakespeare's Selbstbekenntnisse,' we know of no better translation than 'Shakespeare's Confessions.' In reality, however, we have less to do with 'confessions,' in the ordinary sense of the word, than with 'autobiographical details,' and these, though in no way wanting in originality, as the sequel will abundantly show, are drawn from no new source. Herr Isaac has made no startling discovery of an unpublished manuscript, nor has he unearthed a long-lost folio. He has simply set himself to do what many have done before him, though few with such keenness of criticism or such a thorough mastery and appreciation of the subject, to examine the Sonnets, and to question them as to the inner life of the poet. As regards these Sonnets of Shakespeare, there are roughly speaking, three theories. According to Armitage Brown, whose view is also adopted by Gervinus, they are to be looked upon, each and all of them, as strictly autobiographical. At the other pole, we find Delius and Dyce maintaining that they contain nothing personal and are purely imaginative. Between these two extremes, there is of course, the usual mean, advocated by Kreyssig and, with certain important modifications, by Gödeke, according to which some of the Sonnets are founded on facts, either in the poet's life, or the life of his friends, whilst others are to be set aside, as possessing neither historical nor biographical value. With Delius's school, Herr Isaac has no sympathy. Neither, it is true, does he think it possible to go as far as Brown. Nevertheless, the path which he chooses for himself is far nearer the 'autobiographical,' than the 'fictitious' explanation. To the objection which then arises, that if the Sonnets bear reference to real incidents in Shakespeare's life, they are not greatly to the author's credit, the reply here given is to the effect that, on the contrary, they prove a higher moral tone in Shakespeare than in any of his contemporaries, for they bear evidence that he felt a remorse to which, under similar circumstances,

Surrey, Sidney, Petrarch, not to mention a number of lesser men, were perfectly impervious. Amongst the many questions which Herr Isaac examines, in connection with his subject, is that of the identity of the 'friend' of the Sonnets. His opinion, in support of which he adduces very plausible argument, is that Shakespeare's 'friend' was, in all probability, Essex.—Of the remaining articles in this number, one only is of general interest, that in which Herr Ludwig Riess treats of 'The Chorus in Tragedy'; 'Cavour and the Peace of Villafranca,' appeals chiefly to foreign politicians; whilst 'The Establishment of Direct Communication between Germany and Eastern Asia,' is even more limited in its scope.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (October).—With this number, the *Rundschau* begins the second decade of its existence. It was founded in 1874, on the model of the leading French and English Reviews, and, almost from the first moment of its appearance, secured a popularity which justifies the publisher's statement that it has become one of the recognised institutions of the intellectual life of Germany. To this we may be allowed to add that its reputation has spread far beyond the limits of the German Empire, and that its high standard of excellence joined to its judicious choice of subjects and its almost absolute freedom from that 'chauvinism,' which is sometimes too marked a feature of continental publications, has made it a favourite wherever the German language is read, as well as an authority amongst all whose interest lies in the direction of German literature and German thought. That it is by no means intended to allow the *Rundschau* to fall from the high position to which it has attained, is very clearly shown by the long list of eminent contributors contained in the editorial address. Such names as those of Keller, Meyer, and Schubert amongst the novelists, of Brugsch, and Gussfeldt, amongst the travellers, of Wandt, Häckel, and Hirschfeld, amongst the scientists, of Ebers, and Weber, amongst the philologists, and of Scherer, Julian Schmidt, Erich Schmidt, and Brahm, amongst the critics whose collaboration has been secured, are full of promise for the future of the *Rundschau*. It has our hearty wishes for its further success.—The new number opens with a complete tale from the pen of Herr Ernst Wichert. 'Mother and Daughter,' of which the scene is laid in the wild district of Lithuania, is a powerful story of love, jealousy, revenge, and atonement. The characters are boldly sketched and the conclusion is dramatic and original.—Dr. Paul Gussfeldt whose name is well known to Alpine explorers contributes the first of a series of articles in which he purposes to relate the results of his scientific mission to the Chilian and Argentinian Andes. The present instalment is chiefly taken up with a description of preliminary arrangements and of his passage to Valparaiso on board the *Araucania*. Before starting Dr. Gussfeldt, knowing how little reliance was to be placed on the South American guides, who, as a rule, refuse to climb higher than their mules will take them, went to Zermatt to engage the services of an experienced mountaineer. The man whom he took with him as a companion was reputed one of the strongest in his canton, and had, indeed, given repeated proofs of courage and perseverance amongst his own hills and glaciers. Strange to say, however, the fatigues of the journey, joined perhaps to the home-sickness to which the Swiss are proverbially subject, were too much for him. The further he got from Europe the weaker he became, and when he set foot in Chili he fancied himself so ill that he insisted on being sent back. The greatest height which he ever reached, was the German hospital in Valparaiso.—The few English readers who may be acquainted with the name of Charlotte Diede, probably know but little about her beyond the fact of her friendship with William von Humboldt. The chequered and touching story of the life of the beautiful and accomplished pastor's daughter, her unhappy marriage, her thoughtless flight, her bitter disappointment are set forth in an able and sympathetic article by Herr Otto Hartwig.—After long centuries, during which, in fulfilment of the Sybilline prophecy, Delos lay 'adelos'—inglorious and unknown—the island of Apollo and Diana, thanks to the indefatigable labours of French explorers, is regaining some of its ancient fame. In an article based on their discoveries, Professor Hirschfeld shows us the island as it was in its palmy days and gives us instructive particulars concerning the administration of

its temple and the sources of its income. It is an excellent piece of work, and classical students will find it most attractive reading.—In a paper on the 'Colonial Policy of Germany,' Professor Geffcken ably sets forth the arguments in favour of the establishment of colonies and illustrates them by a reference to the Angra Pequena incident.—The younger readers of the *Rundschau* will read with delight, and perhaps with profit, Frau Helene Böhlen's pretty little tale 'Die Rathsmädel,' and even their elders will smile at the rich practical joke of the two romping girls.—The last paper we have to notice is an excellent résumé of the article which appeared in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the title of 'Carlyle and Neuberg.'

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (November).—Amongst the most important of the contributions to this number the first place is due to the article which Dr. Ebers, himself, as we scarcely need mention, one of the foremost Egyptian scholars, devotes to a sketch of the life and works of Richard Lepsius, the veteran Egyptologist, whose death occurred on the 10th of July 1884, at the ripe age of 73. Dr. Ebers's interesting paper shows us Lepsius not merely as a savant for whom the hieroglyphics of Egypt had no secrets and for whom the antiquities of Greece and Rome were a recreation, not only as the linguist who was able to publish learned treatises in three living languages, but also as an engraver and a musician, as an accomplished man of the world and even as a poet.—Under the title: 'Raphael's Fame through Four Centuries' Herr Hermann Grimm publishes the first chapter of a new edition of his work on the celebrated painter. The paper bears testimony to the author's thorough knowledge of the minute details of his subject, and sums up, within reasonable limits, what must be the result of the patient research and reading of years.—In the 'health lecture' which he entitles: 'Principles of Dietetic Training,' Dr. Siegfried Wolffberg is so far original that besides showing the importance of physical exercise on the mental faculties, he also lays stress on the influence of mental training on the organs of the body.—Dr. Paul Güssfeldt opens the continuation of his 'Journey in the Chilean and Argentinian Andes' with the account of a short excursion to Vina del Mar, including a striking description of the delightful country to which the first settlers gave the name of 'the Valley of Paradise'—Valparaiso. From Valparaiso the traveller proceeds to Santiago, the capital, and thence inland, into the province of Aconcagua. The present instalment closes with his departure from Canquenes for the Cypress valley, on his first expedition into the Andes.—Dr. Jakob Baechtold communicates two documents which contain interesting particulars concerning Edward Mörike, a German poet of considerable merit.—The contributions to lighter literature are the first half of 'Das Kind aus Aien,' from the pen of Herr Wilhelm Berger, and the opening chapters of 'Fortuna,' translated from the Norwegian of Alexander Kielland.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (December).—The second and last instalment of Herr Herman Grimm's study on Raphael traces the progress of the master's fame through the chief countries of Europe during the present century. In the section devoted to England the writer states that Shelley, one of whose letters he quotes, was the first Englishman capable of 'contemplating Raphael in the modern sense'.—In a short paper Herr Otto Benndorf gives an account of the earthquake which took place in Scio in 1881.—The article contributed by Professor Asher, and bearing the title: 'Die Stätten des Elends in London,' is founded on the well-known descriptions of London misery contained in 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London' and 'How the Poor live'.—Amongst the many articles which the unveiling of the Humboldt memorial in Berlin has called forth, Herr K. Bruchmann's sketch 'Wilhelm von Humboldt,' deserves a high place as giving an excellent summary of Humboldt's career as a whole, and a fair appreciation of his character and of his life-work.—'Damals und Jetzt'—Then and Now—was to be delivered by Professor Max Müller, as an address to the philological congress held in his native town of Dessau, at the beginning of last October, which illness, however, prevented him from attending. It is here published, for the first time, we believe, and contains a most interesting sketch of oriental studies, as they were when Professor Müller prepared himself in Leipzig, in Berlin, and finally in Paris and in London for the great task of translating the

sacred books of the East, and as they are now, at the time when the twenty-four volumes which compose the first part of this immense work are given to the public.—The late Karl Hillebrand, a distinguished linguist whose name is not unknown to readers of English reviews, is the subject of a detailed and interesting biographical sketch by his friend Herr L. Bamberger.—'Das Kind aus Asien' is concluded, and 'Fortuna' advanced a stage further.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN. (Erstes Heft, 1885).—This number opens with a very short obituary notice of Dr. Isaak August Dörner, who died on July 8th. He was a frequent contributor to the pages of *Studien und Kritiken*, and this fact, as well as his world-wide reputation as a scholar and theologian, justify the editors, Drs. Köstlin and Riehm, paying to his memory this graceful tribute of their praise. It is to be followed, of course, by a paper going more into the story of his life and his literary labours. Dr. Karl Benrath takes the first place here, and gives in an article entitled 'The Anabaptists in the Venetian Republic about the Middle of the Sixteenth Century,' a very interesting account of the religious reformatory movements in the Venetian towns, and especially of the Anabaptist movement. He has been fortunate in discovering in the State Archives of Venice a large number of papers containing the record of the proceedings of the Inquisition at that period, and among them the depositions of Don Pietro Manelfi of San Vito, who was one of the most active leaders and propagandists of the Anabaptists, but who later in life forsook them, and cast himself at the feet of the Holy Office at Bologna, making a full confession of all he knew of their organization, membership, and Articles of Faith. It is on these documents that Dr. Benrath founds his paper, and from these he is able to shed much new and interesting light on what has hitherto been a somewhat obscure chapter of the religious Reformation of the sixteenth century. It was Manelfi's recantation and confession that gave the Inquisition the power it was not slow to use, of laying hands on the leaders of the Anabaptist movement in Italy and stamping it out; and it is from the same confession now that Dr. Benrath is able to show to what extent the movement had grown, how active its adherents were, how it was organized for mutual protection and help, and what were the fundamental points of agreement formulated by those who were its originators.—Herr Pfarrer W. Meyer follows with an elaborate paper on the 'Freedom of the Will and the Moral Responsibility of Man.' It is a chapter of a work by Herr Meyer, in which he discusses the question of man's free will and responsibility from the three points of view of Physiology, Religion, and Morals. Herr G. Koffmane gives a short article on Luther's 'Letters and Table Talk,' and Dr. Klostermann of Kiel reviews at considerable length Dr. C. H. H. Wright's recent volume on Kohleth.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October 1).—We have in this number first an interesting contribution to history in the shape of an article by Signor Silvagni on 'Madame Letitia and Pauline Borghese,' extracted from the writer's forthcoming book—*La Corte e la Società Romana nel Secolo XVIII.*—There follow a criticism of Pendemonte's poem 'I Sepolcri'; and a lively account of the institute for soldiers' daughters at the Turin Exhibition, by Signora Pigorini-Beri.—Signor Ernest Mancini gives a careful report of recent attempts in aerial navigation, and expresses his belief that finally man will make himself master of the fields of air as he has done of the fields of ocean.—Fiction is represented by a sketch of country life, by Signor Verga, entitled 'Little World.'—At the close of a long political article on 'The Meeting of the Emperors and Italy,' Signor Bonghi says that the question, 'What ought to be the force of a nation by land and sea?' is connected with two other questions: first, what economical strength such a country possesses, and, secondly, what foreign policy does she intend to pursue and what means has she of defence and offence? The general situation of Europe, the policy hitherto pursued by Italy, and her economical condition, allow her to diminish her army and navy expenses, and that, he maintains, is what she ought to do. The political review, speaking of English affairs, says that serious internal complications might arise if England showed herself incompetent to restore order in Egypt. If she fails in justifying the confidence felt in her by the principal European powers, Europe will have the right

to interfere.—The Bibliographical Bulletin notices at length James Thorold Rogers' *Six Centuries of Work and Wages* (Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co.), praising the author's tranquil and impartial judgment of the facts.—(October 15.)—Luigi Palma contributes the first part of a paper on 'Constitutional Monarchy and the German Empire,' in which he describes the chief historical facts that led to the union of Germany.—'Some Unpublished Letters by Pietro Metastasio,' now first edited by Signor Autona-Traversi, follow.—In an interesting paper on the 'Sanitation of the Malaria Districts,' Signor Tommaso Crudeli observes, among other things, that the idea that pernicious fever is due to a living organism is very old, and not the outcome of the modern parasitic theory. After remarking that in ancient times malaria disappeared when the land was cultivated, reappearing when, by war or conquest, it was again laid waste, the writer goes on to describe the experiments made by Professor Klebs and himself, and points out that the conditions necessary to the production of malaria are: a temperature not below 2° centigrade, a moderate humidity of the soil, and the direct action of the oxygen of the air on the strata of the soil which contain the ferment. When even one of these conditions is wanting the development of malaria is impossible. Signor Tommaso Crudeli then mentions different methods of sanitation, which he says ought to be used permanently and not temporarily, to so modify the composition of the malaria-breeding soil as to render it entirely sterile with regard to the malaria germs, and yet capable of fertility, a problem which men of science and practical hygienists have not yet been able to solve. The only way, therefore, to abolish the evils of malaria, is to increase the specific resistance of the human organism against its attacks. The writer has devoted much attention to the subject, and has found that *individual* acclimatisation was and is impossible. An acclimatisation of *race* was possible once, among savage or half-savage people, but is no longer so in any civilized people, so that the action of external nature cannot be counted on in increasing the specific resistance of the human society against the malaria. The effect of quinine and tincture of Eucalyptus, though beneficial, is passing, but the use of arsenic, on which the writer has made extensive experiments, has been found efficacious. It seems that when arsenic has been administered a few weeks before the fever-season, that the human organism can to a certain extent resist the attacks of the disease. Some persons acquire absolute immunity; others a relative security, while their general health is not impaired by taking the medicine. But the use of arsenic against malaria cannot be expected to become general. The real plague of the country is *chronic* malaria, which often resists all means of cure, and may even be aggravated by the prolonged use of quinine, etc. A happy accident, three years ago, revealed to Dr. Magliani a traditional, simple, and efficacious remedy against chronic malaria; namely, a decoction of lemon. The lemon is cut up and boiled with a glassful of water till the liquid is reduced to a third. It is strained, the rind of the lemon being pressed thoroughly dry, and the liquid is drunk fasting. This is the best of all remedies, and may also be adopted with advantage in other acute fevers. The writer, having heard of Dr. Magliani's discovery, made experiments with it on a large scale, in spite of ridicule, and has found it of incalculable use.—Signorina Matilde Sarao commences a novelette called 'State Telegraphs'—Signor Ellene has a lengthy article on 'the monetary question and the conference at Paris.' Signor Baratiere writes on the 'Congo Question,' but says nothing new.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (November 1).—Signor Nencione commences this number with an attempt (as he modestly calls it) to represent in a short, but vivid sketch, the character and physiognomy of a unique historical epoch; the period which the Princess Orsini passed in Madrid as the first lady of the Queen of Spain, as the confidante of Louis XIV., and as the adviser of Philip V.—Signor Boito writes on 'The Beautiful at the Turin Exhibition.' Signor Mosso discusses Italian Universities, comparing them with the German Universities.—Miss Sarao's tale, which, like most of her writings, is worth reading, is finished.—Signor Nobili-Vitelleschi writes on 'The Political Crisis of 1884 and the English Constitution,' saying that the palpitating and vital phenomena that now agitate European society can never be sufficiently studied, and that therefore he has thought it opportune to devote a few lines to one

of the most important crises through which the most important constitution in Europe,—namely, the English,—has now to pass.—(November 15).—We have in the first article, entitled 'Eloisa,' an exposition by Signor Bonghi of the unselfish generous nature of Eloise, and a brief sketch of the principal events in the life of Abelard, whose character is described as far inferior to that of his hostess and wife.—Signor Palma, closing his long article on 'Constitutional Monarchy and the Empire in Germany,' doubts whether, when the old and glorious Emperor and his minister are no more, it will be possible for a minister at variance with the majority of the Chambers to govern Germany for any length of time.—In an eloquent article on 'Italian Women at the Turin Exhibition,' Signora Pigorini-Beri laments the influence machinery has had in destroying the domestic, pedagogic, and charitable instincts of women, and in forcing them, in self-defence, to use their undeniably great energy in mechanical production, which alters all the old traditions and the moral habit of the family. 'Our civilisation,' says Signora Pigorini-Beri, 'is superior to all the civilisation of all times and places, not only in its great scientific discoveries and the diffusion of a certain relative knowledge, but also because it has ennobled *work*, and caused it to be considered neither a punishment nor a disgrace; but it is singular that, in the great social mass, in the instincts of all humanity, it has only ennobled work for *men*, and not for *women*. There is in nature something providential and poetical which declares that woman ought to do something very different. From the day on which she has been reduced to act no longer as a spectator but as an operator in this great and dizzy movement of our new society, and, obliged to respond to the call of the factory-bell, instead of ministering to the wants of the family,—from the day, in fact, in which men ceased to work for *two*, as they ought, women have been forced to think of gaining their own livelihood. And thus it is that women have been *displaced*, first from one house to another, then from one town to another, then from one end of Italy to the other, wandering like gipsies from beer-house to beer-house, from shop to shop, from factory to factory, and finally to public exhibitions, not to prophesy good or evil fortunes to men, but to listen to their flatteries. The domestic tradition is broken. Whether this great movement be a dawn or a sunset, we do not know; but this is certain, while many consolatory ideals are vanishing from the popular horizon, sinister clouds, the forerunners of disastrous tornadoes, are seen to arise.' Signora Pigorini-Beri then goes on to blame the necessity which compels women to abandon their natural domestic sphere, to confide their infants to asylums or day-nurseries, and which forces young girls to forsake their homes and pass their days in noisy workshops, their evenings in dangerous liberty. She defends woman's right to act as mistress of the household, as the nurse of the sick, the foremost in charitable works, and the educator of the young, and deploras the necessity into which she has been thrown of gaining her own livelihood by mechanical labour. It is altogether a clever article, and affords a subject for serious thought.—Signor E. Mancini writes an interesting summary of the late experiments on the property of oil and certain other substances in calming the motion of the sea during storm, and mentions that in ancient times Pliny, Plutarch, and Aristotle wrote on the same subject, and that in the middle ages the properties alluded to were utilized to simulate miracles. Signor Mancini says that it remains for our century to establish in what way the results hitherto obtained can be practically used for diminishing maritime disaster.—The fiction in this number is a small tragical domestic story by De Renzi, well told, and called 'Signora Corradi's ideal.'—An 'Ex-diplomatist' concludes his articles on Italy's colonial policy, defending her right to make her voice heard in all conferences relating to the occupation of territories on the African coasts of the Mediterranean.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA.—First in this number come many letters by Mazzini, found by Signor Chiarini while examining the papers of Ugo Foscolo in the National Library at Florence, and now first published. These letters are addressed by Mazzini to Foscolo's *donna gentile*, Guirina Magiotti. Mazzini had the idea, while exiled in London, of writing the life of Foscolo, and much regretted not being able to carry his intention into effect. In the letters here published may

be traced the figure that he intended to portray.—Too long to notice here is an interesting article describing a visit to Kustendié in the Black Sea (the ancient Tomi), by Signor Amante.—Captain Bettolo has a long paper on 'Men-of-War.'—A capital story entitled 'Arrigo the Wise,' by Signor Barrili, is commenced in this number.—Signor Bonghi contributes one of his valuable papers on 'Railway Conventions.'—The *Political Review*, alluding to the Franchise Bill, praises England for the manner in which, 'with the proverbial English prudence,' another step is being made in the development of her liberal institutions.

CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA (Nov. 15th).—Commences with an article entitled 'How misery increases in Italy,' accusing the state, the commons and the provinces of aiding in this increase, and attributing the evil to the deposition of the Pope of Rome. Then follows a paper on the Acheminides inscriptions; one on the church and masonic liberalism in relation to liberty; an article on 'Catholic Thought in Contemporaneous History,' and more chapters of the 'International Countess.'

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (Oct. 16).—Signor Boglietti continues his valuable papers on the origin of the present France; and Signora Ceppi sends a translation of the first chapters of 'War and Peace' by Frederike Bremer, Signor Ciaccheri has an article on testamentary succession in the Roman law, and its historical development, Signor Falorsi gives some hints as to 'Lessons on Italian Literature' and speaks of the Decameron. R. N. writes on 'National Banks in Italy' Signor Conti, shocked at the fact that as far as he knows there exists no guide to Italy written by an Italian, furnishes some advice as to compiling one.—Signor Farri translates an American article on Oxford and Cambridge.—Signor Frina writes an excellent article on the Italian poet Giulio Carcano.

RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (Nov. 1st.).—Contains the continuation of the article by E. Nunziante on 'A Journey in Europe in the XVI century'.—Signor di Soragna has a paper on Paul IV and the Spanish Preponderance.—L. Grottanelli describes in a rather dry manner the 'Adventures of a Sannese lady in the beginning of the 19th Century.'—Then follows a long criticism of Padre Curci's book *Il Vaticano Regio*, by Signor Tagliaferri.—'War and Peace' is continued.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—Prof. Rauwenhoff opens the present year of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* with an incisive discussion of the notion of universal religions. Dr. Tiele counts three such religions—Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedanism. Dr. Kuenen, in his Hibbert Lectures, found that Islam was not entitled to rank in this class, and restricted the number to two. Both these scholars hold that what entitles a religion to rank as universal is less the fact that it has spread over many nations and numbers many millions of adherents, than some quality in the religion itself which fits it to transcend the limits of race, and to live and expand indefinitely. But what is this quality, Dr. Rauwenhoff asks, common to the two, or the three, leading religions of the world? Is it the fact that their expansion is due to a quality inherent in the faiths themselves? The disagreement of the two great students named above, as to what the quality is which constitutes a religion universal, points out to Dr. Rauwenhoff the path of scepticism on the subject, and he denies that any quality can be named common to the religions in question, which was truly the reason of their spread. Mohammedanism did not conquer its territory by any virtue in its doctrine, but by being associated with a conquering power. Christianity similarly spread over Europe not by its own sweetness and reasonableness, but by the vigour of the institution, the Church, in which it was its good fortune to be embodied. Many of its conquests were made by force and in utter disregard of what we hold to be the highest characteristics of the religion. In connection with Christianity, we should not speak of a universal religion but of a universal church. Christ's teaching had to suffer burial under Pauline dogmatics, and then under the ecclesiastical system of Rome, in order that the religion should spread over Europe. Dr. Rauwenhoff maintains that religion is a national thing, and that it is an impossibility that a nation should ever surrender its ancestral religion and be converted to another. The Church may

embrace people of various nations, but the fact of their being thus outwardly held together in one organism does not prove that in religion they are one. The Christianity of this age is quite different from that of the Middle Ages; the Christianity of Scotland is whole worlds apart from that of Belgium or of Russia. The universalism of Christianity, Dr. Rauwenhoff concludes, consists in its being an ethical religion, in its embodying an ethical principle, true for all, and which sets free those who accept it to develop the religion which is true and suitable for them, as Northern Europe developed its own religion at the Reformation. The conclusion is that there is no class of universal religions; and that Christianity alone is capable of making true men.—The same number has the beginning of a discussion of the book of Joel by Dr. Matthes of Amsterdam. His view of the date of the work is not yet stated, but he seems to agree with Merx, Robertson Smith, and other advanced scholars, in assigning it to a late period. He finds that the locusts in the first chapter are neither drawn from a plague just experienced, and witnessed by the prophet, nor real locusts yet to come, but magnified apocalyptic locusts, such as no one had ever seen. The work partakes of the later apocalyptic character that Jewish prophecy assumed in its decadence; and everything in it is unreal. The day of Jehovah, said to be impending, includes a number of different events, judged by the prophet to be necessary preliminaries to the final reign of God; the enemies whose devastations are predicted in detail in chapter ii. are neither the locusts of chapter i. again, nor the soldiers of any one country, but fantastic beings, fighting under supernatural conditions with the assistance of the elements. The valley of Jehoshaphat is an earlier Armageddon, not to be sought in any map, the imaginary scene of an imaginary struggle.—Dr. Oort describes and recommends to us an Atlas of Bible and Church History he has published. The first twenty-two maps illustrate the Bible; map 3 for example, shews Palestine at the time of Barak and Deborah. Map 13, 'The Jews in the dispersion in the age of Antiochus Epiphanes.' There are eighteen maps to aid teachers of Church History. No. 30 is 'The Reformation in its Infancy;' and 32, 'The Reformation in 1648.' He does not praise the mechanical execution of the maps, but says they are generally accurate. The labours of his predecessors in the field are fully acknowledged; and there is mention, as we should expect, of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Any one who has tried teaching Bible history with maps made long before Wellhausen was born or the Exploration Fund conceived, must desire to have such an Atlas as Dr. Oort's, embodying the results of modern Biblical research.

DE GIDS. The discussion by Dr. Holwerda, of Attic art down to Phidias, of which we noticed the earlier papers, are completed in the October and December numbers of the *Gids*. They form a valuable monograph in moderate compass of a subject which much needs a compendious guide. In his last paper Dr. Holwerda gives diagrams of the position of the sculptures in the Eastern and Western gables of the Parthenon. 'The group in the Eastern gable, i.e., on the front of the temple, related to the birth of Athene (it embraced the great statue of that goddess as its central figure): that in the Western represented the strife between Athene and Poseidon for the possession of Attica.' These groups are fully described, and the whereabouts of the different statues composing them stated so far as known. As Dr. Holwerda traced in his earlier papers the growth of Greek life and religion as affording stimulus and opportunity for art, so he now draws out very clearly the religious nature of the art of Phidias, and represents him as one of the great teachers of the Athenians. The fall of Phidias, of Pericles, and then of Athens itself, are told in conclusion, as the story of the withering of the flower which bloomed so rarely.

In the December *GIDS* Dr. Meyboom speaks of a new Dutch translation in verse of the Song of Solomon. In the Old Testament the Dutch have no standard translation of the Bible; and the private translator has the freer field. There is now, however, a project of a translation of the Old Testament into Dutch, in which the brilliant Hebrew scholarship of the country should be engaged; and if the money required can be raised,—about £2000 are needed to make a beginning,—the thing will be done, and the Dutch enriched with

a great treasure. Dr. Meyboom's paper is taken up with comparing the different arrangements of characters and scenes, in this puzzling canonical drama, of Renan, Reville, and Hoekstra. The translator who furnishes occasion for the notice, Mr. De Vries van Heyst, who entitles his work, *The Song of Songs, being the Praise of Love*, does not receive very much attention. The result of the paper is, as we should expect, confusing, and inclines the reader to agree with the dictum of Dr. Kuenen, that the arrangement of scenes and parts in this work 'must always be uncertain.'—Mr. P. de Haan has in this number a paper on 'Antony and Cleopatra,' which, while shewing good judgment, is less interesting than his discussions of some other plays. Heine's designation of Shakespeare's Cleopatra as the 'antique Parisienne,' is the keynote.

The 5th of January was the centenary of the birth of Jacob Grimm, who had much intercourse with Dutch students, and both the *Gids* and the *Vragen des Tijds* for January have papers commemorating him. Mrs. Hunt's excellent translation of the *Hausmärchen* will help much in this country to bring the brothers to mind, than whom surely no two brothers ever bore each other closer or more honourable company. But the Märchen book,—which moreover was the work rather of William than of Jacob,—is to the labours of the brothers what a smile is to a countenance habitually earnest. The list of the works of Jacob Grimm tells of immense and long-continued labour, and when one attempts to read one of them, say the *Mythology*, the impression is much heightened. The book is a very wall of China of accumulated facts. The simple, affectionate, homely life of the brothers, and their intense love of the German people, and all belonging to the past, present, and future of that people, are dwelt on in both notices.—One sees from the *Vragen* that the Radicals in Holland are very anxious to be at the revision of the constitution, which means opening up the Franchise question, the Church question, the Education question, and every question; that the Liberals agree in theory that revision is necessary, but are in no hurry about it; that the King and the Ministry politely agree as to the necessity, but will do nothing except under the greatest pressure; so that the Catholics and Protestant Conservatives, who are stoutly opposed to such an unsettling, will probably get their way for a long time to come.
